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TOWERING PALMS OF RIO.
RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

See page 22.

SEVEN LEGS ACROSS THE SEAS

*A PRINTER'S IMPRESSIONS
OF MANY LANDS*

BY

SAMUEL MURRAY

Author of "From Clime to Clime"



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INTRODUCTORY

I WAS early aboard the fastest ship that ever foamed the seas. Later, a long, strong whistle blast blew — the signal for starting — and soon she headed southward, the great vessel traveling through New York harbor to Sandy Hook as noiselessly as a bobsleigh drawn through two feet of unpacked snow.

I had secured a second class ticket to Buenos Aires, Argentina, by way of England, this marking the first of several legs of the world over which I had planned to travel. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, representing years of economical living, was the sum deemed as necessary to accomplish what I had purposed doing. By trade I am a printer and linotype operator.

In earlier years money for traveling expenses was of little concern, for the fascination that accompanies prowling about freight trains seeking an empty box car, or the open end door of a loaded one in which to steal a ride, or of turning one's back to the tender of a locomotive to protect the eyes from hot cinders coming from a snorting passenger engine while standing on the draughty platform of a "blind" baggage car — one without end doors — the train at the same time traveling at a speed of from 45 to 50 miles an hour — the "cinder days" during the catch-as-catch-can periods of traveling through coastwise tracts of country, across unbroken prairie stretches and over mountain fastnesses, are pleasant ones to recall, not forgetting the hungry, cold and wet spells that all men meet with who are enticed by the gritty allurements to beat their way about the country on railroad trains.

Since Benjamin Franklin's day it has been a custom with printers to travel from place to place, and, as some of the devotees of the "art preservative of all arts" had covered large territories of the world from time to time, I wished to be num-

INTRODUCTORY

bered among those at the top of the list. A union printer has little trouble in getting work in the United States, by reason of the large Sunday newspaper editions requiring extra men during the latter part of the week, and by vacancies taking place through the "moving spirit" of the workers, which has always characterized the printing trade.

This fascination, however, like other diversions of a rough nature, lost its charm in time, as it proved more comfortable traveling by passenger trains — inside the coach and sitting on a cushioned seat — than riding on the platform of a car that was being constantly pelted with red-hot cinders. I had graduated from the "free-ride" school.

On a trip through North America I had visited Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Mexico, Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls, and the Thousand Islands after I had enrolled in the "Cushion College."

Later on, having saved \$400, a trip to Europe was made, visiting in that part of the world most of the chief points of interest. I had gone as far East as Vienna, Austria, when my funds became so low that two meals a day was all they would allow of, and I resorted to traveling at night on railroad trains with one compulsory aim in view — to save lodging money. After I had bought my steamship ticket in Rome, Italy, for New York, two weeks before the ship was to sail from Naples, the best I could figure out of the surplus money I would have at the time of sailing — on a two meals a day basis — was four francs — eighty cents. My savings for years, in short, had passed over the office counters of railroad and steamship companies.

As the major portion of my travel was by water, the nautical word Leg has been chosen as a designating term for the different sections of the world visited, embracing South American cities, South Africa, Zululand, and Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia; Australia, New Zealand and principal South Sea Island groups; then back to Africa and up the East Coast to Zanzibar and Mombasa; next through British East Africa to and across

INTRODUCTORY

Victoria Nyanza into Uganda. Leaving Africa, we sailed over the Indian Ocean to India, visiting, among other features in that country, the Himalaya Mountains, and afterwards Ceylon. From Colombo we traveled eastward to the Straits Settlements, Philippines, China and Japan, concluding observations at the Hawaiian Islands. The journey was from New York to New York over the territory briefly outlined in the foregoing itinerary.

From Sandy Hook we sail for England.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introductory	iii-v

LEG ONE

CHAPTER I

Incidents of Ocean Travel — Sights and Scenes in England — London Railways and Traffic — Public Institutions Contrasted	3
---	---

CHAPTER II

Off for South America — Storm in Bay of Biscay — Impressions of Lisbon, Portugal — Madeira Island — Novel Public Hack — "Neptuning" Passengers — Crossing the Equator — Southern Cross	10
--	----

CHAPTER III

Brazilian Ports — Rio de Janeiro — Monroe Palace — Towering Palms of Rio — Uruguay — The River Plate — Characteristics of the People — Buenos Aires — Off for South Africa	19
--	----

LEG TWO

CHAPTER I

A Tramp Ship at Sea — Wonderful Birds — Ashore in South Africa	37
--	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER II

PAGE

Durban — Its Mixed Population — Sanitary and Clean — The Christ Thorn — Novel Ways of Trapping Monkeys — The Indian Coolie, a Taxed Ulcer — "Spiking" a Hindu's Tongue — Horned Ricksha Pullers — Labor in Politics — Harpooning and Cutting up Whales	43
--	----

CHAPTER III

Trip to Zululand — Home Life of the Natives — Wives for Cows — Calling on an Old Printer	74
---	----

CHAPTER IV

South African Railway Travel — Scenes of Massacres — Johannesburg — Transvaal Gold Mines	90
---	----

CHAPTER V

Pretoria and the Boers — The Kruger Monument — Puz- zling Names	109
--	-----

CHAPTER VI

On to Mafeking — Interesting Natives and Souvenirs — Sighting Rhodes' Grave — Rhodesia — Bulawayo — Victoria Falls, a Mile of Amber-Colored Lace — Falls Compared — Deadly African Fever	115
---	-----

CHAPTER VII

Kimberley, the Diamond City — Bloemfontein, the Con- vention City — Crossing the Dry, Barren Karoo Country — The Ostrich — Capetown — Climate the Best in South Africa — Table Mountain	129
--	-----

CONTENTS

LEG THREE

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
Leaving the Baltic Sea for Australia — A White Country — The Gold Fields — Crossing the Great Australian Bight — Melbourne — Pensions for Aged — Immigration Encouraged	145

CHAPTER II

Trip to Adelaide — Finest Homes in the World — Kangaroo Called the Native — Visit to Ballarat	157
---	-----

CHAPTER III

The Heads — Sydney, Its Noted Harbor — Rural Education on Wheels	162
--	-----

CHAPTER IV

Crossing Bass Straits — Tasmania — Hobart — Port Arthur and Its Prison Walls and Memories	170
---	-----

LEG FOUR

CHAPTER I

Crossing the Tasman Sea — Last White Settlement — Dunedin, a Scotch City — Christchurch — Wellington and Its Splendid Harbor — Peloros Jack, the Pilot Fish	179
---	-----

CHAPTER II

To Maoriland — Rotorua — Geyserland — The Maori — Nose-Rubbing — Auckland — Courteous, Prosperous People	190
--	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER III

	PAGE
South Sea Islands — The Fijians — Free Railroad Travel — A Vegetable Marvel	199

CHAPTER IV

An Ocean Park — Natives of the Samoan Group — No Locked Doors — The Samoan a Fatalist	208
--	-----

CHAPTER V

Friendly Islands — Pretty Harbor of Vavau — Customs — A Striking, Strapping King — Sacred Animals	215
--	-----

LEG FIVE

CHAPTER I

'A "Red Ticket" for South Africa — Eight Weeks' Travel for Ninety Dollars — Portuguese East Africa — In- hambane, Where Death Revels — Beira, the "Trol- ley Town"	225
---	-----

CHAPTER II

German East Africa — Women in Iron Yokes — Zanzibar — Old Slave Mart — Cloves Thrive — Tanga	232
---	-----

CHAPTER III

Mombasa — A Three Years' Residence Limit — In the Big Game Country — Nature's "Greatest Show on Earth" — Nairobi — Dead Left to Wild Beasts	240
---	-----

CHAPTER IV

Naked Natives — Victoria Nyanza — Bubonic Flea — Uganda — African "Freight Train" — Sleeping Sickness — Deadly Tsetse Fly — Beautiful Entebbe — The Rubber Country — Ant Eaters — Kampala — Jinja and Ripon Falls — River Nile	250
--	-----

CONTENTS

LEG SIX

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
Off for India — Ship Doctor Hunting for Jiggers — Seychelles — Bombay — The Parsi — Towers of Si- lence — Handsomest Railway Station	265

CHAPTER II

In Baroda — Sacred Monkeys — Ahmedabad — Birds, Animals and Insects Worshiped — Agra — The Taj Mahal — Plural Wives — Delhi, Rebuilding — Ele- phant "Rocks" the Cradle	278
--	-----

CHAPTER III

Aligarh — Novel Water Carrier — Cawnpore — The Massacre Well — Lucknow — Benares — Hindu Gods — Monkey Temple — Bathing Ghats — Sar- nath and Its Temple Ruins	292
---	-----

CHAPTER IV

Himalayas — Magnificent Views — Kinchinjanga, the Giant — Darjeeling — Mountain Tribes	306
---	-----

CHAPTER V

Calcutta — Memories of "The Black Hole" — Blood Of- ferings — A Mecca for Hindu Widows Who Bathe — Madras — First Christian Church in India	316
---	-----

CHAPTER VI

Colombo — Ceylon — Cinnamon Tree Industry — Trot- ting Bullocks Afford Rapid Transit — Kandy — Buddha's Tooth — Elephants in Trucking — Nut- meg Trees	327
---	-----

CONTENTS

LEG SEVEN

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
Nine Weeks to the Orient — Singapore — Malay States Rubber Mad — Straits Settlements — Hogs in Bas- kets — Chinamen in Motor Cars — A "Dutch" Wife — Off to Hongkong — A Horseless Town — Mountain Travel	335

CHAPTER II

Canton — Chinese Pirates — Lost Within the City Walls — City of the Dead — "Feeding" the Dead — Quaint Home Customs — Chinese Industrious — No Waste Land	347
--	-----

CHAPTER III

Manila — Poor Water, Whisky Plentiful — Consump- tion — Squirrel Nest Homes — Chinese Opium Smugglers — Evicting the Dead — No Vault Rent, No Resting Place — The Manila Wall	354
--	-----

CHAPTER IV

Shanghai — Professional Weepers — Family Feeding by Contract — Wheelbarrow Transit — The Bund — Leaving Wusung for Japan — Japanese Girls Coal- ing Ship	362
---	-----

CHAPTER V

The Inland Sea — Kobe — The Jap's Home — Street Cars and Rickshas in Competition — Men, Women and Children in Harness — Income Tax on Labor — Kyoto Paper Houses — Kyoto Temples — Yokohama — Kamakura — The Daibutsu Bronze Giant	371
--	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VI

	PAGE
Tokyo — Mikado's Palace — Asakusa Temple — Geisha Women — Hari-Kiri — Black Teeth — Nikko, Its Temples — Funeral Festivals	383

CHAPTER VII

To Honolulu, Hawaii — Recrossing the 180th Meridian — Cheap Ice and Bananas — "Don't Spit" Signs — Sugar Cane — The Prize "Black Maria" of the World — Education — Natives Seek Easy Jobs — Home of the Last Queen — Hilo — To Kilauea Crater — The Volcano in Action — An Appalling Scene	394
Itinerary	405
Map.	

ILLUSTRATIONS

Towering Palms of Rio. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. (See page 22)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Southern Cross. (See page 17.)	FACING PAGE 16
Plaza de Mayo (top) and Avenida de Mayo (bottom). Buenos Aires, Argentine	30
Jim Fish Was the Swiftest Puller that Ever Wore a Brace of Horns. Durban, South Africa. (See page 61)	60
Zulus "Scoffing" Mealy Meal. Zululand, South Africa	78
Native Huts and Kafir Corn (top); African Transport (bottom). South Africa	96
Victoria Falls, Rhodesia. (See page 122)	122
Parliament House, Melbourne (top), and Victoria Mar- kets, Sydney, Australia (bottom)	162
Maori Women Cooking by Boiling Springs (right). (See page 193.) Maori Women's Salute—Rubbing Noses and Shaking Hands (left). New Zealand. (See page 195)	194
Interior of Samoan Home, Built of Breadfruit Tree, Se- cured by Coir; No Nails Used. Samoa. (See page 213)	212

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Vigil on the Veld (top), British East Africa; "Trolley" Pushers (bottom), Beira, Portuguese East Africa. (See page 230.)	248
Parsi (right), Bombay, India. (See page 271.) Bhisti (Water-Carrier) (left). India. (See page 293.)	270
Types of Indian Soldiers. The Goorkha (right). (See page 311.) The Sikh (left). (See page 311.) .	290
Mount Kinchinjanga (Himalayas). Center Peak in Circle, Mount Everest. Darjeeling, India. (Photo, Burlington)	312
Small Colony of Half a Million Sampan Dwellers of Pearl River; These Water Homes Save House Rent. Canton, China. (See page 351.)	352
Panorama of Honolulu, Hawaii	398

LEG ONE

SEVEN LEGS ACROSS THE SEAS

CHAPTER I

A PUZZLING phase of ocean travel soon becomes apparent during a passenger ship's journey to one making his first voyage — sometimes when a vessel has been at sea not more than a few hours. He is apt to find himself at a loss to account for the absence of the many persons who crowded the deck rails of the steamship — chatting, saying good-by to friends and some bidding a final farewell to their country — before and immediately after the vessel pulled away from her dock into the harbor. After a few days, however, the mystery gradually unfolds. Vacant chairs in the dining saloon become occupied from time to time as the journey advances; more passengers are taking part in deck amusements; new faces are seen in the social hall and smoking saloon — the ship's "family" surely grows. On voyages of from two to four weeks' duration this feature becomes even more interesting. Frequently, when the ship has reached the end of the journey, before which every one would seem to have become used to the sea, "strangers" will be observed leaving the vessel. One cannot help thinking the ship has stopped during the night hours and taken on passengers from the main. This is explained by some voyagers keeping to their cabins from the time of sailing.

Seasickness is largely responsible for this perplexing phase of water travel. Women are more affected than men, and the man who will discover a remedy for seasickness will find his name immortalized. Many women will travel for weeks on the water so sick they cannot raise their heads, yet not a com-

plaining word will be uttered by most of them. This form of bravery seems to be the only comforting thing that accompanies the sea wreaking out its vengeance on womankind.

Six days after leaving Sandy Hook found us in Liverpool, England. Passengers disembarked early in the forenoon, who, having heard so much of England's dull atmosphere, were all surprised to find the sun shining. The orb was of a vapory appearance, though, which suggested that perhaps it had been on a sea voyage also, as there was a marked resemblance between the appearance of the sun and some of the passengers who had undergone a sick trip across. Most of us boarded a train for London.

Railway train service in England is fast, the speed on main lines being from 45 to 50 miles an hour. The passenger coaches are of compartment design, which are comfortable to ride in when only half filled, or four persons to a compartment; but when from six to eight passengers—the latter number being the full seating capacity—occupy one compartment, travel proves very uncomfortable, as there is no room to stretch one's legs in any direction, since the passengers sitting on one side face those seated on the other side. It is a case of knees to knees. Railroad fare is two and three cents a mile; a higher rate is charged for hauling freight in England than that prevailing in America. Food, however, is cheaper than on American trains.

The locomotives are small—some of them not half the tonnage of the American engine—but the driving wheels reach to the top of the boiler, which accounts for the high speed schedules of the English railroads. One misses the ringing of the locomotive bell, as there are no bells on English engines. Another feature of the English railroads that seems odd to an American is the small freight cars, which in some instances are not one-third as large as some of the American cars and trucks. Trains in England have not the solid appearance of the American train, for the reason that their wheels are not like the American wheel, but have spokes, like those of a wheelbarrow. The convenience a union railway station affords the traveling

public, found in many cities of America, is much missed when visiting the metropolis of England. Naturally, numerous rail-ways center in London, and the terminus of each seems to have been located as widely apart from each other as the boundaries of the city will allow. None of the stations seen here can favorably compare with those found in the larger cities of the United States.

The cleanliness of London's streets is the first impression one has of the premier city of Europe. And how obliging the public conveyance employees are; and the policemen, also. It is a pleasure to go about in London, as every one seems willing to answer questions, to point out to a stranger places of interest, and to make one comfortable in every sense of the word.

"London traffic," a feature of this city one often hears mentioned, is accounted for, to a large degree, by the absence of surface car lines or elevated railroads coursing the streets of London City proper, and also to the narrowness of many of the main thoroughfares. With such an immense population, one can infer the great demand placed upon 'buses, public hacks, taxicabs and private vehicles, which at once suggests light-tire traffic. Heavy trucks, loaded with all sorts of merchandise, are not seen in corresponding sections of London as one finds them in populous American centers. In the subways, or tubes, are but two tracks, which prohibit, of course, fast travel. On the other hand, sixteen underground rail-ways intersect the city and suburbs. The atmosphere of a subway is perhaps a more cosmopolitan phase than any other of our industrial factors. Were a blind person — one familiar with our underground railway odors — to sail from New York for Europe, being ignorant of the presence of subways there, and later, in London or Paris, find himself at the entrance of a "tube," he would at once know he was at the approach of a subway by the presence of the smell, as a similar atmosphere emanates from all of them.

Street car fare is higher for long distances than in most American cities. Though short distance rides are cheaper, some of the five cent rides in America would cost fifteen cents

in London. Motor 'buses, which are numerous, go a certain distance for two cents, but the next "stage" is another two-cent charge, and by the time eight or ten miles are traveled one will have paid from 10 to 15 cents. Most public conveyances are double decked. Electric trolley cars are operated outside of London City proper, and the fare on these is similar to that charged by the 'buses. One can ride a long distance in a cab for 25 cents, however.

Newspapers here generally have not the attractive nor the prosperous appearance of those in the United States. Until recently most of the London dailies sold for two cents, and even more. Periodicals and books also are more expensive in Great Britain, although the average wages paid artisans in this industry is about half those paid in America. Mechanics engaged in other trades received from \$11 to \$15 weekly, and consequently the British mechanic in America doubles the salary of his own country, plus other advantages. House rent, generally paid weekly, runs from \$3.50 to \$5. Most of the working people of London live in the suburbs, and are charged but half price — about 8 cents — for return railway tickets if bought for trains reaching the city before 8 o'clock in the morning. The government collects an income tax on all yearly salaries of \$600 and over.

It looks strange to American visitors in London to see only boys engaged in keeping the streets clean. One may not quite agree with the practice of boys doing that sort of work — for the reason it looks as if men should be engaged at such employment — but the fact remains the streets are very clean. The sweepings are not put in cans, as is customary in some American cities, where they might be tipped over by mischievous boys, but iron bins are placed in the sidewalk close to the curb, into which the refuse is emptied. This custom seems much better than the American system.

Seen drawn about the streets here, close to the curb, is what one would call a street sprinkler. It is a sprinkler, but the liquid running from the pipes is a disinfectant, a carbolic acid odor being noticeable.

The sale of matches by persons who seem to be in needy circumstances, seen at almost every corner of the business sections of the city, leads one to think that they must be used even for stove fuel. The proportion of poorly dressed people is much larger than in American cities. Any of the homeless who apply for shelter are provided with sleeping accommodation by the authorities.

The price of food in a similar class of restaurants seemed more expensive in London than in New York. At a second class hotel where I stopped the rate was \$1.25 for room and breakfast, but heat was not included. A fireplace in the room contained smoky, bituminous coal, and to have this lighted cost 25 cents. So with the room, fire and breakfast, the charge came to \$1.50 a day.

Chairs are scattered about the London parks, and an American naturally thinks seats in public places are free, as in the United States; but one is not sitting long before a man appears and asks for a "check." The person resting then learns that it costs two cents to occupy a chair in these places. The benches, however, are free, but these are few compared to the number found in American parks. Similar conditions will be met with in some of the parks of Berlin, and also in Paris, but the resting places in the French capital are more liberally supplied with free seats.

Many men may be seen in London wearing a "plug" hat, a sack coat and trousers turned up to the ankles. Those engaged at clerical employment usually wear this sort of head-gear to the office. Mechanics, also, boast of a "stove-pipe" in their wardrobes. While the high hat may be retained by some artisans as a memento of their wedding day, still many may be seen worn by this class of breadwinner when attending church services.

No people spend less time in public eating and drinking places than Americans. In Continental Europe they have their cafés, chairs and tables inside the buildings and out on the sidewalks and streets, and these are used to a large extent as offices by patrons, as proprietors furnish writing paper and ink

to customers. In England they have their tea rooms, where men sit and sip tea and smoke their pipes for hours. Cake or scones are usually served with tea, an additional charge being made.

To no people more than Americans have so many heirlooms of memory been handed down by England. How the serious thought of one is aroused by a visit to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral; how youthful days stand before one, so to speak, when a visit is made to London Bridge, Hyde Park, the Tower, the great British Museum, or to historic places in and about the city where great Englishmen lived and died.

Hearing so much of the English Parliament building, one is led to believe that he will see the best legislative structure in the world when his eyes rest on this historical edifice. He may see in his mind's eye an imposing structure of white marble or granite built on an elevated plot of land, as most capitols are, rich with ornamentation and strikingly imposing. But, on the contrary, the building, located on the River Thames, is rather mediæval in appearance. America is far behind some of the European countries in art galleries, good roads, docks, and splendid cathedrals, but there are features of the United States which neither Europe nor other divisions of the world can equal. For instance, no capitol can compare with the admirable appearance of the United States' legislative building; in no country will one find such splendid municipal parks as are found in some American cities. We have not seen Hagenbeck's Zoo in Hamburg, Germany, but, apart from that city, Bronx Zoo in New York is foremost of those seen in other cities; the Museum of Natural History in Gotham is unexcelled; our great bridges are unequaled; the interior of the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., will stand comparison with any, and the inspiring Washington Monument, also located in the national capital, stands alone when dealing with campaniles, towers, and pagodas. To the foregoing "prides" of the new world may be added towering Mariposa Big Tree Grove, peerless Yosemite Valley, won-

derful Yellowstone Park and the marvelous Grand Canyon of Arizona.

After a short stay in London we boarded a "boat train" — an English travel convenience — for Southampton, from which port the steamship on which we had booked passage sailed for South America.

CHAPTER II

ON reaching the Bay of Biscay a storm was encountered, the decks being vacated by passengers and the cabin berths made use of for some time. During the night sounds were heard at intervals that reminded one of a large tree falling. The piano in the social hall had been forced loose from its fastening by the rolling and pitching of the ship, and while in what might be termed its periods of tantrum the big musical instrument seemed bent on smashing all the furniture "in the house." Most of the passengers were awake, and a great many were inquiring if the ship was breaking to pieces.

Those starting on long journeys should provide themselves with a passport. One may travel for years through certain sections of the world and not be called upon to show his national voucher to verify his identity; yet it is a good thing to have one in one's possession. One may be taken into custody in some foreign city through mistaken identity, or be detained in other ways, when a passport would clear matters at once with small inconvenience and little delay, compared to much uneasiness and considerable time lost, if one has neglected to include in his traveling outfit this means of identification. Again, when visiting a consulate, one will not have conversed with the officials long before he will be asked, directly or indirectly, if he has his passport with him. If the visitor should not have one, the conversation is usually of a casual nature. On the other hand, if the visitor has his government's credentials, an interesting chat will often result, during which information may be gathered of the character of the country he is traveling in that would not be volunteered to an American who had failed to identify himself with the standard voucher. When leaving the consulate, the person with a passport is generally invited to "call any time while in the city." Further-

more, if the assistance of a consul were needed in any contingency, that government officer, if he should not care to offer a helping hand, may evade a reasonable duty, and defend his actions behind the fact that the "alleged" American did not have a passport. If the person in need of official assistance had this means of identification, that same officer, fearing he would be later called upon by his government to explain why he neglected to do his duty, would exert himself and lend aid to his countryman. An American with a passport in foreign lands has a better standing with his government's representatives than a citizen who has not provided himself with one.

Being good for only two years, and not generally recognized after that time, in order to keep in good standing with his country, one must, if living in foreign parts, have his passport renewed or extended. Only in exceptional circumstances is a consul allowed to issue passports; these must come from Washington. A consul may extend one, however, for an additional two years; but the passport cannot be extended more than once. Application should be made to the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., when two blanks — native and naturalized — will be sent to the applicant. If a native, he fills out the native blank and will have the contents sworn to before a notary public. The verified blank will then be sent to the Secretary of State, when a passport will soon reach the applicant. The charge is one dollar, plus the notary's fee.

"I wish I had one of those fat, juicy beefsteaks that I was served with while traveling across America," said a Portuguese woman globe-trotter, as some of us, like chickens after rain, began to appear on deck when the storm had subsided. "I never ate beefsteak in any country that tasted as good as those I got in America," she added, with a perceptible smacking of her lips. She wasn't the only one who wished they had a succulent piece of American beefsteak. But the commissary of the ship had little to do while traveling from Cape Ushant to Cape Finistierre — the former marking the north and the latter the south boundaries of the Bay of Biscay, 365 miles across.

At Lisbon, Portugal, the chilling winds of the north and the

raw weather were succeeded by soft, south breezes and warm sunshine. Entering the Tagus River on our way to the Portuguese capital, we passed a commanding fort, the banks green with grass and vegetables. Reaching the city, women in their bare feet and none too tidy, bearing heavy burdens on their heads, mostly in baskets — fish, vegetables, coal, flowers, and other marketable commodities — revealed a condition in Southern Europe not pleasant to contemplate, and which is seen in few countries of Continental Europe. The first suggestion of the tropics was had at Lisbon, by reason of a great many of the people, dark skinned, appearing in thin clothing and bare feet. Verdure was growing on every side — it was the month of February.

Travelers cannot fail to show a slight weakness for the small Latin country, for Portugal was the home of Vasco da Gama, the explorer — a really great traveler — whose daring achievements late in the fifteenth century laid the foundation of an empire, and who discovered places and countries we are to visit later.

“Look!” said a man wearing the cloth of a church official, who was showing a number of visitors around a Lisbon cathedral. We were in the crypt, where, in expensive coffins, rested the remains of some of the distinguished dead of Portugal. He had opened the lid of a casket and invited his visitors to look inside. To our astonishment, in the gruesome light, our eyes rested on the crumbling remains of a personage who, the official said, had passed away a long time before. More coffin lids were turned back, and in the boxes were seen, in the murky light, the grim, long outline of a human being. We had never known any one to go so far to obtain a fee.

American-made street cars are in use in the Portuguese capital, and were easily recognized from those manufactured in other countries, as the American car is single, while those of other countries are mostly of a double-decked pattern.

Pavement of dark gray and white colored stone in that city looks odd, laid at twisting angles. A plaza is paved entirely with this deceptive stone, which sailors call “Rolling Motion

Square." This square is located close to the wharf, and sailors, having finished their shore leave and returning to their ship, usually find trouble in getting off "Rolling Motion Square."

Egg soup is a delicacy made in Lisbon. When served, it resembles consommé, with halves of a hard-boiled egg swimming in the dish.

The business section of Lisbon is built between two high hills, which necessitates using an elevator, in some instances, if one is going from the center to the higher part of the city. The buildings are of stone and brick, faced with cement. One of the most attractive avenues in the world runs through the commercial district of the city. This boulevard is unusually wide, the center comprising a broad park place, with roadways of a good width on each side. Nearly half a million people compose the population of this Latin capital. Portugal was a Roman province as early as 200 B. C.

Funchal, Madeira Island, located about 450 miles west of the Moroccan coast, was next reached, being favored with a good sea from Lisbon, the first since leaving Southampton. This place, with a population of 20,000, is the chief port of Madeira, and its attractiveness—flowers, vines, spreading trees, climate and tidy appearance—proves a magnet to many Europeans who seek rest and recreation.

A strange and unusual public "hack" here arrests one's attention. This vehicle, covered with canvas and drawn by oxen, is really a sleigh, although it is doubtful if a flake of snow has ever fallen in this section. The runners, as those of a snow sled, are shod with strips of steel, which are pulled over streets paved with cobblestone. When ready to start, the driver says a word to the oxen, and off they go, the sleigh gliding over the paving nearly as smoothly as if drawn over snow. The steel runners, passing over them for years, have worn the stones quite smooth, even slippery in some instances, hence the practicability of the sleigh-hack.

Madeira Island, termed the Pearl of the Atlantic, a Portuguese possession, has an area of 315 square miles, and is 35

miles long and 12 wide. It is very productive of fruit — oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, pears, peaches and grapes. The island is more noted for its good climate and wines, however, most of the inhabitants being engaged in the grape growing industry. The United States came to the fore in 1871 by saving the grapevines here, which were being destroyed by a pest. The American grapevine stock was introduced and grafted to the native stump, which withstood the attacks of phylloxera.

Funchal is a sea junction, as most of the passenger steamships plying between Europe and South American ports stop at this place. Passengers coming north from South America and going to South Africa come to Madeira, and those coming from South Africa and going to South America also transship at this island.

Getting a glimpse of the places mentioned in the foregoing will account for one traveling from the United States to South America by way of England. The fare was also cheaper for the same accommodation than by going direct from New York.

We regretfully return to our ship, there being no more stops for eight days, as we are to recross the Atlantic Ocean diagonally. The big vessel, with a crowded passenger list and loaded to the water line with cargo, was headed toward the equatorial line, sailing on a velvety sea. Sailors were busy stretching canvas over the decks to make the hot weather soon to be encountered more bearable, while the electric fans in the cabins were being put in order. Every one had settled down for the sail to Pernambuco, Brazil, the next port.

During the trip British third-class passengers enjoyed the benefits of the good maritime laws of their country, while passengers from other countries traveling in the same section of the ship did not fare so well. Britishers were allowed privileges on a portion of the upper deck, as provided by law, while third-class passengers who embarked at ports south of Southampton remained on the third-class deck.

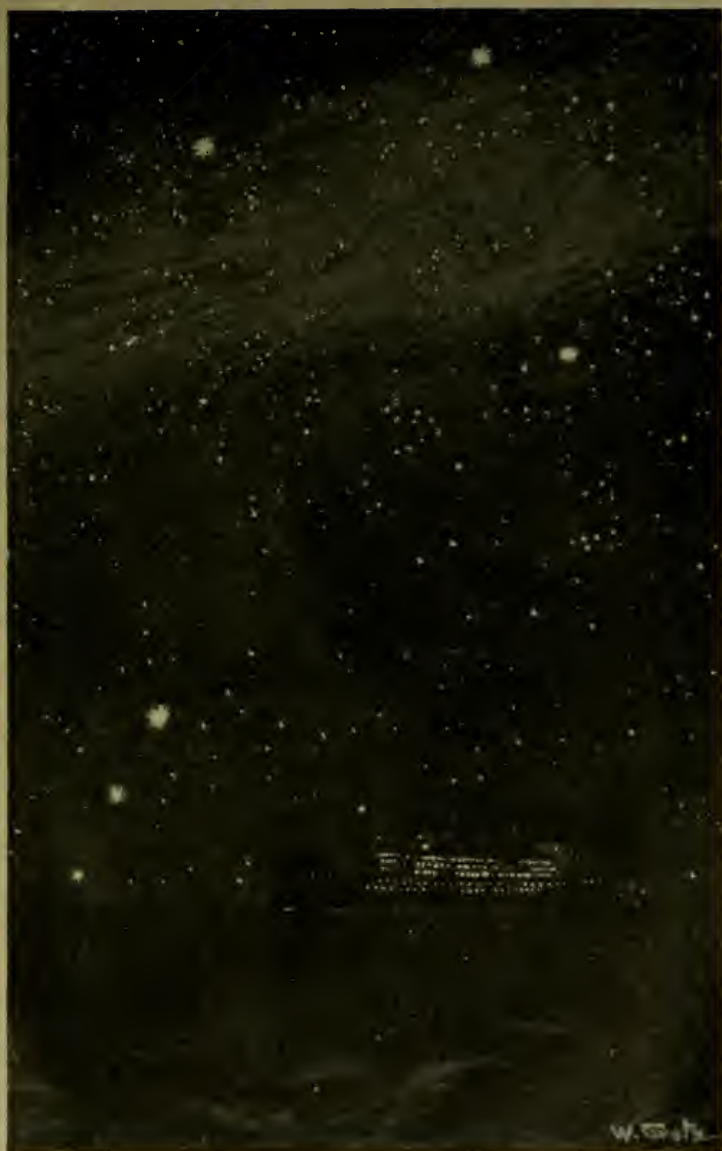
It is surprising how time slips by during long voyages, and it is interesting to note the national grouping of travelers. The

French passengers will be found assembled on a certain portion of the deck, the Spaniards likewise, also Germans — each nationality generally keeping to itself. Our breakfast was ready at 8 o'clock, and a light lunch served two and a half hours later. Ship inspection usually takes place at from 10 to 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the captain, the purser, the doctor or the chief steward being the officers who form this committee. Each deck is visited, when the dining saloons, kitchens, berths, bedding and other furnishings of the cabins generally receive the critical attention of the inspectors. Passengers having complaints to make or suggestions to offer concerning ship conditions may do so at this time. At half-past twelve dinner was ready. In the second class section mealtimes are designated as breakfast, dinner and supper; in the first-class, breakfast, luncheon and dinner. When ready, these are generally announced by ringing a bell, beating a gong, or by bugle call. Many passengers take a nap in their cabins after dinner, and, if not in the cabin, one is pretty sure to find them in the Land of Nod in their steamer chair on deck; others read a great deal and divide the time with sleep. The sleepers are sometimes hurriedly awakened from their slumbers, however, as what is termed "fire practice" takes place several times a week on well-conducted ships. Bells clang, without warning; the ship's whistle blows shrill blasts; sailors, stewards and officers hurry to the lifeboats to which they had been assigned before sailing, which are soon raised from their davits, swung outward, and lowered at the sides of the vessel; members of the crew may be seen wearing life-saving devices, and the passengers generally give evidence of anxious concern on such occasions until they learn it is but a "fire drill" that is being enacted instead of the ship being really afire. Beef tea was served in the cool climate and ices when the hot zones were reached between noontime and supper. Light lunch — generally cheese and crackers and tea — was served between the evening meal and bedtime. Music was furnished twice a day by an orchestra. Religious services — those of the Church of England — on British passenger steamships are made obligatory by maritime law. On

Sunday mornings many of the passengers attended, which took place in the social hall of the first-class section, the ritual being read by the captain or purser. Most of the ship's crew must be present, some of whom generally lead the singing and furnish the music. It often happens, however, preachers are among the travelers, when one of them will be invited to preach. First class passengers are expected to appear in evening dress for dinner on vessels of some of the popular British lines running to far Southern ports.

So far as bird life is concerned, the sea is a graveyard when sailing through the equatorial zone. All fowl leave the ship when the sun gets hot and the breezes become warm. The only winged life appearing in this hot section of the sea was flying fish, sometimes hundreds of them rising from the water at the same time. These fish are from four to ten inches in length, slender, and resemble young mackerel. They spring from the sea by a quick stroke of the tail, and, with fins outspread, are able to sustain and prolong their leap for a minute or more. The fins measure several inches across and become transparent in the sun, but do not flap like the wings of a bird. As the fish rise only from six inches to a few feet from the water, their flight, in a choppy or rough ocean, is generally not more than from two to twenty feet, as they disappear on coming in contact with a wave. On a calm sea, however, their isinglass-like "wings" will often remain outstretched for a distance of a hundred yards or so, when the fish will dart into the water as suddenly as they emerged from it.

"Neptune" is a "game" played only at sea, and the "sport" is generally indulged in when a passenger steamship is sailing under the equator. A canvas tank is fixed on deck and nearly filled with water. It is an unvarying rule with some travelers that one who has not crossed the equator must be "Neptuned." A "coaster," as one is termed who has never crossed the equatorial line, is reminded by the Simon-pures that, in order to be a full-fledged traveler, he must take a plunge in the canvas tank. Most passengers who are not sick comply with the request, but there are some who do not take kindly to



SOUTHERN CROSS.

the idea. In such instances a half dozen, or a dozen passengers if necessary, bend the will of the unwilling one to their idea of maintaining this tradition of the sea by literally picking up the unbeliever and pitching him into the canvas tank of water. He then has been "Neptuned." Danger of taking cold from this outdoor plunge is slight, as often the tar in the cracks between boards on deck of the ship is bubbling from the intense rays of the sun.

Having reached the southern division of the world, the heavenly bodies forming the Southern Cross appear. The cross is not composed of a thickly starred upright beam, neither is there a compact panel of stars forming the crosspiece. Four stars located at certain sections of the heavens form a distinct outline of a cross. The great crucifix at times appears to be standing straight, but more often it will be seen in the heavens in a reclining position, so to speak; again it will be observed resting on its side, but never pointing downward. The section of the sky in which the cross is to be found is the southeast. At one season of the year it will rest near the center of the firmament and in the "Milky Way"; at another period it will be seen closer to the horizon. Lesser bodies appear in the zone embraced by the four stars that compose the profile of the ensign of Christianity, but these neither add to nor detract from the formation of the solemn emblem of suffering that stands out so clearly among the millions of orbs in the starry firmament. Two bright stars below, in direct line with the bottom star of the cross, are called "the pointers."

What a difference is at once apparent in the period of daylight north of the equator and that south of the equatorial line. From a slow setting sun and a lingering twilight north of the great line to a rapidly setting sun and a comparatively short twilight south of the equator is observed. Fifteen to twenty minutes after the sun sets darkness will have settled.

"Holy stoning a ship" is a nautical term that, when first heard by a landsman, arouses his curiosity concerning the particular duty the phrase suggests in a sailor's routine. A holy stone—somewhat larger than two bricks placed together, of

cream color and of a soft or sandy material — is used to whiten the deck of a ship. Most persons would conclude that a thorough washing of a deck with clear water should satisfy one possessed of even super-neat exactions. But a sailor's conception of the term "spick and span" does not end in this matter with the merit of water alone. The holy stone is secured in an iron frame similar to that of a house mop, with handle attached. It is also pushed forward and pulled backward when used to clean a deck in the same way that a mop is used to clean a floor. The deck is made wet before "stoning," then sprinkled with fine white sand, and is next thoroughly gone over with the "cleaner." When the sailor has finished his hard "scrubbing" task the deck appears many shades brighter than it would if only water had been used. The term "holy stone" is said to have originated through the first stones used in bleaching ship decks having been taken from the ruined walls of a church in Cornwall, England.

CHAPTER III

SECURITY of life in an Indian's bark canoe, even when going over river rapids, would seem assured, compared to the chances against one being able to keep his feet on a Brazilian catamaran sailing on the broad ocean. Men stand on two logs tied together, these about a foot each in diameter and from eight to ten feet in length, the upper side flat, with a small pole fastened in one of the logs, to which is secured a piece of canvas — as flimsy a sample of sea craft as one may see in a lifetime. No provision being made for a seat on the shaky and risky "boat" — no room for one, in fact — it seemed dangerous to sail it even on a small lake; yet a number of these were seen skimming over the sea several miles outside the harbor of Pernambuco, Brazil.

We had reached South America at the beginning of March, which is Northern August south of the equator. The winter season of the year in the northern is the summer in the southern division of the world.

Passengers leaving the vessel entered a large basket by a door. When six persons had got inside, the winches on the ship began to revolve, raising the basket high enough to clear the deck rail, and the passengers were slowly lowered to a lighter below. Chug! They had reached the bottom, and if any of the travelers had their tongue between their teeth at that moment it would be safe to infer that that member had suffered from the bump. This carrier was six feet deep, made of reed or wicker, and was kept in shape and supported by circular iron bands, like the hoops round a barrel, which, in this case, were inside the basket. Passengers embark by the same means. Crude and odd devices of this sort lend spice to travel.

Bahia, the oldest city in Brazil, was the next stop. At this

port no basket was used for disembarking, passengers leaving the ship by a side ladder and being taken ashore in launches. An unusual number of men seemed to board the vessel, and later, when the gong sounded for visitors to go ashore, most of them left with their pockets bulging with goods bought aboard. Pertaining to this, an amusing feature came to light — the custom officers, who had been stationed at the gangway and other parts of the ship to prevent smuggling, seemingly not noticing the difference in the girth of a man on leaving the vessel to that when he boarded her.

Sailing on the same smooth sea on which we had started from Madeira Island ten days before, Rio de Janeiro, the capital and metropolis of Brazil, was reached later.

The harbor of this city is considered the finest in the world. The noted haven is entered by a deep channel, three-quarters of a mile wide, flanked by two imposing stone mountains, rising nearly 1,300 and 1,100 feet, respectively. Tropical vegetation grows luxuriantly on the shores, and beyond a circle of high, evergreen mountains offer an unusually fascinating foreground. The harbor is sixteen miles long and from two to seven miles wide, this area being dotted with over a hundred islands, also heavily verdured with a tropical growth. One feature, however, robs Rio de Janeiro and her harbor of a scenic climax. To the left, on which side of the bay the city stands, rise low hills, which shut from view, until opposite the wharves, what otherwise would reveal a panorama of the metropolis in keeping with that of the fame of the harbor. One is at a loss to account for the absence of docks here, considering this city has a population of nearly a million inhabitants and is the commercial center of Brazil.

Before, and also after, the ship anchored in the bay, where a large number of passengers left, the deafening noise made by hack barkers and hotel runners, shouting from boats below, exceeded anything of this nature heard elsewhere. Here it was a medley of whistles on yachts, launches and similar craft, together with blasts from horns, a racket from other noise-making devices, and the raucous voices of fruit vendors, crying

their wares from rowboats. For a quarter of a mile about the vessel hundreds of small craft were bumping into each other, their owners cursing and shouting at those in approaching boats who sought a more advantageous place where a fare might come their way; in no place in the world, one would feel safe in saying, could there be more turmoil and confusion under similar circumstances. No one seemed to be in charge; every one was bending his every effort for a fare. Evidently a great deal of revenue would be cut off from a considerable number of the population of Rio were the government to build docks.

Having read of cholera in Rio years before would lead one to entertain a belief that he is entering an unclean city, and the great number of blacks and half-castes one sees before he gets off the ship suggests nothing to the contrary. But, when in the city proper, what a surprise one meets with. No place is better supplied with small parks than this metropolis, and public conveniences and sanitation in general, which are so essential to the physical welfare of a people, are creditable features. To be sure, the old part is of Spanish style — brick and cement houses, with narrow streets. The object in building narrow streets is to foil the sun — to keep cool — as the narrower they are the more shade is cast. One will soon notice the difference in comfort when walking between narrow or wide streets in hot climates — the narrow, shady ones will be given the preference. Only one vehicle can travel in a street, and for this reason traffic passes through one and returns by another. They are one-way streets. Two persons moving in opposite directions can just manage to pass without one of them stepping off the walk. Rio de Janeiro is the second largest city in South America, and good management of this tropical center was in evidence.

Looking down Avenue Central, one of the principal thoroughfares, composed largely of business buildings, a scene of architectural beauty is revealed rivaling any metropolis in the world. No street cars run on this avenue, but brightly painted, well designed, small motor 'buses are in use. The artistic effect reflected by the arrangement of lights and trees is in keeping

in every detail with the admirable designs of the buildings on each side. A municipal theater on this street, prominent by its striking exterior ornamentation, together with handsome government buildings, add greatly to the attractiveness of Avenue Central. To an American the street view at the head not only equals the lower portion, but is enhanced, for there stands the Monroe Palace, a memorial to James Monroe, whose name is immortalized as the father of the Monroe Doctrine, serving as a fitting cap-sheaf, and at the same time infusing patriotic sentiment to the harmonious foreground and attractive environments. From Monroe Palace, which is shaded by trees growing in a beautiful park at the side, Avenue Central verges into a long boulevard, built alongside the walled harbor, fringed in places with rows of palm trees, fifty to sixty feet high; under tropical verdured hills, with parks, flowers and shade trees bordering the thoroughfare to the shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

This palm tree of Rio is the highest we have seen either of nut-bearing or non-nut-bearing species. The trunks are smooth, straight and round, free of limbs, and gradually taper to their full height, where a circle of fronds branch broadly from every side. Standing between these tropical, sentinel-like columns, high above the spectator will be seen an arch formed of long, broad leaves. As some of these double rows of palms extend for considerable distances, this light-green archway grows more enchanting as, down the pillared vista, the fringed-frond arcade gradually lowers and contracts until the trees converge into a narrow bower. The symmetrical finish to the towering palms of Rio will remain in one's mind long after other of Nature's masterpieces, of equal merit but differing in form, will have been forgotten.

American money and enterprise have added much to the modern public utilities of Rio, for the street car and lighting systems are headed by Americans. "Bond" is the name for street cars here. To raise capital to construct the system bonds were issued, and as the word bond was much used before construction began, the Brazilians, when the cars started running, called them "bonds."

The Portuguese language is used in the Brazilian republic. But what a mixed population these Brazilians are! Most of them are dark-skinned and the greater number are black. From observation, there seems to be little or no distinction between the races. Yet this race possesses a knowledge rarely displayed by others in erecting buildings suited in every respect for business purposes, and in giving them an artistic finish at the same time. Immigrants from many countries have settled in this republic during the last decade.

European customs are strongly in evidence, the most noticeable being lounging about cafés. The habit of living on the sidewalk and in the street outside of cafés is the same here as that which strikes one as being strange on his first visit to Paris and other places in Continental Europe. One often has to maneuver his way through little iron-legged tables and chairs, used for refreshments. Some of the patrons are seen sipping black coffee from cups no larger than half an eggshell; others may be found drinking vari-colored liquids, of which there is a great variety, and many will have cigarettes between their lips or between their fingers. Still one cannot fail to note the improvement these cafés are on the American saloon. There are no back door entrances to these places; no front doors closed; no curtains — everything open and above board. And, as with Europeans, seldom is a person seen intoxicated or disorderly. Prosperity is suggested by crowded cafés, for refreshments in Rio are expensive.

Women seem to have an easy time in Brazil, in the capital, at least, for men are seen looking after rooms in hotels, sweeping, dusting — doing general housework.

Two meals a day seem to be all the Brazilians desire. A cup of coffee is taken early in the morning, as the regular time for breakfast is from 11 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. Dinner is served from 5 to 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

Everything one buys in the Brazilian metropolis is expensive. Manufactures are few — almost everything is imported, and the customs duty is exorbitant. Street car fare, even, is double that charged in most large cities. Small articles costing from ten to

fifteen cents in the United States cost a milrei in Rio. Very few things can be had for less than 33 cents. Soda water and other soft drinks generally cost from 9 to 12 cents.

The Portuguese money system — reis and milreis — is that of Brazil. The value of a milrei in American money is 33 cents, and a rei is equal to one-thirtieth of a cent. In financial figures the dollar mark is used to denote milreis, but is placed between the figures instead of in front — thus: 10\$000. Money is on the decimal system, 1,000 reis making a milrei.

One unaccustomed to Portuguese money is apt to feel perplexed when presented with a bill for 50 cents. This is how a 50 cent dinner bill would look: 1\$500. The figure 1 represents a milrei — 33 cents — and the 500 is 500 reis — half a milrei — 16½ cents. One hundred reis is three cents in American money. Only among the poorer class are coins of less than 100 reis in use. Paper bills are used for a milrei and larger sums. The coins are mostly of nickel.

At São Paulo, over three hundred miles from Rio, woolen and cotton mills have been established, and so far have proved a good investment. English money is represented in this industry. American money and machinery figure largely in the development of the ore mines of that large country, so with English capital erecting mills and American money opening and developing mines business development is assured. Brazil produces three-quarters of the world's annual consumption of coffee. Rubber is another staple product of this republic.

The tropical scenery about Rio adds much to the attractiveness of the capital of Brazil. High hills and mountains almost circle both the harbor and city, and from these elevated points one looks down through a dense growth of trees bearing flowers, large blooming vines, wide-leaved palms, and clumps of high, swaying bamboo — an expansive botanical garden — on to the thousands of gray houses, with their red-tiled roofs. Similar scenes and objects, attractive when viewed from less favored vistas, seen through a tropical foreground, assume an enchanted charm.

Though very little English printing is done here, a number of

good Portuguese daily newspapers are published, the offices being equipped with linotype machines, web presses and stereotyping machinery. The wages paid workers in this trade range from \$25 to \$30 a week. As there is little manufacturing in Brazil, and the tariff is so exorbitant on imports, together with high dwelling rentals, \$30 a week would not be considered good wages in America under such conditions.

One seldom sees a Brazilian carrying bundles in his hands — such as valises, etc. The people who make their living at that sort of work carry a strap with them, which is thrown over the shoulder. If two valises are to be borne, one is placed in front and the other at the back, each fastened to the end of the strap.

Church bells here, as in the City of Mexico, are ringing in most parts of the city all the time.

As a rule good photographs exaggerate and flatter objects, but when looking at a picture associated with Rio de Janeiro, no matter how pretty and artistic it may appear, one should not discount the picture as being overdrawn, for Rio would very likely carry away the honors if entered in a "beautiful city" exhibit.

At Santos, another coffee mart of Brazil, enterprise was in evidence when our ship drew up to a dock. This was the first dock the ship pulled alongside of since leaving Southampton, England. Santos is also the port for São Paulo. From this place we continue southward.

Twelve hundred miles south of Rio, Montevideo, Uruguay, is located at the delta of the River Plate. This city is the capital of Uruguay. Most of the ships head for the River Plate, and a great many sailing southward and through the Straits of Magellan stop at this port, allowing passengers time to look about the city. The River Plate (La Plata in Spanish) spreads out at this point to a width of a hundred miles. A great number of vessels sail up the Plate from time to time, and it ranks high in the list of waterways of the world.

A glimpse of Montevideo revealed but little difference in architecture to that of the Spanish style — brick and mortar. Most of the dwelling houses are but one story in height, the

outside steps and stairways, however, being of white marble, which gives the building a strikingly clean appearance.

More than one night in this city is required to become used to the noise made by mouth whistles before a light sleeper can rest. These are blown by the police, who keep in touch with each other by this means.

A striking feature of Montevideo to one who has been in Brazil is the large size of the Uruguayan. Deep-chested, broad-shouldered and of good height, he appears to possess double the strength of the Brazilian. While the people are of dark complexion, no blacks are seen.

The money unit of Uruguay is higher than that of any country in the world. It is known as the dollar, and its value is \$1.04.

Uruguay is a republic, its principal industry being agriculture and stock raising. Flattering inducements are offered by that government to immigrants who intend to make their home there. These are in the nature of giving land to homeseekers, the government even promising to stock the farms with cattle.

How little some of us who pay but passing attention to sea commerce know of the tremendous volume of business carried over the world in vessels, and the long runs made. At Rio de Janeiro I left the ship that I sailed on from Southampton, England, and after several weeks' stay in the Brazilian capital continued my journey southward by another line, tickets being interchangeable. The ship from Rio that landed Argentine passengers at Montevideo proceeded southward to and through the Straits of Magellan, to Valparaiso, Chile; up the Pacific coast as far as Callao, the port for Lima, Peru, stopping at several places between, distributing passengers and cargo at each. From among the passengers Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine, Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia and Peru received its quota. From England to Callao six weeks' time was required to make the voyage. The manner in which these merchantmen slip in and out of bays, deep and shallow harbors, crawl up rivers and down again — into commercial nooks of every character — reminds one of the unexpected places to which the sun so often finds its way.

Passengers from Great Britain seemed to be in the majority of those traveling south of the equator. A greater number of men than women are always to be found, though almost every ship carries young women who will be on their way to meet and marry their fiancés located in the interior of the South American republics.

Buenos Aires, capital of the Argentine republic, the New York of South America, is located 124 miles up the River Plate. Many entertain the opinion, gathered from newspaper accounts, that, 6,000 miles south of New York, there is a good-sized city — Buenos Aires. But what a difference there is between reading about something and seeing it! It is said of a visitor that “a look at New York will knock his eye out,” and to travel through the busy waterway of the big harbor of this South American metropolis, and look through the dense thicket of masts, spars, shrouds, ropes, pennants, flags and many-colored funnels from ships that stretch for miles about the outer and inner harbors, will surely cause one’s eye to bulge with astonishment. Such an influx of merchantment visit this city at certain periods of the year that, for as long as three and four weeks, ships loll at anchor in the outer harbor before dock room can be made for unloading their cargoes. The dock system is good; and one may gather an idea of the harbor space available when he learns the River Plate is thirty-five miles wide at Buenos Aires. Up to the interior of South America ships ply for 1,000 miles on the Plate to the Bolivian border, going up loaded and sailing away to sundry parts of the world with cargoes submerging the vessels to their water lines. It seemed that every ship sailing south of the equator on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean was headed for the River Plate or for other coast ports of the Argentine.

A more intimate acquaintance with matters will reveal a Briton at the helm of those ships of industry or the hidden power behind the scene. Every passenger ship leaving a British port for the River Plate carries brain and brawn from Great Britain. English money figures prominently in the industrial advancement of the Argentine, upward of a billion dollars

having been expended in building railways and developing the lands. The flower of Great Britain will be found engaged at farming, connected with shipping, railroads, banking, or other pursuits; and English advice on governmental legislation is often sought.

In Buenos Aires one finds a busy city of nearly a million and three-quarters of people, largely of a cosmopolitan character. Sixteen big, well-printed daily newspapers of evening and morning editions are published in this commercial center. Besides the native, or Spanish language, are those printed in the French, Italian, English, Swedish and other languages. The wages paid artisans engaged in this industry do not compare with those paid in the United States. The highest paid for newspaper work is \$3.50 a day, but \$2.50 is the general daily wage, paid monthly. Working time is seven and eight hours a day. On the other hand, living expenses are higher than in American cities. House rent is very high, and the price of food in ordinary restaurants is as high, and generally higher, than that charged in similar grade eating places in American cities. Anent cheap living in other countries, about which one hears so much in the United States, I have come to look upon such alleged facts as mythical, for, speaking generally, I have yet to come across them, and my unsuccessful search for these "much-cheaper" places has not been from lack of effort.

The Argentine silver dollar is about the same value as the Mexican dollar — 44 cents. Another dollar is in use, however, pertaining to shipping, customs charges and government tariff of a general nature, known as the gold dollar, and is worth 96 cents. But it is the 44-cent dollar that is in general use for retail purposes, wages, etc.

The great number of street cars running through and about the city is in keeping with the large number of ships seen in the harbor. There are only two streets in the business district — and for a considerable distance beyond — on which street cars do not run. Any one who has lived in busy centers will naturally glance about when crossing streets, to see if the way is clear. But in Buenos Aires one must be on the alert for street

cars even when walking along walks between the crossings. The Spanish system of laying out a town — narrow streets — is the rule in Buenos Aires, in the older section of the city. To build street car lines in the center of the streets would shut off vehicular traffic to a great extent, as there is not room for a truck and car to pass between the car line and the curb at the same time. The car tracks, therefore, are laid at the side of the street, by which plan car and vehicular traffic have room to move together, but only in one direction. To make matters worse, a "trailer," or two cars, are in use on many of the lines. A sidewalk fender is secured to the rear platform of the front car and to the forward platform of the "trailer." This device is formed of strips of steel, bowed half-barrel shape, which extends over the walk, and is attached to prevent pedestrians from falling between the cars. The walks also are proportionately narrow, affording room for only two persons to pass at the same time. Were a person to become thoughtless or one's mind be occupied with something foreign to street traffic, while walking at the outer edge of the walk, or when stepping to one side to allow another to pass, the half-barrel shaped steel-strip fender is apt to scrape his leg. Being fearful of coming in contact with the fender at any moment when walking the streets prompts one to frequently look behind.

Ten cents (Argentine money) is the fare, equaling four cents in American money. That sum will carry a passenger from one end of a car line to the other. By reason of the narrow streets, the two-car system, and the great number of cars running on the different lines, tie-ups, turmoil and confusion result. On boarding a car, there is no telling when one will reach his destination. Improvements, however, were in progress.

Among the park squares of Buenos Aires (termed "plazas" in Latin-speaking countries), Plaza de Mayo is perhaps the most popular, and the first laid out in the Southern metropolis. This plaza is located at one side of the business center of the city, with government buildings, hotels, a cathedral, and business houses fronting the four sides. Attractive palms adorn this

pretty resting place, together with trees, shrubbery, flowers all the year round, lawns and good walks. Historical memories, dear to the Argentinian, however, prove of greater interest to the populace than that wrought by the landscape gardener, as in this section of the city in early days a decisive battle was fought with Britishers. At one side of the square stands a memorial shaft that marks the place of surrender to native forces by the invaders early in the nineteenth century. Within the city limits are six parks, a number of promenades, thirty-eight squares, and many public gardens.

Avenida de Mayo is the promenade and show section of Buenos Aires. Starting at Plaza de Mayo, it extends for nearly a mile to Congreso, or Congress Hall. The Avenida is one of the two streets on which cars do not run, and is the only one of fair width in the busy center of the city. It is paved with asphalt, most of the others being paved with stone blocks. The best hotels line the Avenida, and the other buildings are of attractive appearance. Prizes are offered by the city for the best building designs, and the result of this municipal pride is frequently observed. Through the Continental custom of blocking the sidewalks in front of hotels and cafés with tables and chairs one often finds difficulty in walking. The park system of the city is creditable, and there are good boulevards in the suburbs.

Here, too, as in Rio de Janeiro, one wonders what women do to occupy their time, as men make the beds, do the dusting, look after rooms, sweep the carpets, and do general household duties one is so accustomed to seeing women perform in North America. Neither is there any chance for a woman to earn her living working in eating places, as men seem to have made that source of livelihood a "closed shop" to women.

The clumsy way the Argentinian hitches horses to a cart strikes one as odd. Carts, instead of trucks, are mostly in use. Often three or four horses will be attached to a cart — one horse between the shafts, and one hitched to the cart on each side of the shaft horse. The horse in the lead will precede the second horse by a space of from three to five feet, and the sec-



PLAZA DE MAYO (top) and AVENIDA DE MAYO (bottom).
BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE.

ond horse will be in advance of the shaft horse the same distance. How the animals can see is a puzzle, for a heavy leather fringe reaches from the top of the horse's head to the nose.

To see men embracing each other, with radiant faces, strikes one from the North as an unusual custom. While Americans greet with a handshake, Argentinians embrace.

A novel way to keep "park residents" from occupying seats in some of the park squares is amusing. The park workers keep moving the seats from shade to sun, and in the evening and on cloudy days the "never-works" are told to "move on." But the idlers enjoy sweet revenge from the fact that no one else has a chance to sit in the shade in the daytime.

It is hard on one who has been used to three meals a day to practice the principle of the old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," for only two meals a day are served. Of course, one gets coffee and rolls for breakfast, but more than that brief menu is unknown to the Argentinian. The noon-time meal is called breakfast, and dinner is served about 7 o'clock.

Olives, potato chips, peanuts and cigarettes are accessories that go with refreshments at the "sidewalk dining-rooms" in Buenos Aires. People may be seen for hours taking sips of liquid from small glasses, then a potato chip will be snapped in two parts; next a few puffs of a cigarette; another sip; a peanut shell is then cracked and a kernel eaten; another sip of liquid; next an olive; more cigarette puffs, and so on.

Churches and church holidays being numerous, banks are closed on these occasions for four or five days. What is known as "the American Church" attracts many of the English-speaking people of that city.

In addition to the Argentine being a grain and cattle country, fruit trees and grapevines bear heavy yields. Fig and peach trees, which are numerous, yield abundant good fruit, and some bunches of grapes will half fill a water bucket.

Gentility is denoted in the Argentine by a long little fingernail. A fingernail could not grow from one to two inches long on the hand of one engaged in daily toil, for it would break off.

Hence a man with a long fingernail is included in the list of "retired" citizens.

The dwelling houses and buildings of all sorts are substantially built. Brick is generally used, and this is covered with several inches of cement. A courtyard is a feature of all buildings, with a veranda around, and more rooms open on the court than on the street. Strong iron bars protect the windows in a great many instances, while the street doors are very heavy and the locks big and strong. Most of the dwelling houses are one and two stories in height, but some of the hotel and business buildings are from three to seven stories high. The higher buildings are of steel frame construction, which is known as "the American system."

One will find splendid stores, with goods attractively displayed in large, wide windows. Church buildings are numerous, and some of the government buildings large and imposing. Several of the newspapers are large, newsy and well printed. Linotype machines, web presses — all the modern machinery in use in the North — will be found in the emporium of South America.

Portuguese is the language of Brazil, Spanish of the Argentine, and any one going to these countries to transact business without first acquiring an inkling of these languages will find himself at a great disadvantage. The foreigner who can speak both languages will succeed much better than the person who sticks to his native tongue.

The pickpocket of Buenos Aires is said to be as deft at his trade as are his clever colleagues in the City of Mexico. The great number of thieves here may be the reason for the presence of bars in front of windows, heavy doors and strong locks on buildings.

I had work offered to me at my trade in that city, but one who had been used to receiving \$5 a day does not relish working for \$3 a day for the same duties. Besides, just then the surface of my funds had been scarcely scratched.

I stopped at a boarding house, paying \$2 a day for my keep, occupying a small room next to the roof, with the only window

a little larger than the port hole of a ship. It behooved one to be promptly in his seat at the table at mealtime, in order to prevent remonstrance that would justifiably be made by the inner man until the next meal if the rules of strict punctuality were not conformed to.

One notices an improvement in the condition of the working people in both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires over that seen in Lisbon. Poverty is not a feature of either city, more particularly in Buenos Aires.

My fare from New York to Buenos Aires was \$150, and the distance traveled was 9,852 miles. From New York direct to Buenos Aires is some 6,000 miles, and the fare, third-class, \$90, first-class, \$240, there being no second-class rate. Third-class travel is generally unsatisfactory, and a first-class ticket would have cost more than I cared to spend on the first leg of my journey. It was a 26-day sail from Southampton to Buenos Aires.

From Buenos Aires direct across to Capetown, South Africa, is 3,600 miles; by way of Madeira 9,500 miles, and second-class fare \$250. This large sum of money for a ticket set me inquiring if there was no other way to get to South Africa without traveling nearly half the distance around the world. A tramp ship going to Asia and stopping at Durban, South Africa, for bunker coal was one's only hope of avoiding the long and tedious journey by way of Madeira and the big expense. Four different captains who had received orders to sail to India did not want to take a passenger with them, giving as their reason that "it was against the Act" for tramp ships to carry travelers. The fifth captain seen, however, agreed to take me across to Durban for \$50. Here was a saving of \$200.

That being my first introduction to tramp ship travel, I faced the voyage with some mistrust, as merchantmen, as a rule, are slow, are not equipped with wireless telegraphy appliances, and one does not know what may happen when sailing on the high seas. But the captain had a good face, which inspired me with confidence.

"Meet me at the British Consul's office to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock," the captain instructed, "for you'll have to ship

as an 'A. B.' (able-bodied seaman), as the 'Act' does not allow us to carry passengers." "Aye, aye, sir," in sailor style, was my answer to his instructions.

"How much are you going to pay this man?" asked the consul. "Ten shillings (\$2.40) a month," answered the captain. "A pretty cheap 'A. B.'" sagely remarked the consul.

"The ship is the one with a red funnel, having a yellow circle around it close to the top. *Bertha Clay* is her name. Be aboard at 3 o'clock at the latest, as we shall sail between 3 and 4," was the final instruction by the captain.

"You found her all right?" the skipper remarked, when he had come aboard his ship. A cargo of coal had just been unloaded, and the dust was an inch deep on the deck.

Later a long blast from the whistle was blown, and in a short time a rope from a tug had been fastened to the *Bertha Clay*, when she was slowly drawn from the dock into the narrow channel, which was solidly walled by ships. We had started for "Darkest Africa."

LEG TWO

CHAPTER I

THE evening sun was sinking fast as we were being towed from the inner harbor of the Argentine metropolis to the broad expanse of gray-colored water of the River Plate.

Berths were short on the *Bertha Clay*, as the skipper had informed me before I had boarded his ship I would have to sleep in the chart room. Charts and other navigating paraphernalia were kept in this room, and the wheel house was on top of the chart room roof. "Sleep on the couch to-night," instructed the captain, "and to-morrow I'll try to have a berth put up for you, which will be more restful."

Next morning found the tramp ship at sea, and behind, in the distance, the panorama of Montevideo, built on a hillside, was kept in view till lost to sight. "If you prefer land to sea view," the captain remarked later, "take a good look yonder, for, with the exception of a small, uninhabited island 1,200 miles to the east, it is the last land we shall see until we reach the South African coast. That is Lobos Island, off the Uruguayan coast, at which we are looking, on which large numbers of seal assemble."

For six days out from the Plate the weather was summer-like, and these were pleasantly spent sailing over a smooth sea. Talent is generally found among sailors, and during the evening some of the crew would sing, others dance, or boxing bouts would take place; wrestling matches also were listed among the means of entertainment. Then the weather changed for the worse, and evening sports were discontinued.

The captain had brought with him eight sheep and a couple of dozen live chickens, as this ship carried no ice. A sheep was killed each week, and we had chicken twice weekly, so, between the sheep and the chickens, we had fresh meat three times a week.

“Keep a look out for Gough Island,” suggested the captain to his first officer, “for it should be in sight by four o’clock.” At 4:15 the mate, opening the door, reported, “Land port abeam, sir!” The island proved to be a small, rocky and uninhabited sea “oasis.” “No more land until we reach Africa,” said the skipper.

The weather had grown stormy, the sea rough, and the *Bertha Clay* was rolling badly. She pitched, tossed and rolled so much, in fact, that the “A. B.” had “callouses” on his hips through being slammed back and forth against the sides of his bunk in the chart room.

Masters of ships usually have an easy time at sea. After they have left a port, the next few days are occupied in straightening their accounts. From then on, if the weather be at all favorable, little work is done save at noontime, when the sun is sighted, by which means alone the course is maintained. Each officer has a sextant, and from two to four of these are pointed sunward from ten to fifteen minutes before the orb has reached the zenith.

A captain of a tramp ship is generally sent from port to port by cable from the owners to their agent. After the cargo has been unloaded, he may remain in a port for days, or even weeks, waiting for orders to sail; but sometimes he has little idea to what part of the world he may be directed to go. The cable directions may read “Capetown.” He heads his ship for that port, but does not know whence he will be sent until given instructions by the company’s agent on arrival.

The salary paid some sea captains is small, compared to the responsibility assumed. English and other European shippers pay masters of tramp ships from \$100 to \$130 a month, while captains of American ships receive double that sum. Perquisites, however, may come to a skipper in connection with his calling. Coal firms generally give the master of a ship a commission on fuel supplied, and chandlers maintain the same custom when furnishing stores.

Sea charts with which captains are furnished are marvels of exactness to a landsman, shoals, rocks, lights, jutting points of

land, sea currents and courses being as clearly marked as are rivers, turnpikes and railways on land maps. With a good navigator there is little danger of getting off the course if the sky be clear at noontime. It is in cloudy periods, when officers cannot get their bearings from the sun, that danger may occur.

Rainy weather and clear days are the same to a sailor aboard merchantmen. Though sailors on a tramp ship rest on Sunday, firemen and officers have no day off. Chinese, Arabs and Indians, the latter called "lascars," form the crew of a large number of British ships. From \$12 to \$16 a month were the wages then paid. On American ships white sailors receive \$40 a month.

Two hundred miles a day was all the *Bertha Clay* was traveling. Her smoke funnel was white with salt from the waves of the sea dashing against it. Some of the officers gathered in the little saloon every evening, when the hours were whiled away until bedtime by indoor amusements.

Sea birds of the Southland are different from those that accompany ships above the equator. No traveler who has the noble albatross as a companion can refrain from devoting hours and hours of time during a voyage to watching and admiring the smooth, graceful movements of this large bird. Sometimes as many as a hundred of these handsome soarers may be seen encircling the ship for as long as an hour at a time, seldom flapping their wings. In far southern waters the albatross generally joins an outgoing vessel from 200 to 400 miles from shore, and is not seen when a ship is the same distance from land at the other side of the ocean, although companions for weeks before. Its color is generally gray and white, but some are snow white, and occasionally brown-colored ones are seen with the others. These birds are as large as a swan, some measuring twelve feet from wingtip to wingtip. But many a sailor has lost his life when falling from a vessel in parts of the sea inhabited by the albatross. The great bird will pounce on anything it sees in the water, and, being so strong, the beak will penetrate the skull of a person at the first attack. Navigators say that it will not live during transit across the equator.

The mollemoke is another companion sailors have with them when traveling south of the equator. This bird, while not so large, resembles the larger specie both in poise and color, and also mingles with the albatross during a voyage. Feeding on garbage thrown from the ship seemed to be the chief attraction to the fowl. A very pretty sea bird seen in far southern waters is the Cape pigeon. The pigeon is as large as a sea-gull, but in color is like the guinea fowl—spotted white and black—but of much brighter color. The snowbird is another companion that follows a ship in the southern seas, but only in sections where the weather has become chilly. The petrel is also found in these parts, and still another, a small, dark colored bird, no larger than a swallow, appears in large numbers at intervals. Sailors call these Mother Carey's chickens. All these fowl are one's unfettered companions while traveling through watery Southland, save an occasional whale. Sea-gulls do not appear.

It was eighteen days since we sailed from Buenos Aires, and twelve of these had been stormy. The "A. B." was near the captain while he studied the chart, at 9 o'clock one evening, when the mate came into the chart room. "Mr. Jones," said the captain to the first officer, "keep a sharp lookout, as we should see the Cape of Good Hope light by 10 o'clock, or thereabouts." "Aye, aye, sir," he replied, as he passed out, and then scaled the ladder to the bridge. The sea had calmed as we neared the African coast. Less than an hour later the skipper and the "A. B." were chatting, when the door opened. The mate, putting his head between the door and jamb, in sea manner, announced: "Flash light port abeam, sir!" It was the Cape of Good Hope light. We had reached another continent—the African.

For five more days we sailed in sight of the green, treeless hills of South Africa, using glasses frequently, as may be imagined, eager to see houses, cattle and grain fields. Finally we came in sight of the Bluff, the beacon of Port Natal. Soon we were opposite the entrance channel to the harbor, when anchor was cast. Shortly after a harbor boat was seen coming through

the channel. Later a rowboat, manned by Zulus, headed toward the *Bertha Clay*, in which was a white man dressed in a white suit. The captain shouted to the man in white, asking if we could get into the harbor before night. It was then nearly sunset. The answer from the rowboat was, "I'm coming." This was the skipper's first trip to a country where white clothes were worn, and he mistook the man in the rowboat to be the port doctor. One unfamiliar with customs in that part of South Africa — or, in fact, anywhere — would never dream of seeing a grizzled sea pilot dressed in an immaculate white suit of clothes. It proved to be the man who was to steer our ship safely to harbor. "All well?" he inquired — the usual salute — when his rowboat had reached speaking distance of the tramp ship. "All well," replied the master of the *Bertha Clay*. When the pilot had drawn alongside our vessel, he began to wriggle up the rope ladder at the side of the ship, the usual means of boarding and disembarking under such circumstances.

We anchored in the harbor as twilight was hastily changing to darkness. "Supper is ready," announced the steward when the anchor chain was silenced. As ship food had no charm for the "A. B." when land food was available, he hurriedly made steps for the ladder at the side. This settled matters concerning eating supper aboard ship that evening, as the captain shouted, "Wait." Soon the skipper also started down the ladder, and the master of the *Bertha Clay* and his passenger had dinner ashore.

We had stepped foot on Leg Two.

The captain wished the "A. B." to return to the ship and sleep in his recently vacated bunk in the chart room that night — "the last night," as he put it — but my feeling of relief at the thought of not having longer to occupy that "cabin," in which the bedclothing had often been made damp through waves dashing against and over the ship, together with several inches of water at times covering the floor, might be compared to those that one would experience on leaving a "house of trouble."

"You'll have to come to the port office in the morning and

get paid off and discharged," remarked the captain, after we had finished eating the best meal we had had for nearly a month. Meeting at the time designated, the formality of paying off was gone through with, in accordance with maritime law. The "A. B." was handed \$2.40 for his "work" during the voyage, but the money did not reach his pockets, as it was handed back to the genial skipper. The provisions of the "Act" had been complied with — in name.

The *Bertha Clay*, with her bunkers full of coal, left the following day for Cochin-China — 6,000 miles further east — thirty days' more sailing.

"Sixty cents a day" (the minimum legal charge for a person's food on English ships) "is all it will cost you if you will come with us," inducingly spoke the captain to his discharged "able seaman," while shaking hands warmly, a short time before the *Bertha Clay* sailed out of the harbor. The skipper's generous offer was declined.

The passenger left behind sought the highest point of the seashore to watch the tramp ship sail on her initial stretch to Asia. She dipped her nose in the sea and wobbled and pitched as she had done for twenty-three days during her former voyage. It was not long before only an outline of the hulk was in view. Then that disappeared altogether, when all that remained in sight was the smoke funnel. Soon that also had faded to but a speck, and a short time later the *Bertha Clay* became hidden in a hazy horizon.

CHAPTER II

WITH a population of a hundred thousand, Durban is the chief seaport of South Africa. Located on the Indian Ocean, it is known also as Port Natal. Among the inhabitants, colored people of varied races comprise two-thirds of the population. With the native black there is the Indian, or Hindu, Arabs, Malays and half-castes from islands located near the East African coast. The phrase "Darkest Africa" is even more emphasized by the presence of the dark races that are not natives of the country.

Untidiness and unsanitary conditions invariably prevail where black races are in the majority, especially so where the percentage is three to one white person; but a pleasant surprise is met with here in this respect, as few cities anywhere surpass Durban in cleanliness, whether composed entirely of white people or a predominating number of blacks. Almost the whole white population is British.

To the east and south, as one comes through a channel from the sea to the harbor, a ridge of land known as the Bluff, thickly verdured with low trees and wild flowers, offers such an inviting setting to a visitor that one forms a favorable opinion of Durban before he has stepped off a ship. That foreground is as green in the winter months as during the summer, for it is summertime in Durban the year round. After having passed through the channel into the bay, the harbor is seen landlocked on one side by the city, and on the other side and end by the evergreen Bluff and more verdure. It is Durban's splendid harbor, reasonable port dues, up-to-date facilities for coaling ships, and splendid docks that has gained for her the title of premier seaport of the South Indian Ocean. Her modern maritime facilities are the result of energy by the Durban

business man more than to natural advantages, for the entrance channel had to be dug out and the harbor dredged.

The business houses are built of brick, cement and stone, some of them being seven stories high. The stores are large, of fine appearance, with attractive windows. No place of Durban's size can boast of better buildings or better stores.

One of the largest and best built structures to be found south of the equator is the Durban Town Hall. This building, of brick and cement, is a city block in size and three stories in height. The scope of this hall may be understood when it is mentioned that under its roof is contained a public museum, an art gallery, public library, theater, councilors' chambers, besides offices for the city officials. The building is not only large and imposing, but the architects have succeeded in giving the structure an artistic finish. The Town Hall of to-day should meet the requirements of the Durban Corporation centuries hence, and would be a credit to a city of a million inhabitants.

A good bathing beach and a well-laid-out and well-appointed park do not, as a rule, go together, but one finds this dual comfort at this part of the Indian Ocean. Scattered about the terraced lawn have been built substantial kiosks and pagodas, with thatched roofs, which lend to the surroundings a decidedly Oriental air. These have been provided with comfortable seats, and, with the soft breezes nearly always coming from the Indian Ocean, enviable restfulness is assured to even nervous wrecks. Then stone walls, with alcoves built in to add to the seating capacity of the park, together with flowering vines creeping up and over and then drooping, form a means of shelter and rest, adding more attractiveness to the surroundings. Above the beach and park are splendid hotels, some without doors, and all with wide, inviting verandas.

Sharks — man-eaters — are so numerous along the Natal coast that the bathing enclosure is closely studded with iron rods to prevent the voracious sea beasts from mangling and killing bathers, as would happen were there no means provided to keep the sharks away from the holiday-maker.

The Berea is a residential section of Durban, and for land-

scape and floral effect is a notable feature. On a range of hills rising several hundred feet, overlooking the business portion of the city and the Indian Ocean, many Durbanites live in broad-verandaed homes, shaded with semi-tropical flowering trees, perpetually blooming plants, vines growing so luxuriantly that the porches, and often the sides, of the houses are shut in by a green and floral portière, as it were. Added to this attractiveness are various species of palms and clusters of giant and Japanese bamboo. Some of the flowered hedges enclosing these building plots are so gorgeous in rich color and shape as to make a Solomon green with envy.

The flambeau tree, indigenous to the Island of Mauritius — “the flower garden tree,” it may be termed — is conspicuous on the Berea, both as to numbers and floral beauty. This tree, with fern-shaped leaf, does not grow over twenty-five feet in height, but it is of a spreading nature, its shade in some instances measuring fifty feet across — twice its height. It is in flower about a month, from the middle of December to the middle of January — Junetime south of the equator. The color of the flower is a bright red, as large and the shape of a sewing thimble, and grows in clusters of eight and ten in number. When in bloom, this bright red aerial garden may be seen from a distance of a mile, so the reader can picture what a gorgeous floral effect is displayed when hundreds of these handsome trees are in flower at the same time.

The rosebush seemed to be the only plant of the nature of bush or tree that overrides lines, climates and seas. It is no doubt the most cosmopolitan plant that grows, and is to be seen in about the same beauty and diffuses its fragrance in the same degree in nearly all parts of the world. All the trees seen growing south of the equator appeared foreign to those growing in the United States.

The Christ thorn — said to be the same as the one that pierced the brow of the Savior on Mount Calvary — grows abundantly in Natal. In some instances the bush is used for hedge fences, and when allowed to grow to a height of from two to four feet it makes a spiky obstruction, as the prongs are

an inch in length, grow numerous on the stock, little thicker than a knitting needle, and are almost as sharp as a sewing needle. The thorn, which is of a creeping nature, like a grape-vine, is more generally used as a border for a flower pot, however. As its name naturally calls up memories of the deep-stained crime of nearly 2,000 years ago, one scrutinizes it closely. The Christ is a flowering thorn, and the flower is red, not larger than a wild strawberry's. These grow in a group from one stem, each cluster numbering from two to ten flowers — always even — two, four, six, eight and ten — never in odd numbers.

Some of the trees growing here bud and bloom twice a year. These interesting changes do not take place in the same way that nature does her work in the colder climates — by the leaves falling off in the fall of the year and the buds coming in the spring. With these trees the old leaf remains until forced off the limb by the new bud. About six weeks' time is required for nature to change from the old to the new. During this period new buds bulge from the tips of the limbs, when the old leaf will fall to the ground. This change is gradually progressing, until sections of the tree offer a clean, fresh, bright, green-leaved appearance, while on other parts the dull-green, dust-soiled leaf offers a striking contrast. Between the months of February and March and August and September the new leaf replaces the old.

There is really little timber in South Africa, as the trees grow low and are of a spreading character. Naturally, the shade cast by them is much wider than that afforded by high trees. Where brush grows, it is found to be a dense thicket or jungle, in which monkeys disport themselves at will, and is often the home of the python also, a reptile frequently seen along the Natal coast. Shooting monkeys in the brush is a common amusement.

Outside the city are banana plantations, and sometimes patches of corn and pumpkins. In order to prevent crops from being partly eaten by monkeys, laborers are out in the fields at daylight setting traps to catch the "missing links" or shooting them. The monkeys are very destructive to crops growing

in fields bordered by bushy land. A monkey's gluttony often renders his cunning of no avail, and for that trait he becomes an easy prey. Calabashes grow everywhere in South Africa, and it is by this vegetable the monkey is generally trapped. The calabash is dug out, or partly so, and cornmeal, calabash seeds and other monkey edibles are put inside and then made fast. A small hole, just large enough for a monkey to wriggle his supple fingers in and contracted paw through, is made in the vegetable. When no one is about, the monkey makes a start for the calabash trap and is soon eager to find out what is inside. He then begins working his paw through the opening, and when he has reached the cornmeal, seeds and other bait he grabs a handful. It is then that his gluttony proves his downfall. The opening that admitted his empty paw is too small to allow his clenched fist to be withdrawn, so he pulls and tugs for hours to get his paw through the hole, but will not let go of the food even while being put to death by his captors.

"Are there any automobiles in South Africa?" asked a friend in a letter. Perhaps others will ask a similar question concerning the presence of other modern appliances in a far-off part of the world. One will not meet with elevated railroads, tunnels under wide rivers, underground railway systems, or buildings from twenty to fifty stories in height, for the reason that the cities of South Africa are not large enough to require these modern public utilities; but one will meet with modern electric light systems, telephone, telegraph and wireless telegraphy systems, automobiles, motorcycles, motor trucks, most up-to-date fire-fighting apparatus, modern farm machinery, typesetting machines, web presses — all the modern machinery and appliances with which cities of the same size in the North are equipped will be found in the cities of the far Southland.

White drill clothes are worn by two-thirds of the men of Durban; also white shoes and a white, light-weight helmet. A suit costs from \$2.50 to \$6, and a wardrobe contains from three to half a dozen. In addition to the drill, a majority of mechanics and clerks can vary their apparel by wearing woolen, flannel and even evening-dress suits. Women also generally

adhere to white clothes and often a helmet similar to the style worn by men, together with white shoes, white hand-bag, and white parasol.

The standard of intelligence of the people is high. A majority in the coast cities are from the United Kingdom. Scotch and English are the more numerous, the Irish and Welsh being less in evidence. Among a group of men, the colonials (white persons born in South Africa of British parents) are nearly always in the minority.

It is only in very small towns in South Africa where a public library would not be open to all who wished to take advantage of its benefits. Durban is well supplied with public schools, a technical school open for both day and night classes; Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. institutions, splendid library, art gallery, museum; is thickly spired and turreted with good church buildings; and, for recreation, there is a promenade, fringed with beautiful palms and shady trees, with seats under them, for a mile on one side, and the bay on the other; parks and sports grounds scattered throughout the city; a botanical garden and a zoological park. All these institutions of education, religion and recreation are to be found 10,000 miles from America, on the fringe of "Darkest Africa."

In order that the reader may clearly distinguish between white and black, a note of the distinctive terms in use here might not be out of place. A "native" is a kafir or negro; a "colonial" is one born in South Africa of white parents, generally applied to English-speaking people; Dutch means a Boer, and Boer means Dutch; the word "Africander" also means Dutch. But for all whites—Dutch, colonial, and foreign-born—the word "European" is used to designate the white from the black. The word "white" is seldom used. Indian coolie, or Indian, is a native of India, or of Indian parentage. "Colored" means a person of Malay and white blood. Half-castes are of negro and white blood. A "boy" means a kafir servant or a laborer. A native servant 40 years of age would be called a "boy."

House servants in South Africa are native boys, and Indian

women and girls are often employed as nurses. Occasionally one sees a native woman looking after children; but the native boy — the “umfaan,” as he is called in the Zulu language — from 10 to 18 years of age, is the standby as a house servant in the Province of Natal. The houseboy wears clothes that denote his occupation, and generally presents a neat appearance. His wage varies from \$2 to \$5 a month. Most of the umfaans make good servants, particularly the Zulu boys. Unlike his American brother, he is an early riser.

“Umfaan peril — protection for the children” — is the light in which a great many of the Europeans see their dependency on the umfaan as the servant. While Indian women and some native women look after the children, more umfaans will be seen wheeling baby carriages than black maids. Such a thing as a European servant is almost unheard of in South Africa. So, how to have the children looked after by other than black male servants is a burning question in the province. Conventions are held regularly at the instance of women’s children protection societies, leagues and similar organizations, at which the ablest minds of the country deal with the “umfaan peril.” But no solution has yet been found to check the degradation that follows in the wake of such a system of taking care of children. Men and women who have made a study of the “peril,” and who are familiar with customs, are loth to place all the blame for undesirable conditions on the native, nevertheless. A large number of native girls are not allowed by their parents to come to the cities or towns as servants. While they live in the kraal on the veld no concern is felt for the future of the girls; but so soon as they leave the native hut to go into service in the towns their future is in doubt. So, with no native girls to be had as servants, the umfaan’s services for the present are indispensable.

South Africa has proved an Arcadia for a great number of poor girls. Mill and shop girls of Great Britain who had dreamed of being the wife of a man dressed in white clothes from feet to head, of living in a wide verandaed house, trellised all around, with flowering vines climbing all about the

porch, with the picture varied by the hum of bees or humming birds; with palms, exotics and flowers growing about the house and yard; with bearing banana plants, mango trees and rows of luscious pineapples growing in the yard — all encompassed by a flowering hedge of big, bright hibiscus bush; with a foreground of a steepled city and a broad blue ocean, and a background of spreading fern-leaved trees emblazoned with scarlet and lavender-colored flowers; with an ayah (Indian maid) to be at her beck and call and a black boy to do the housework and bring her breakfast to her room; to be drawn from her home to the shopping center of the city and back by a big and swift Zulu ricksha puller, with long cow horns secured to each side of his head — that dream has come true to thousands of poor girls who have married in this section of South Africa.

Most wives from Great Britain, however, prove white elephants to men living in the colonies. They are eternally going "home," as the British Isles are termed, and the husband's nose is "kept on the grindstone" to meet the expense required. The home "holiday" is seldom less than six months, and is frequently eighteen months, during which period the husband is maintaining two homes — the one in the colony and sending money to Great Britain to meet the expense of his family in that country. On the other hand, the climate of Southern Natal and Zululand is hard on the white woman. The easy life they live, and their fascinating surroundings, are not reflected in face or in physique. It is unusual to see a buxom, rosy-cheeked woman or girl in Durban. The face is white and features lifeless. The climate in that part of South Africa seems to not only make them jaded, but crow's-feet and deeper wrinkles mark the faces of most women at a period in life when the features should be free of these ageing signs. The children suffer from the climate to the same degree as the women, most of them having thin bodies, thin arms, thin blood and spindled legs. Men also are affected by the climate, but not to the same degree as women and children. Illustrative of the size of men in Southern Natal, it may be noted that ready made suits of clothes of size 40 and over are not kept in stock by merchants,

as there is no call for them; few men attain that girth. It is doubtful also if one could find a collar of size 17.

The horse of Natal is a hungry-looking beast. This is owing to the grass generally being of a wiry nature, which the animal cannot digest, and a better quality, if eaten when dew is on it, proves very injurious to the system. Smoldering fires are lit in stables in the evening so that the smoke will keep mosquitoes from the premises. These insects are said to inject disease germs into any horse they bite. Large, vicious flies prove another menace to horses. The bite of these flies often draws blood, and as a result white hairs grow from the bitten parts. So many of these white hair spots appear on the bodies of black and bay horses that they often give a beast the appearance of being an iron-gray color. In certain sections of the Province of Natal horses cannot live.

Favored with a delightful climate and a good bathing beach, Durban is a noted winter resort in that part of the world. The weather during the "season"—from May to October—is like the American Indian summer save for the absence of Jack Frost. At this time of year people from Johannesburg and other sections of the high veld come in large numbers to this point of the coast to spend their vacations. Circuses also pay their annual visits; hotel-keepers raise prices; rooming house proprietors double rates; fakirs are numerous; talented tramps—street singers—are heard in front of hotels, looking for any spare change that may come from verandas and windows; Zulu ricksha pullers become ambitious for an extra "holiday" fare—every one tries to get rich off the visitor, and the air is charged with music, merriment and life at every turn.

In the way of amusement, moving pictures predominate, although theatrical people of world reputation frequently tour South Africa. Concerts in the Town Hall Sunday evenings, held under municipal auspices, are a popular form of entertainment, these being in charge of the borough organist, a city official. Military bands in the gala season entertain the populace morning, afternoon and evening at the Beach and in parks. Besides these attractions, boating, fishing, horse racing, military

sports tournaments, and the general athletic sports figure largely in the life of the place.

Dwellings are nearly always at a premium, these renting for from \$15 to \$35 a month; but few houses are available for the lesser sum. The standard of living may be gauged by these charges, as people receiving small salaries could not pay high rentals. The wages of clerks, salesmen and mechanics range from \$65 to \$100 a month. In many Durban homes will be found a piano, a phonograph, good furniture, often a good collection of horns and skins, pictures — the home of no working-man of any country could be better furnished than the Durban breadwinner's.

"Did you attend the funeral yesterday?" was asked of a lady whose relative had been buried the day before. "Oh, no!" she answered, much surprised at the question; "only men attend funerals." The absence of women at subsequent burials proved this to be the custom here. A body must be put under ground within 24 hours after death. Were a person to die at 7 o'clock in the morning, the burial would take place during the day. When information has been given that a person has died, it is understood that the funeral will take place in a few hours.

One making a visit to the black belts would use good judgment were he to leave behind the word "woman" when applied to white women. "Woman" in these countries is used only when speaking of black or colored persons. "Lady" is always used when referring to a white woman. One will find a similar distinction in vogue in the negro sections of the United States.

"Toff" is an English term used to denote a good dresser — a sort of dandy. As most of the clothes worn by men are tailor-made, a great many "toffs" may be seen in Durban. The cheapest suit one can have made costs \$22, but from \$25 to \$40 is the general price.

Natal, unlike the other provinces of South Africa, has always been English, particularly the coast section, which accounts for few manufacturers being in evidence from other countries. But

among American products are shoes, sewing machines and illuminating oil. Some powerful locomotives in use are of American manufacture and are imported chiefly to pull trains up heavy grades. The cooking stove in general use here is the kerosene oil sort, most of them of American make. In recent years, exports from the United States to the sub-continent (as South Africa is often termed) have increased to the creditable figures of 35 to 40 per cent.

"Will you please look at the fireless stove?" a saleslady asked, as a group of women passed a "kitchen" stall in a fair ground on a provincial fair day. Turning about, there was a dish of baked beans, seldom seen away from America; an apple pie, an article of food as scarce in foreign parts as hens' teeth; a roast chicken, soda biscuits (called scones in British territory) and baked potatoes. The whole outfit had America stamped on it very strongly. All the women stopped to witness the fireless stove "demonstration." "Where's the fire?" asked one of the women. Then the "demonstration" began, both in action and word. Her auditors looked with staring eyes and open-mouth as the agent showed them and explained its working.

Comparatively few Americans live in the Province of Natal, as at a luncheon given by the American Consul's wife to her countrymen "a table held us all"—thirty being present. Invitations had been sent to a larger number, but as some of these were missionaries located in remote places of the country all did not attend. The luncheon was served on a Fourth of July, and what a pleasant gathering it proved to be. Some of those present had been away from their native country as long as forty years. Pleasant chats, speeches, toasts—the season of good fellowship that prevailed at that Fourth of July gathering, when we were all 10,000 miles from home, will remain among the longest cherished memories that those present will carry with them through life.

Though lighting, water, a telephone system and street railways are owned by the city, municipal ownership does not augur cheaper prices in Durban, in spite of the fact that the

rates charged the consumer and patron insure the city not only a fair return on the capital invested, but generally a snug surplus is shown besides. Street cars are of double-deck style, but the fare is high. The system of paying is by "stage"—four cents from stage to stage, and the distance between "stages" is so arranged that the city receives about three cents a mile from its patrons. Conductors and motormen are Europeans.

While the street car system gives employment to white men, it is the only department of the city that does so. The park system and the street department work is done entirely by Indian coolies, who receive from \$3 to \$5 a month. They are the most hungry looking, bony, spindle-legged lot of creatures one might set eyes on; but it is largely due to this cheap help that the Durban treasury is in such good condition.

The Indian coolie is tricky, treacherous, lying, lazy, dirty and repulsive. He has about his loins a rag just big enough to cover his nakedness, while the wrapping around his head—his puggaree—is as large as a bed sheet. In other words, he makes a loin piece out of a handkerchief, but requires yards of cloth for a head covering.

Sugar growing being the principal industry of southern Natal, the Indian coolie was imported to work in the sugar-cane fields. Tea also is grown in the southern part of the province, and Indians are used in that industry, receiving from \$3 to \$5 a month and board. As his main food is rice, board does not cost much; and as he sleeps in any sort of a shed, the sugar grower is not put to great expense for beds and bedding. The coolie used to be brought to South Africa under what was termed the "indenture system," the indentureship periods being from three to five years, during which he could not leave his employer. It was a mild form of slavery. At the end of his indentureship he was generally shipped back to India, but could be re-employed there and return to Africa. The sugar company paid his transportation either way. But that expense did not greatly shrink the growers' pocketbooks, as the coolie was shipped in the hold of a ship, which, when packed with this class, resembled a

great ant-hill. Serving two and three terms of successive indentureship to the same employer gained for him his freedom, when he could remain in Natal. From then on he became a curse. The Dutch came in full control of South Africa on May 30, 1910, and a month later marked the end of indentured coolies entering the sub-continent.

As is generally known, Indian girls become mothers at the age of from 12 to 14 years. Added to a resulting abnormal birth rate, compared with Europeans, polygamy is also a custom of the Indians. Thus will readily appear the great danger to the white interest where the Indian gets a foothold.

The Indian patronizes his own people, and for this reason many of the Arab and Hindu merchants soon become wealthy. They aim to oust the white man wherever and whenever they can do so. Their standard of living is so much lower, and their employees work for so much less than the white merchant must pay European help, that they can undersell the white in most lines of business. Some of the wealthiest men in the province are Indian merchants.

Most of the money in use in South Africa is gold — gold sovereigns — and silver. The gold sovereign is what the Indian is after. His savings are sent to India in gold. Through the Durban post office was sent not long since 65,000 gold sovereigns. Bankers and business men appealed to the government to put a stop to sending this metal out of the country, and when that method of depleting the gold currency had been checked, it was sent to India secretly, most of it in packing boxes, there being a large trade between the two countries.

The Indian having become a running sore on the financial and social body of Natal, the government has tried to tax the race out of the country. The legal age of a girl is placed at thirteen years and that of a boy at sixteen years. The tax on "legal" aged Indians is \$15 a year. So, if an Indian father had three girls over thirteen years of age, and two sons over sixteen, making seven in the family of legal age, the head tax would be \$105. To impose such an exorbitant tax on poor, low paid people seems a hardship. No "melting pot" that ever

simmered will assimilate the Indian with the white race, however. They bring with them filthy habits and weird customs, and live the life of an Indian in whatever part of the world they may be located.

The destruction of the "gods"—Mohurrum festival—is one of the great holidays of the Indians in Natal. This is the closing climax of a Mohammedan ten-day festival. The festival takes place each year, which shows that Indians do not worship stale gods, as a new one comes into existence ten days after the drowning of the old gods. The gods on this occasion were drowned in the Umgeni River, about three miles from Durban.

The fantastic hearses, in design a strange mixture of mosque and pagoda, made up of bamboo framework covered with bright colored paper and lavishly decorated with tinsel and gaudy ornaments, most of them surmounted by the star and crescent on a dome, emblematic of the Moslem faith, were followed by Indian women in brightly colored garments, and grotesquely painted men scantily clad in loin cloths, weird headpieces, and other trappings, who conveyed the gods to the river. Above the noise that followed this gay holiday crowd, bent on the destruction of Indian gods, could be heard the monotonous and ear-racking din of the tomtom, together with a prehistoric bagpipe here and there, and these were the only musical instruments in use to demonstrate the feelings of this motley crowd. The pagodas are called "taboots," and when these came to a halt—they were drawn by men—the "tigers," men besmeared with lead, ochre and yellow-colored mud and grease from head to foot, would give exhibitions of contortions, which must have been pleasing to the slowly moving gods. At the river where the gods were to meet their death had gathered a great crowd of Indians, natives and Europeans to witness the last part played in the Mohurrum fast and festival. "Taboot" after "taboot" was tipped and hurled into the stream, after the priests had taken rice and other grain from it, which they tossed into a small fire burning in an urn. The shallow river was swarming with youngsters, and no sooner had a "taboot" reached

the water than the boys were at it, and in a short time it was a shapeless wreck.

On the shore of the Indian Ocean a group of Hindus were observing a repulsive form of the Buddhist religion. About a dozen in number, they assembled round a brass urn, six inches across and three deep, in which burned an oil fire. Half of this number formed what we may call an orchestra. Two of the instruments were tomtoms and the others rounded pieces of wood, bored out, as large as a croquet ball, and with brass bells attached. These were put over the players' hands, rattling as they moved their wrists, the other members at the same time chanting a dump. Close to the urn stood a cone-shaped wooden frame, two feet high and eighteen inches at the base, covered with flowers. To the rear lay three live hens, with strings tied to their legs.

The Hindus then started toward the water to the accompaniment of bells and tomtoms. Leading were three men, the one between, who appeared nervous, being aided by those on each side. One of the trio had thick, black hair reaching to the waist, but none wore head covering. When the three had waded in up to the armpits, the center man was ducked a number of times. The music then ceased for a short period, after which all returned to the urn. The Indian who had been immersed turned out to be a convert to this fanatical sect.

The orchestra resumed the chant, the man with the long hair and the convert kneeling by the fire, the third one, a priest, standing. The former began bending his body backward and forward, his head touching the sand at each movement, also running his fingers through his hair. The convert followed the actions of the other. Both worked themselves into a state of weakness, verging on collapse, during which their hands, at times, came in contact with the flame in the urn, but none of the members made any effort to turn their hands from the fire, which, of course were burned. At this stage of the ceremony both men, their eyes rolling and only the whites showing, lay on the sand, exhausted. The chant ceased. The priest approached the apparently lifeless Indians with a

phial in his hands. He next placed the open end of the bottle to the nose of one, then to the other, the Hindus raising themselves to their knees as the orchestra resumed.

The half-revived convert then put out his tongue, the priest advancing with what looked like an oyster fork in his hand. The orchestra stopped — all was silent. He next took hold of the dazed, hand-burnt disciple's tongue in one hand, and forced the tines of the fork through that member with the other; then, quickly stepping to the cone, took two flowers — lavender and yellow in color — and, returning, put one flower on top of the tongue, the other underneath. No blood flowed from the penetrated member. The Hindu stood up, apparently in a trance, his tongue spiked. The priest again alertly stepped back and returned with a chicken, snapping the hen's head off as if cut with a scissors. The blood from the headless fowl was sprinkled over the convert; then another hen was brought, killed likewise, its blood also being sprayed over the supplicant, when the orchestra played. The follower next bended to his knees, after which the flower cone was lifted on his head. He rose; then the group, to the accompaniment of the "music," walked over sand dunes in the direction of a mosque, where, it was said, the fork would be withdrawn from the inducted Asiatic's tongue.

The Zulu ricksha puller is the most striking feature of that interesting city to a visitor, as he proves an object of much curiosity and admiration. He is in a class by himself. In stature, he stands from 5 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches; in color, darker than a mulatto, but not black; with bare legs, strong, muscular and fleet of foot; generally ready to smile, showing his perfect teeth; standing between two shafts by which he draws the ricksha, watching eagerly for a fare — this gives but a meager illustration of the Zulu ricksha puller.

The Zulu reaches the culmination of vanity when he has fixed himself up to look like, and to imitate the actions of, an ox, horse or mule, for he has a veneration for these dumb animals. The larger the horns he can wear, which are secured to a piece of cloth that fits tight to the head, the better he is

pleased. A number of long feathers often extend from between the horns, and vari-colored grass and thin reeds, also attached to the same place, fall to and below the waistline. Added to this head adornment, calabashes, sometimes as large as a cantaloupe, protrude from the side of his head. His jacket, sleeveless, which bears designs of plaids and squares, resembling a checker-board, extends midway between thigh and knee. His pants are a slit knickerbocker, also extending to halfway between thigh and knee, but from the hem fall strips of red braid six inches below. The pants are split to allow his legs freedom when drawing the vehicle.

The ricksha puller is eternally trying to think of something fantastic and grotesque to wear. One fellow may be seen with his legs and feet painted blue, representing the sky, with white spots dotted here and there to represent stars, another with both legs painted white. At times one leg is painted red and the other white. Also may be seen, fastened to the puller's horns, the skull of a calf or sheep, or perhaps of a monkey. Monkey skins, with tails attached, are worn, one in front and the other on the back. Again, a discarded plug hat may be hung on one horn and an empty vegetable can on the other while he is pulling a passenger about the city. Sometimes his head looks like a small flower garden, as he is seen trundling his ricksha about with bright red hibiscus and carnations sticking out of his black, woolly head at the top and from the sides. At night a small light — generally a candle — attached to the axle of his sulky, may be seen at the sides of streets and showing from dark alleys or from under a spreading tree. The puller will jingle the little bell on the shafts of his ricksha to attract the attention of a passerby. The weird trappings, with the dim outline of the Zulu, together with his long horns showing from the darkness, will not inspire confidence in one unfamiliar with the native puller. In short, he appears fantastically inhuman by day and grotesquely brutish by night. His physique, however, is an object of admiration; mentally, he is a child.

The ricksha is a two-wheeled, two-shaft sulky, with rubber tired wheels, upholstered, and will seat two persons. A hood

is attached to the seating box like that of a carriage. A small bell hangs from one of the shafts, which the puller sounds to give warning of his coming. Under, from the center of the axle depends a bar of iron with a small wheel at the end. This bar prevents passengers from falling out if the ricksha should tip while going up hill. The service is good and the fare cheap — from 6 to 50 cents — the different fare stages being printed on a card. Like every one engaged in similar occupations, the puller knows a stranger, and succeeds often in getting more than the just fare from men, but women generally ask for the schedule card.

“Ricksha!” is the only word shouted when a puller is wanted. Regular stands for them are located in different parts of the city, and if one feels depressed in spirits and wishes to get out of the “dumps,” a good way to have the “cloud” lifted is to shout “Ricksha!” when within 200 to 300 feet from where fifteen to twenty of the pullers are chatting and waiting for a fare. Every one of them will spring between the shafts, like fire horses to harness, and make a dash at full speed to the person who shouted. The noise and rattle a group of pullers make in approaching sounds almost like a collision between two railway trains.

The puller rests the shafts on the ground while his passenger is being seated. He holds his big, strong, flat foot on the thills, so the vehicle will not slip while one is getting aboard, until his patron tells him to go. If one cannot speak the native language, not a word will be spoken, for rarely does one meet a native who can speak English. The passenger points his finger in the direction he wishes to be drawn. The Zulu raises the shafts and, after a few slow, heavy pulls to get the vehicle started, one is spinning along as fast as a trolley car travels.

“Jim Fish!” “Jim Fish!” they will call to a passerby, at the same time ringing the small bell on the shafts, while advancing and acting in a manner that suggests the person being approached had forgotten to call a puller. Jim Fish was the swiftest puller that ever wore a brace of horns. In a three mile race with a trolley car Jim came out ahead, but, like Pheidip-



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DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA.

pides, the Greek of the dusty past, after whose run the Marathon has been named, he fell dead when he had crossed the finish line. By calling out "Jim Fish" the Zulus imagine the name suggests a fast ride.

The puller appears at his best when traveling down grade. Just at the head of the decline he jerks the shafts upward — this movement bringing his back close to the dashboard — when his arms rest akimbo on the thills. He maintains his full height during this change of position, which is in accordance with professional ricksha pullers' custom. The sulky naturally tilting backward — also the occupants — his body is nearer the axle of his vehicle than when traveling over a level or inclined surface. Aided by the weight of his passengers, the ricksha is then almost evenly balanced. Riding on the shafts, he throws to one side, like a jumping-jack, the big leg bearing the painted design of the sky or openwork, and his unpainted leg to the other. He also moves his body from side to side and assumes a labored expression, although resting while being borne on the shafts. His body movement and stern appearance are affected, and are, as he believes, in keeping with that of a racehorse when coming down the home stretch, which he is imitating. His horns and their adornment, together with the colored grass streamers, feathers, monkey tails, checkerboard designed jacket, calabashes, braid, flowers — all his trappings are then set full to the wind, as the Zulu seems to actually fly through space.

In stormy weather, which means good business for the puller, the hood is raised, and a piece of canvas that covers the front of the ricksha is buttoned to the sides, which protects the occupant from rain both from above and in front. Off the Zulu goes, after he has tucked the rug under his passenger's feet and has seen to it that the canvas shelters his fare. The rain may be coming down in torrents, and the water half knee deep in the streets, with the handicap of the raised hood and front canvas against him; but patter, patter, patter he will continue, watching for depressions, in order to sidestep them so that his passenger will not be jolted, until he has reached the place at which his fare wishes to alight. He will take one home in

any sort of weather, as his strong legs and body rarely fail him.

The puller will often have nothing on but the jacket, short, split-leg pants and trappings. He does not go to his living quarters — the ricksha stable — and get dry clothes, as one might expect him to do, but trundles his sulky about in the rain looking for another fare. He pulls a ricksha from two to three years, when consumption generally claims him as a victim.

Twelve hundred of these stalwart natives were formerly engaged in this kind of work, but now there are less than a thousand. The extension of street car lines from time to time accounts for the decrease.

The rickshas are owned by a company, and 60 cents a day is paid by the puller for its use. All he makes over 60 cents is his own. It is said he often earns from \$2 to \$3 a day, but there are also days when his fares do not exceed the rent charge. Most of the pullers work but four days a week.

A "curfew" bell rings at 9 o'clock each evening, and the only native seen about the streets who is immune from arrest after that hour is the ricksha puller. After "curfew" a native carries a pass or a note from his employer, either of which will save him from being taken to a police station. It is very amusing at times to watch a Zulu policeman question a native as to why he is out late. His only protection is the note or his pass, which the policeman makes pretense at reading, though he does not know A from B.

This dusky guardian of the peace is next in interest to the ricksha puller. His uniform is a jacket, dark blue in color, that reaches just below the waist band. His pants are of the same material, reaching to and covering the kneecap, where it is buttoned tight. His legs from his knees down are bare and shine like polished ebony, for they are oiled every day. He wears a stingy head piece called a forage cap, generally made of blue cloth, which covers about one-third of the head — the side — from the arch of the ear to within two inches of the crown. This is held in place by a string looping under his chin or resting between the chin and lower lip. Some caps have a red

stripe across the top, and all have a dent or crease. His weapon is a knobkerry, a stick an inch round, with a knob on it as large as a croquet ball. A pair of handcuffs is also included among this Zulu officer's equipment.

The European policeman of Durban, as many European women of that city, have an easy job. The native police do any "rough" work required to subdue black offenders, as Europeans, to whom the white policeman would give his attention, are as a rule law abiding. The native carries his superior's raincoat, overcoat, or any burden that the white officer might need while on duty. A black policeman is not permitted to arrest a European, no matter how serious the offense against the law might be. The worst offenders are Indians; but big thefts, safe-blowing, house breaking, hold-ups, sand-bagging, etc., are few, which indicates the respect people have for the law in this British stronghold. White policemen receive \$75 a month, and natives \$15 a month and board. The working time is eight hours a day, with three shifts.

A large building without an entrance door would appear as something unusual in Northern cities; and yet one can find such an oddity in the far Southland. The one in question is built of brick, three stories in height, and contains a hundred furnished rooms. The entrance is a high archway, and just inside is an elevator and stairway. It is an English custom to leave one's shoes outside his room door on going to bed, so that "boots" can polish them in the morning. In front of each room, on each side of the aisles, in this hostelry could often be seen from one to four pairs of shoes, yet every pair would be found in the morning where they had been placed the night before, although no porter guards the entrance of the building nor a night watchman the interior.

Meat is about the same price in South Africa as in America. Beef, mutton, chicken and pork cannot be had for less than 15 to 25 cents a pound. Irish potatoes are expensive, as most of this standby is imported. Eggs sell at 35 to 60 cents a dozen. Apples are imported from Australia and Canada.

Pineapples, oranges and bananas are found on the table of

nearly every household the year round. Then there are, among other varieties of seasonable fruit, the mango, guava, grenadilla and avacada pear. The pineapple, when picked ripe, is as soft as our pear. These native fruits sell at a reasonable figure. A hundred bananas can often be bought for six cents.

Hotel expenses are reasonable, \$2 a day insuring good accommodation. In boarding houses, good board and lodging can be had at from \$30 to \$35 a month. Splendid furnished rooms can be rented at from \$10 to \$15 a month. Meals in popular priced restaurants cost 30 and 35 cents.

The sun rises from the Indian Ocean here and travels during the day on an almost straight course, shining on the south side of the street, the north side being partly shaded. For this reason the principal business street of Durban is roofed on the south side, as it is exposed to the sun from morning until sunset. The cold and warm winds also come from a different direction than those above the equator — the warm winds from the north and the cold winds from the south. Even the sun seems to rise in the west and set in the east.

Wages paid mechanics range from \$3 to \$4 a day of eight hours' work. Such employment as teamster, hod carrier, street laborer, 'longshoreman, and park worker is all done by Indians and natives. The native is paid from 25 to 50 cents a day, the latter figure being considered good wages, while the Indian works for 10 to 15 cents a day. Hotel work, waiting on tables, kitchen work, and even cooking, with a few exceptions, is done by blacks, chiefly Indians.

A white man "on his uppers" in Durban, or in any black center, for that part, is to be pitied. If he be a mechanic, his chances for work are none too good, and if he be an unskilled worker there is no chance for him at all, as blacks do all the work of that sort. The United States and Canada are the only countries — possibly Mexico, too — in which one can travel on railroad trains without paying fare or being put into a penitentiary. Walking on a railway track in Europe is a prison offense. So, taking that as one's cue, a man caught stealing a ride on a train might be tried for treason. As Durban is 7,000

miles from England, 4,500 miles from the Argentine, 6,000 miles from Australia and 5,000 from India, a fellow "broke" in the coast cities of South Africa is in a sorrowful plight. The cheapest steamship passage from South African ports to England is \$80 to \$100.

Labor unions exist in South Africa, and the members take an active part in politics. Not long since a spirited campaign was on for a seat in the Senate. One of the foremost business men of that country was a candidate for the office, and a union labor man, a locomotive engineer by trade, was the opposing candidate. The lines were tightly drawn between capital and labor in that senatorial contest. The "one-man-one-vote" clause has yet to be drafted into the constitution of the Union of South Africa. Only a citizen paying a certain amount of tax during the year is allowed to vote. On the other hand, a man holding much property, and this scattered about the country, can, as in England, vote in as many districts as his property is located. A wealthy man may cast half a dozen votes at an election, while the workingman taxpayer will not, as a rule, have more than one vote. The capitalist candidate for the Senate in this election had four votes to cast, while the railroad man had but one. A widely known man from the Transvaal was imported to Natal to do "heavy work" for the wealthy candidate, and prominent labor men from the Transvaal and the Cape of Good Hope Provinces were saying and doing all they could to make votes for their candidate.

"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately," a labor campaigner was heard to say at one gathering, quoting Benjamin Franklin's cynical epigram. "Of the people, by the people, and for the people," Abraham Lincoln's immortal words, were also used during the campaign. But the speakers of both parties were tyros compared to the American brand of spellbinder. Election day came, and he who had plural votes cast them, and he who had one vote cast it. The result of an election is made known by a judge announcing the figures from the balcony of the Town Hall. "Hear, ye! Hear ye!" a voice was heard to command, the judge addressing

the people assembled. The engineer had 36 more votes than his wealthy competitor, and was the third labor legislator elected to the South African Upper House.

Every mechanic has his "boy"—the bricklayer, carpenter, plumber, electrician, painter—to wait on him. One might be located in the black belt for years and not see a mechanic carry even a pair of overalls. A mechanic may be seen any time, when working, asking his "boy" to hand a tool that would not be two inches beyond his natural reach. A bricklayer becomes so painfully helpless that he will neither stoop nor reach for a brick; that is what his "boy" is for. The carpenter must saw boards, because the native cannot saw straight, but in every other respect he is just as helpless as the bricklayer. Clerks even have a "boy" to hand a pen or any other thing they might need in connection with their work. The only tradesman observed who did his work without the aid of a "boy" was the printer and linotype operator. And what applies to printers may be said of editors and others engaged in the printing trade. They really work in the old-fashioned way. Were one to take a spade in hand to prepare the garden for vegetables, merely that act of manual labor would be very apt to prove a bar to a further continuance of the respect of his European neighbors, and assuredly so by the natives and Indians.

The white man is always at his minimum energy where the black man is depended on to do the work. We need not go farther than our Southern States to learn that lesson.

Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese explorer, discovered the Province of Natal five years after Columbus set foot on the North American Continent. Da Gama's first visit to Natal was on Christmas Day in the year 1497. As Christmas Day is the natal day of the Savior, and as the word natal in the Spanish and Portuguese languages is used as is the word birth in the English language, this will explain the origin of the naming of Natal.

For more than three hundred years that section of South Africa remained as Da Gama found it before white men made

a settlement among the Zulus. In 1824 a few Englishmen built temporary dwelling places on the shores of the Indian Ocean, more Englishmen joining them from time to time, until Durban has become one of the leading seaport cities of the African continent. The coast section of the Province of Natal is the only part of South Africa in which the Dutch were not the pioneers.

A great many humpback whales inhabit the Indian Ocean in the stretch of sea, nearly a thousand miles long, separating Durban from Capetown. Of late years whales have been hunted on a large scale, and each season finds a new whaling company in the field to share in the profits of this lucrative industry. Eight or ten factories, or stations, most of these located a few miles from Durban, are now engaged in utilizing the by-products of the whale.

Harpooning whales, or whaling — to use the general term — is engaged in at places separated by thousands of nautical miles, and, like other water industries, has its season. Whales, like wild fowl, migrate at certain seasons to some particular part of the great water expanse, and return again the succeeding year. By nature, this cetacean prefers a cold climate to a warm one. The season for their migration is at a different period to that of the wild fowl, for the "spouter" leaves the zone of the hot sun and swims great distances until he reaches cooler water. Sometimes it is from the North Atlantic to the South Atlantic or Indian Oceans, and at others from the Indian Ocean southeasterly to the South Pacific Ocean, the water of which is cooled by the icebergs of the South Pole section. Whales leaving the North Atlantic in early summer for the South Atlantic Ocean know it is cooler south of the equator than north of it.

Americans and Norwegians engaged early in the whaling business in the North Atlantic Ocean, and up to a few years ago American whaling ships made frequent visits to the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans in quest of the oil-producing leviathan. But it is to the Norwegian that credit must be given for

building up the whaling industry in the Indian Ocean, thereby putting in circulation a large sum of money each season that, until recent years, had been overlooked.

From 600 to 800 of these monsters of the deep are harpooned and rendered into oil in the Durban factories in a season — from June to November, inclusive — the cool season in that part of the world. Thirty tons is the average weight of whales killed in the Indian Ocean. Those on exhibition in museums give one some idea of the size of a whale, yet the cured specimen is a poor substitute for one which had been “spouting” an hour before.

Whaling boats are little larger than a big tug-boat. The whaler is equipped with one mast, and twenty feet above the deck a long barrel is secured to this, in which one of the crew is stationed when hunting the great monster of the sea. The barrel is called the “crow’s nest,” and from here the “lookout” scans the ocean in every direction for the “spouting” mammoth. On the bow of the boat a cannon is secured, out of which a harpoon is shot into the whale. The harpoon looks like a small boat anchor. The length of the harpoon bar is four feet, and at one end are four hooks ten inches long. The hooks are attached to the bar by a spring, and, before being used, are bent down to the bar, and kept in this position by strong cord. Over the end of the bar fits a spear-pointed cap a foot long, and in this cap has been placed a dynamite bomb. Whales are shot within thirty yards of the boat — sometimes twenty feet. The cannon can be adjusted to any angle. When the spear-pointed cap enters the whale, the bomb explodes, snapping in two the cord with which the four hooks were tied to the bar, when the hooks spring outward — like an open umbrella — inside the whale.

The vital spot aimed at is the lungs. If the aim proves true, the large mammal falls a victim to the ugly weapon, and dies instantly. If the harpoon goes wide, the whale heads for the bottom. A long, strong rope is secured to one end of the harpoon bar, and the whale is given liberal latitude for his deluded effort to escape. Soon the rope slackens, when the whaler

knows the "spouter" is coming to the surface to breathe. In the meantime, another harpoon has been placed in the cannon, and when the whale appears this one is shot into the crippled monster, putting an end to his fight for life. It sometimes occurs, however, that the whale breaks the rope fastened to the eye of the harpoon, when he escapes, carrying the treacherous weapon in his ponderous frame.

When dead, the great "catch" is drawn to the side of the boat by the rope secured to the harpoon. His tail flippers, which are from 10 to 12 feet long, are cut off, to allow of convenient handling of the cumbersome carcass. A chain is then put around his delimbed tail, the winches revolve, and, when his tail has been drawn up close to the bow of the boat, a start is made for the wharf, leaving behind a wake of red sea, discolored by the blood running out of his mouth and from the rent in his body where the harpoon entered.

At the wharf, the boat chain is loosened and the harpoon rope cut. A chain from the shore is next wound round his tail, a signal given the engineer to start the machinery, and the great cetacean is slowly drawn up a slipway out of the water. When drawn to the head of the slipway, the body continues moving on to a wide flat car, the railway track on which the car rests being sunk to a depth level with the top of the slipway. One flat car is not long enough to afford room for the huge wanderer of the deep, and a portion is drawn on to a second car. An engine backs down, is coupled to the "whale train," and a start made for the factory. The harpoon remains in the whale until the body is cut to pieces.

At the factory, the whale is drawn off the car on to the "dissecting" platform by another chain secured to the tail. Men, with long-handled knives, then make deep cuts — one in its back and another in the underpart — from the point of the jaw to the tail, and another deep cut the full length of the carcass. The spaces between these incisions are three feet at the underpart and from five to six feet on the back. This part of the process is called "flencing." At the point of the jaw a piece of flesh is cut until it is released from the bone, and a

small hole is cut out of the released part. A kafir, bare-headed and bare-footed, brings a chain, and the hook of it is put through the hole made in the released end of flesh at the whale's jaw. A signal being given a man at the winches to start, the piece of released hide begins to peel from the jaw, then down to the shoulder, and further still. When the winches stop, a slab of hide 40 to 50 feet long, six feet wide, and six inches thick — from the point of the jaw to the whale's tail — is stretched out on the platform inside up. The skin from the back and sides of the whale peels off almost as smoothly as does the skin of a banana from that fruit. The skin at the underpart, however, does not peel so freely, requiring cutting of the flesh by the flencer in a similar way to that of severing threads when ripping a seam in a garment. The underpart of the hide is but three inches thick. These slabs or strips of flesh, of which six or seven are procured from a whale, is the blubber, and from the blubber comes the best grade of oil.

Kafirs, with long-handled knives, cut chunks — about 18 inches long and 12 inches wide — from the slabs, which are thrown into a hopper in which are revolving knives, these cutting the flesh into small pieces, which drop into elevator buckets, later emptying into boiling tanks located on a floor above. In these vats the oil is boiled out of the blubber.

The whalebone, located in the enormous mouth, is yet to be removed. The flesh to which the bone grows is cut with long, strong knives around the inside of the jaw. A point of the flesh is released, a chain hooked to it, the winches again start revolving, and the whalebone begins peeling off the inside of the mouth as freely as did the blubber off the back. Half of the whalebone still remains in the mouth, and this is removed in the same manner as the first half.

A great blood-red hulk is all that now remains of the whale. A chain is again wound about and secured to the tail of the carcass, the winches, for the last time, revolve, when the colossal frame is moved up an incline to a floor above the platform on which it was skinned. Then kafirs, with axes, begin cutting the hulk to pieces, which are thrown into rendering vats. Dif-

ferent parts of the body are thrown into different tanks, as certain portions of the flesh produce a better grade of oil than other parts. The only portion not boiled is the bone in the mouth. The blood is the only particle not utilized, and it would add proportionately to the whale's value were it shed on shore instead of in the sea. The flesh, after the oil has been boiled out, is sold to farmers for fertilizing purposes. Thirty to thirty-five men take part in disposing of a whale at the factory, and from four to five hours' time is required to get the carcass into the rendering vats.

From \$700 to \$800 is the value of a humpback to the manufacturer. The average quantity of oil rendered is 50 barrels, and a barrel of oil sells at \$12 to \$15. Most of the oil from the Durban factories is shipped to Glasgow, Scotland, the whalebone to Paris, France.

Some whalers say the food of a whale is small fish, while other authorities give it, owing to the gullet of some species of these cetaceans being but two and three inches wide, as very small, nutritious marine organisms, or insects, many not visible to the eye, called invertebrates. When feeding, the whale takes great mouthfuls of water, its whalebone serving as a strainer and repository in which the minute sea denizens lodge. The water is then forced out of the mouth, the food extricated from the meshes of the whalebone and advanced to the throat. The mouth is so well protected with this bone, which looks like a low, dense brush thicket, that nothing can enter the throat until it has proved palatable.

The whale breathes through two slits, 18 inches long, located on top of the head. Forty-five minutes is as long as the great mammal can remain under water without breathing; but when swimming fast it will be seen spouting at intervals of from five to seven minutes. The spouting is caused by the slits or air-holes being slightly under the surface. The tube through which air passes to the lungs is said to be three inches in diameter.

The color of the back and sides is black and the skin smooth. The underpart of the body and flippers is white, save for an occasional black speck and fine black lines—mottled. Flutes,

four inches deep, corrugate the beast's underpart from tail to neck. In these grooves are to be seen a great many small barnacles, and on the neck and lower jaw barnacles grow as large as goose eggs.

From \$8,000 to \$10,000 is the value of a ton of whalebone from a "right" whale, 800 to 1,000 pounds of this elastic substance coming from the mouth. The bone grows in the form of strips, from 6 to 10 feet in length, and 6 to 12 inches in width. One end of a strip is fringed with fine, black hair-fiber, this part of the whale finding its way to the top of persons' heads, as out of it some "human-hair" wigs are made. A "right" whale, 10 to 15 feet longer than a humpback and in value equivalent to eight of the latter, is worth from \$5,000 to \$7,000, but of the hundreds killed in the Indian Ocean during a season not more than half a dozen of this specie will be among the number. The whalebone from the humpback is in little demand, growing but two feet long, and is of inferior quality. The bone in the mouth of the "right" whale calf — strips a foot long and tender — is of great value. These are shredded, the fine, soft fiber being made into artists' painting brushes.

The cow whale brings forth young each year, but triplets or even twins are unknown in the cetacean family. A calf first opens its eyes in the sea and soon finds its way to its mother's side, where, securely snuggled by a strong fin, it remains from three to six days. When able to "paddle its own canoe," the baby whale — a born swimmer — keeps close to its mother's side, either up to the surface to "blow," adding a tiny whitecap to the bounding main, or to accompany its maternal guardian to feed in salty pastures of the deep. A whale calf nurses like a colt. When a nursing cow whale is harpooned, whalers generally kill the calf also, as it would starve if left without its mother's nourishment.

At certain times of the year whales move in pairs — male and female. When a hunter meets a couple the female is first selected for slaughter; the sex is known by the cow being larger. The male whale will not desert his dead mate, and thus becomes an easy victim of the hunter's harpoon. On the

other hand, if the male be shot, the female immediately takes flight.

A whale is 17 feet long when born. At three years of age it has attained a length of 30 feet, and during the succeeding eight or nine years reaches its full length—from 45 to 50 feet; so that it requires ten to twelve years to reach its maximum size. Old whalers are loth to hazard a statement concerning the natural lifetime of the cetacean.

CHAPTER III

ZULULAND was next visited. During the reign of their kings Zulus controlled their own internal affairs — made their own laws, apportioned the land, chastised their subjects, conferred with British officials concerning border line rules — were, in fact, in every sense, a distinct, unfettered race of people. Zululand was Zululand then. War after war, with gatling guns and modern fighting implements pitted against their mediæval arms — the assegai, or spear — naturally made the tribe submissive and wiped out their border line. So long as they had a king there was always danger of trouble from Zululand. Dinizulu, the last ruler, was taken prisoner, and was “boarded” in a Transvaal penitentiary until a few years ago, when he died. The border line between Natal and Zululand passed away, and the interests of the Zulus and the affairs of Zululand are now looked after and administered by officials of the Province of Natal.

The train, passing through cuts and grades, is half embowered with flowering trees, growing on the banks. The giant bamboo, in obedience to a summery wind, was gracefully swaying to and fro; the aloe, with its flowery top, sixteen feet above the ground, sentinel-like, contributed its share to the floral ensemble, and, together with an almost endless tract of soft, light green sugar-cane growing on each side of the railroad track, offered a mellow landscape found in but few parts of the world.

A depressing contrast to nature — the Indian coolie scourge — is witnessed at every stopping place in this part. We were in the sugar growing section of Natal, and, as mentioned previously, Indian coolies are employed entirely in this industry. There they were by hundreds, most of them of objectionable

appearance, and a dirty, almost naked, baby astraddle every woman's hip, the Hindu mother's custom of carrying her child.

We reached the Tugela River, the border line between Natal and Zululand, and, thirty miles further, the train stopped at Ginginhlovu, our destination. Ginginhlovu (elephant, in Zulu) was 93 miles from where we started, and the train was seven hours running that distance, running to schedule, too. Indian shanty stores were pleasantly absent, as none but white traders are allowed to do business in Zululand.

The post cart is the stage coach of South Africa. Strongly built, it is covered with canvas, has two wide wheels and contains two seats. A seat will accommodate three persons in a pinch — the maximum capacity of the coach being five passengers and the driver — but as the latter usually takes up two-thirds of the front seat to handle the large team required to draw the coach, the ordinary capacity of the cart is four passengers, three occupying the rear and one the front seat. A frame at the back serves for luggage, and small hand baggage may be put under the seats. Four or six mules comprise a cart team, the charge being ten cents a mile.

We left the railroad, and our mode of travel into the interior of Zululand was by cart, wagon — a conveyance drawn by beasts. Five passengers, the maximum number, squeezed themselves into the cart. The next trip inland was on the following day, for which we would have to wait, the station-master had informed us, "unless there was a transport going to Eshowe." Eventually a transport — a truck 18 feet long — was found, the driver of which said he thought he had room for another passenger. The transport, ridged with bags of cornmeal five feet high, was drawn by four teams of mules.

"Climb on," said the driver to a group of six; "we'll be starting in a few minutes." Three women, two men and a boy began to scale the transport up to the top of the load. "Get up," said the driver to the mules, when a start was made for the interior of Zululand, the passengers sitting on the top tier of cornmeal bags of the loaded African transport.

We traveled slowly seventeen miles over a good macadam

road. "That's the home of Dimizulu, the Zulu king," said the boy passenger, as we passed a frame building close to the road. We reached our destination just at sundown — Eshowe, the old capital of Zululand, and one of the prettiest places visited in South Africa.

Shade trees, flowers, comfortable homes built in spacious yards; small, but substantial, public buildings; a good library, a wooded glen just away from the town, in which had been built a splendid cement swimming pool, give an insight into what the old Zulu capital looks like now. The comfortable appearance of Eshowe has been made by the European. English and native weekly papers are printed here, and the quality of the work is good.

A European boy volunteered to show me about town. He had taken me to the swimming pool, and as we were passing through a timbered portion of this natural park he suddenly shouted, "Look out!" He then pointed to a big fly that had just passed between us. "If that fly had struck you the bitten part would swell up as large as a hen's egg. Often the effects of the bite will assume the nature of an ulcer," he added. A great number of flies in South Africa draw blood when they strike a victim, whether man or beast.

We had 35 miles more to travel before our last stop in Zululand would be reached. The post cart left at five o'clock in the morning, with four passengers, and was drawn by four mules. The road was level for the most part, with high grass growing on each side, broken only by an occasional giraffe thorn or mimosa tree. The mimosa was in flower, and so much fragrance was diffused from the thorn tree that one would know of its existence if it were not in sight a hundred feet away.

"Hello, Graham!" shouted one of the passengers to a white man who stood in the door of a building at which we had pulled up. We had reached N'Halini, the first relay, where we breakfasted. "Hello! everybody," returned Graham, for he proved to be the proprietor of the eating station. "I haven't any eggs to serve you this morning, but I'm strong on steak,

ham and bacon. Bring out a big piece of steak to make up for the eggs," he directed one of his Zulu boys.

Graham is a sailor with a wooden leg. He entertained us by telling how many times he had been caught in the net fastened to the boom of a sailing ship—a "wind-jammer," as he termed that style of craft—and how, when encountering the fierce gales that blow in the Straits of Magellan, he had been blown entirely off his feet, his body being lifted in mid-air, his legs suggestive of ribbons, while holding to a deck rail.

"Did you get enough to eat?" he asked, when we had finished. And we admitted we had. Graham had two pigs eaten by crocodiles the day before, and he could not restrain himself from bemoaning his luck.

"So long, fellows! I'll have eggs for you when you come back. So long!" were the parting words of the onetime sailor, as, with an additional team of mules, we started on our second relay.

"Sit forward, please, while we are going up this seven-mile hill; the cart is tilting back too much," said the driver. We had five passengers now, as another one had got on at Graham's place. It's easier to say Graham's place than it is to try to pronounce the Zulu name.

On, on we traveled over those beautiful hills of Zululand, the passengers chatting as we moved along. Grassy hills, 500 feet high, bare of timber and even shrubbery, with native huts built on the sides, and small patches of corn growing here and there, proved of interest. Vultures were flying high up in the air, beves of guinea fowl scurried to cover, and the wagtail, a black and white bird of swallow size, with a tail ten inches long, crossed the roadway from time to time. We had been told of the beauty of Zululand, and nothing had been exaggerated.

Grass—long and short—was growing everywhere, enough to feed millions of cattle, and not a "critter" grazing in sight. The Zulus, before and for some years after the white man settled in South Africa, were a wealthy tribe. Hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and goats roamed over and fed off

these ever-grassy hills; but tick fever — East Coast fever, it is as often called — had fattened the vultures and made the Zulu poor.

We reached the second relay, then the third, but the beauty of landscape did not diminish. Our next relay will be the end of our stage journey — Melmoth — 52 miles from the railroad.

“The stopping off place” is a term often heard, but when one reaches a point where there is no railroad and the terminus only of post carts, it is certainly the stopping off place. Europeans live in remote places still beyond Melmoth, and their mail is brought to them by native postmen on foot.

We reached our destination early in the afternoon. Mail for persons living beyond “the stopping off place,” brought with us in the cart, was to start on its way at three o’clock. As it was a week before Christmas, the post contained a great number of Christmas presents. The mail finally being sorted, it was entrusted to the postman’s care. All the letters could be put in a coat pocket, but the presents strapped to his body made a heavy load.

A Zulu, six feet tall, stood on the porch of the squatty post-office building, looking like an off-colored Santa Claus. Having reached for a stick a foot longer than his height, he stood up straight, waiting for the word to go.

“All right, Jim,” the postmaster ordered in the native tongue. “Ba, ba,” returned the negro in a low voice, bowing and saluting, with one hand raised to the side of his head. He turned round quickly and walked alertly in the direction where white people live, to be made happy by presents sent to them by friends living in distant lands. Thirty-three miles was the distance the Zulu carried the mail. It was three o’clock in the afternoon when he left the Melmoth post office, and was due at the next post station at 9:30 the morning following.

“He’ll be there on the minute,” the postmaster replied to a question as to whether the carrier could travel the distance in the time allotted, considering the heavy load. “He never fails us. Always on time — in hail, rain or shine,” he concluded.



ZULUS "SCOFFING" MEALY MEAL.
ZULULAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

Zulu huts are round, the framework being of poles bent half circular, tied with grass rope. The arch poles are supported with bent poles strung crosswise, these being made secure by grass rope. Roof and sides are covered with grass and reeds, secured to the framework with the same kind of rope. The floor is of soil, generally taken from an ant-hill, and becomes as compact as cement. In the center of the hut, what may be termed a sort of earthen vessel is built, sometimes 18 inches across, and this is the cooking place—the stove. Zulus build good huts. No windows are provided, however, and but one low entrance. The cooking utensils are limited to an iron kettle, with three legs. This is placed in the “stove.” Cornmeal (called mealy meal) is the chief food, which is boiled in the three-legged kettle, and, when cooked, the family gathers round it, some sitting on the floor and others resting on their haunches. Each member is supplied with a wooden spoon, and with these they eat mealy meal as long as there is any to be eaten. A ladle to stir the mush, cut out of a calabash, is generally seen in a Zulu home. The bed is a cotton blanket, spread on the earthen floor, and a bowed piece of wood, resting on two upright pieces at each end, about four inches high, serves as a pillow. A soap box may occasionally be found in a hut, but no chairs. The interior is generally black with smoke from the “stove,” a strong, sooty odor being noticeable.

The Zulu tribe does not “colonize”—or, rather, assemble in villages, as each family live by themselves. Huts are numerous, of course, but one rarely, if ever, finds a settlement—a town. They live in “kraals.” A kraal is a group of huts, numbering from two to ten, surrounded by a fence, generally composed of thorn brush. The collection of huts generally indicates the number of wives that that Zulu has. One hut is always larger than the others, this being occupied by the first wife. Where cattle are kept together in a small area inclosed by a fence, it becomes a cattle kraal. Sometimes one kraal serves as a shelter for both natives and cattle.

Polygamy is common. The method of obtaining a wife is by purchase from the father. Cattle is the medium of barter,

from 10 to 80 cows being the number asked for each girl. A wife who can be bought for 10 cows is just the ordinary girl. The daughter of a petty chief would bring 20 cows, and a girl of royal descent could not be purchased for less than 70 to 100 cows.

When a Zulu wishes to marry he comes to an understanding with the girl's father concerning the number of cattle that must be paid for the bride, and he must not forget to include among them another nice beast, which is slaughtered and eaten at the wedding feast. The marriage always takes place at the home of the bridegroom. The bride, with her attendants, arrives the evening before the wedding day. The extra ox is killed early in the morning.

The bride wears a veil of beads over her face for several hours while the ceremony is taking place. Certain persons are appointed to celebrate the marriage. Dancing is indulged in during this period. The father of the bride steps forward among the merry-makers and bespeaks the merits of his daughter. An old woman runs backward and forward among the guests, holding in her hand a small stick, pointing upward, and cackling like a hen. Dancing is going on all the time, one "group" of dancers holding the "stage" until exhausted, when another group will fill the vacated space and inject renewed life into the ceremony.

The bridegroom must show his valor during the pow-wow. He steps into the arena with two sticks in his hand — stout walking-sticks. A series of thrusts, feints, dodges, ducking, then a terrible thrust; more fencing, another awful jab; snorting, sweating, uttering deep grunts of satisfaction; stamping his feet heavily on the ground to make a noise, imitating thunder, which denotes powerfulness — he is fighting an imaginary foe, and when the bride's father and wedding party signify by applause that he has been victorious — that he has killed his adversary in mortal combat — he retires, carrying in his bosom the assurance that he is a Zulu warrior "to the manner born."

From 300 to 400 Zulus attend a wedding, which lasts sometimes several days. Native beer, made from corn, is brought

in large quantities in hollow calabashes by the guests. Faction fights, often brought about through uninvited onlookers, but generally from drinking too much beer, frequently prove an exciting feature of a Zulu wedding.

Under no circumstances can a wife leave her husband. A bargain is a bargain with the Zulu. On the other hand, if the bride's merits have been misrepresented, her husband will take her to her father's kraal and demand the return of the cattle he paid for her. Though the girl gets the cattle in name, the father really has the cows.

When a husband dies, his wives are not left alone in the world. It is a Zulu custom that a brother of the deceased look after the widows. It may seem an imposition on a brother to be saddled with two large families—his own and his dead brother's—yet, bearing in mind that the widows, collectively, are mothers of half a dozen to fifteen daughters, it means that the guardian would fall heir to a nice herd of cows when the girls reach womanhood. Zulu families, however, are not large, averaging about five children.

A Zulu's standing with his people is based on the number of wives he has. One with six to nine helpmates is considered in good circumstances. In a general sense, the wives get along agreeably when they number from two to six. The first wife is mistress of those who come after her. Under the king's ruling, putting to death a favorite wife by the others occurred from time to time; but in such instances the wives numbered eight to twelve. Murders of this character have become of rare occurrence, however, since Zululand has been governed by the white man.

Wives and children are of little or no expense to a husband. He does not work after he has become the possessor of several wives, and the corn is planted, hoed, husked and ground into mealy meal by the wives. None of them wear shoes, nor hats, nor coats. Cotton blankets, which cost from 25 to 35 cents, are their chief covering. No money is required for baby carriages, as, when they are not snugly dished in a blanket on the mother's back, with the ends tied in front across her

chest, they are seen creeping about the kraalyard. A visit to the country districts will find native women hoeing or working at something else with their babes tied to their back. Their husbands are in their huts, smoking pipes or sleeping. Zulu women look as strong as the men. Save for their babes, all burdens are borne on their heads. This mode of bearing weight is often carried to the ridiculous. A spool of thread, a tomato, a tincup or similar light article may be seen balanced on a woman's head. But she will carry in the same way, with as apparent ease, though, a 100-pound bag of cornmeal, a five gallon tin of water, a big three-legged iron kettle, and other weights that would tax the strength of a strong man. The Zulu woman's superior physique is accounted for, to a large degree, by the bearing of burdens on her head from early childhood.

A Zulu woman "dressed up" is a striking figure. An ocher-colored cone of hair rises from her head sometimes as high as 10 inches. One unfamiliar with the native's hair, as seen resting flat on the head, would never imagine the kinky mop, when straightened, would measure from 12 to 18 inches, but it will. The natural color of the hair, of course, is black, and its unnatural color is brought about by the application of a thin, red-mud solution. Grass stalks, placed inside, form a frame, which keeps the cone from settling. At the bottom, a band, generally a strip of hide, keeps the "ornament" firm. A long hat pin, whittled thin from a large bone of a beast, also plays a part in keeping the "stove-pipe" properly poised. Her face is broad and rather masculine, the expression stoical. No head covering is worn, and weights are borne on women's heads, cone or no cone. Her broad, strong shoulders are generally bare, and she always stands straight. Strings are fastened around her neck — sometimes these are hairs from an elephant's tail — to which are attached square pieces of cloth, with colored beads fastened on them, resembling dominos. Generally wire bangles are worn on one arm, these in some instances being so numerous that they cover the arm from wrist to elbow. Often the skin of a calf or a sheep or that of a wild beast is

wrapped around her chest, passing under her arms, and fastened at the back. This "waist" extends in front to about the knees, and sometimes it is ornamented with beads, pebbles or small seashells. A short skirt of rough cloth extends to just below the knees, so that her legs from that point are bare, as precious few native women wear shoes. They have none. Only married women, or women engaged to be married, appear in the cone-shaped hair fashion.

Polygamy is conducive to thrift as well as to laziness. Nowadays few cattle are left to sons by fathers, as tick fever has almost bared the country of this means of food and barter. So, in order to get a wife, a Zulu must earn money with which to buy cows. The umfaan will save half of his wages of \$2.50 or \$3 a month that he receives as houseboy. When he has saved enough to buy a cow — they can be had for \$15 — it is put to graze close to his father's kraal, and he will save enough money to buy another cow or two. In the meantime calves are grazing, and by the time he has reached 21 years of age he generally has enough cows to buy one wife. Numbers of young men go to the Kimberley and Transvaal mines, where the wages run from \$15 to \$30 a month, with board. Unlike the American negro, the Zulu saves his money. But he will not work more than six months in the year at most. It is said a great deal of the Zulu's cash savings is hid in the ground. They are suspicious of the stability of banks, so keep the money where they can see it when they wish to.

The native of South Africa is as independent of the white man's aid to-day as he was a thousand years ago. His wants being so few, and his food easily obtained, he is not compelled to work for the white man. He is not ambitious for riches.

When a Zulu's hut is built on government ground the tax per year is \$3.50, which includes all the land he feels disposed to work. He does not plant all his corn in one field, but has two or three patches growing not far from the kraal. If his hut is built on private land, the landowner charges the native from \$5 to \$10 a year rent. Land for cultivation, however, is included in the rent of the private landowner. Some of the

public men of South Africa entertain the belief that if a heavier government tax were imposed on the native it would force him to work more—smoke him out, as it were. Just think of the snug income some Europeans who have from 100 to 300 huts on their undeveloped land are receiving from natives, as they collect from \$5 to \$10 for each hut. The native still pays the \$3.50 government tax also. While Zulus as a race are honest, few Europeans will do business with them on a credit basis; they must pay cash for what they buy.

Honesty among Zulu house servants is an admirable trait. One might place a bushel of \$20 gold pieces in the center of a room, be away from home for months, and on return find the money where it had been left. This applies more to what is termed a "raw kafir." When they have been among white people for a year or two their traits of honesty often slacken. The black man, as a rule, will pick up all the white man's vices, but few of his virtues.

A violation of the Zulu code of honesty was formerly punishable by death, and in some cases is still adhered to. The theft of a horse, cow, sheep, goat, pig or dog brought the death penalty. The moral code is inflexible. If a girl leaves a kraal to go into service in the towns and returns not as good as she was when she left the hut, she is likely to disappear mysteriously. A native guilty of committing a crime with a Zulu woman may be put to death.

Few deformed or crippled members of this tribe are seen. Under the kings' ruling an imperfect child at birth was not permitted to live.

Respect for old age is another excellent trait of the Zulu tribe. Were a mother or father to be living with a son and his wives, the father is "boss" of the kraal; and were the father to die the mother is the head of the kraal. The elder of two persons is respected by the younger. The oldest son has absolute rule over the other children; but, if the father be a chief, the youngest son succeeds him. Indian-like, Zulus walk in single file, and the younger always walks behind the elder. The woman always walks behind the man and carries

his belongings. A Zulu woman is never seen alone — always with a child, woman, or girl.

Zulus have their own name for Europeans. A man who wore spectacles would be “four-eyed” in their language; a person with a scar on his face or hands, would be “scar” in the native language; one having a deep voice or light voice — that would be his name with the native. Long hair, short hair, mustache, a smooth face — any mark or peculiarity — Zulus would know him by words pertaining to these.

Natives are not allowed to own or carry firearms or any weapons used by Europeans. The same restriction applies to native police. A knobkerry, a pair of handcuffs and a sjambok (a strip of rhinoceros hide like a short whip) are the only weapons a native policeman is supplied with. The policy is a wise one, for, if the blacks knew how to use firearms, it would mean a constant menace to the whites. Zulus often carry their assegais with them in their country, and are allowed to carry sticks at all times, as a dog will attack a black, and the same dog would not even growl at a white man; besides, deadly snakes are numerous.

The Zulu system of “telegraphing” news from one part of the country to another is an interesting accomplishment. Results of battles and approaching danger are shouted from hilltop to hilltop for hundreds of miles with surprising speed and accuracy. In crises Zulus seem to rise out of the ground.

Sugar, salt, kerosene, cotton blankets, tobacco, snuff, lanterns, Jew’s-harps, concertinas, mouth organs, beads, cheap spangles, bright calicoes, whistles, and numerous other things of a tawdry character are what Zulus spend their money on. Six cents is the cheapest purchase he can make, as the three-penny piece is the smallest coin in circulation. They will haggle and haggle with a trader sometimes for half an hour over a six-cent purchase, if the trader will listen to them.

“Bonsella” is a word one will often hear if he has dealings with the Zulu. “Bonsella” means he wants something that does not belong to him. With a six-cent purchase he will insist on a “bonsella.” A thin slice of a small bar of soap, a few

grains of sugar, a little pinch of salt, a piece of string will do, if he cannot do better; and should he fail in getting something from the trader he will ask for a drink of water.

With similar weapons, and each equally skilled in their use, and even numbers, one is pretty safe in making the statement that no man can fight better nor for a longer period than the Zulu. Their military uniform used to be cow-tails secured to a ring around the neck. The tails were so thick they presented the appearance of a complete robe or skin. The Zulu can store enough food away at one meal to last him for 24 to 36 hours without becoming fatigued. He can run from 50 to 70 miles without stopping. Coupled with these staying qualities, it was the custom with some of the Zulu kings to kill all soldiers who returned defeated in battle. That left but two courses open to him — death or victory.

The Zulu has but a poor and varied quality of religion. Some select the sun as their guiding light, others a white bird, again hawks will appeal to him as being worthy to look up to. Unlike the Mohammedan, his knees are not calloused from kneeling to gods of any sort.

Missionaries claim to have 200,000 followers of the Christian religion, which is nearly one-quarter of the Zulu population — one million. People who live in black countries place little credit to the native for having adopted the European faith. In fact, there is a prejudice against the mission native. If a man in South Africa were in need of two "boys," and two mission "boys" and two kraal "boys" had appeared for work at the same time, he would at once select the kraal "boys." When a native begins to wear shoes and a European hat, his usefulness as an employee generally proves of doubtful quantity. When he embraces the Christian religion he is limited to but one wife. That does not absolve him, however, from coming forward with the cows for his bride.

Zululand, and South Africa generally, is well looked after by European mounted police. The duty of the mounted police is to see that firearms do not find their way to the native; that

whisky is not smuggled over the border; to learn if discontent exists that might turn into a revolution. The native police, unmounted, arrests natives for minor offenses, and tries to find out from his brother violations of the law that the white man could not know other than through his minion.

“Ba, ba” (father), is a native salute to a European. A bow always accompanies the words. It is customary to return the native’s recognition, although some Europeans will not go to the trifling trouble to do so, which is discourteous, to say the least.

Should one be benighted, a European does not think twice as to whether he will go to a native’s hut and sleep on the floor with the family. In so doing he will be offered every hospitality.

Deadly, poisonous snakes are so numerous in this section that settlers carry with them a snakebite outfit. This consists of a strong cord, a syringe containing a poison antidote, and a small lance attached. In Zululand and Natal a rattle-snake is considered almost harmless. The puff adder, that coils itself in a pathway and is very sluggish, bites one by a backward spring. His fangs grow that way. He cannot bite after one has passed him. Death shortly ensues from the bite of this reptile if not attended to at once.

A person will die in 20 to 30 minutes after being bitten by a mamba. There are two kinds of this deadly snake—the green and black—but no difference in the quality of poison they inject into their victim. Death from a mamba’s bite is said to be an awful one. Sometimes the bitten person’s head will burst and appear as a pumpkin would look when thrown with force on a stone. This will account for the settlers carrying the snakebite outfit. The cord is used to wrap around the member bitten above where the fangs entered, to keep the poison from getting further into the system; the lance is used to cut out a piece of flesh where bitten, and the syringe is used to inject the antidote accurately at the raw part of the member where the fangs stopped. This precautionary measure must

be gone through within a couple of minutes or one will fall a victim to the mamba's fangs. The snakes grow in length from three to four feet.

"Wood and iron" houses — corrugated iron mostly — is the style of European homes seen in Zululand. This also will apply quite generally to the country districts of South Africa. A half dozen of these, one story high — a postoffice, three general stores, a court house and a hotel — are the buildings about which the commercial life of Melmoth centers. A church building is generally numbered among these groups, and always a graveyard out of proportion. Many of the hotels of Zululand are built somewhat on the kraal plan. The dining and sitting rooms — sometimes one room answers both purposes — are in a one-story "wood and iron" building. Many of the bedrooms — small houses resting on posts a foot to eighteen inches from the ground — are located a short distance from the main building, which they sometimes half-encircle. Each house, by partitioning, contains several small bedrooms. The beds with which these rooms are furnished are generally half-size iron ones, and the light provided is often a candle.

"Keep to the native trail until you come to that clump of wattle trees," directed the driver of the post cart when ten miles from Melmoth on my return to Ginginhlovu. A printer who had got tired of the smell of printers' ink moved to Zululand to make his living in the dual capacity of farmer and trader. So, with a grip in my hand, I started over the Zulu trail to the clump of trees in the distance. I had not gone far when I heard a shout, but could not tell whence it came. It may be the natives telegraphing the start of an uprising, I mused. "Halloa!" was again heard, and, looking in another direction, a wide-brimmed hat was looming over the arch of a grassy hill. It was the printer. The post cart driver had "set me down," as a Britisher would say, at the wrong trail.

"The natives wouldn't sell me any chickens when I first came here, so I wouldn't sell them any goods unless they paid for them with chickens," was one of the difficulties the printer-trader recounted in his effort to hew his way in Zululand.

"Sarah," addressing his wife, "come with us this afternoon while we visit the natives' huts, as you can speak the language better than I," obligingly suggested the sturdy trader, who had beaten freight trains over the United States, sailed before the mast, and had tramped the desert of West Australia to the gold mines at Coolgardie.

Through the trader's wife we chatted with the Zulu women hoeing corn, with their pickaninnies on their backs. Later we squeezed through the small entrances into hut after hut. The lady of the Zulu home explained how the natives winnowed the mealy meal by blowing the dust or bran from it with their breath when passing from the hands, to lodge in a wooden bowl under; how they stirred the meal; explained their scanty washing outfit, how the wives got along together, and other interesting features of Zulu life. After spending several interesting days at the printer-trader's home, it was time to say good-by; and I left with a keen feeling of indebtedness for the unstinted hospitality and kindness shown me.

"I've kept my word—I've got the eggs!" remarked Graham when we had pulled up at his place for luncheon on the return trip.

With pages left unwritten of the Zulu, the strongest, most intelligent and best built tribe of the Bantu race, we will leave the sailor's place for Eshowe, take the post cart to Ginginhlovu, and return by rail to Durban.

CHAPTER IV

MY first introduction to South Africa railway travel took place on my initial trip to Johannesburg. The compartment type of corridor carriage, as passenger coaches are termed, with an aisle at the side, similar to that of Great Britain, is in use. Meter gauge — 3 feet 6 inches — is the standard of that country, 14 inches narrower than what is known as "standard gauge" — 4 feet 8 inches — in the United States and in some of the European countries. The narrow spaces of the compartment (6 by 6½ feet) inclined one to wish for a two person seat. Two out of a filled compartment have direct access to a window — the two passengers whose seats are the outside end ones. Most travelers have seats reserved, in some instances a week in advance, their names being written on a card on the outside of the car at the compartment assigned.

Compartments in the railway coaches are heated with what is called foot-warmers — that is, sometimes the compartment will be provided with this device. The foot-warmer is an iron pipe, two feet long, eight inches wide, three inches thick, and filled with hot water. The foot-warmer is all right when there are but two persons in a compartment, or when two foot-warmers are supplied and four persons occupy a compartment, but when six or eight passengers occupy a compartment — well, 16 passengers' feet cannot get on four feet of piping. That is the only means of heating passenger coaches in South Africa.

In some respects accommodation is better on South African trains than in the United States and Europe — every passenger having a place to sleep, for instance. Six persons can sleep in a compartment, but five is generally the maximum number assigned, the extra berth being reserved for hand baggage. Frequently, when travel is light, one has a compartment to him-

self. The back of the compartment against which one leans while riding is portable, and when pulled out straight is fastened at each end. Above that shelf, or berth, is another. The same applies to the opposite side of the compartment, which, with seats on each side, termed the lower berths, make six in all — three on each side. These berths, or sleeping shelves, are two feet wide and upholstered. Travelers generally carry with them a cushion and blanket, or rug, as it is termed, which is used for sleeping purposes. The bedding furnished by the railway cost 60 cents. If one is traveling two nights in succession the bedding is rolled up by a steward in the morning and put on the top shelf of the compartment, where it remains during the day, and is taken down the second night for use. Sixty cents for two nights — 30 cents a night. Meals on the train are very reasonable. Breakfast and luncheon costs 50 cents and dinner 60 cents. So, paying but 60 cents for a bed, as it were, and not more than 60 cents for a meal, one finds a great reduction in traveling expenses in South Africa compared to what is charged for the same service in the United States. Railroad fare is higher, however, than in America, the second class rate being three and four cents a mile, and first-class six cents a mile. A hundred pounds of baggage is allowed a passenger. The schedule is slow compared with that in England and on some roads in America, twenty-five miles an hour being as fast as trains run. Long delays take place at stations, for when a passenger train stops it often seems as if it had been abandoned.

From Durban to Pietermaritzburg, a distance of 70 miles, an elevation of 3,000 feet is ascended. Some cultivated land is seen from the train, but grassy, timberless hills, with smoke and flames from prairie fires showing here and there off the railway, is what a stranger notices continuously.

Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, was first settled by the Dutch. The town hall, postoffice, and government buildings are imposing structures. In addition, one finds a small museum, botanical garden and good city parks, an electric railway system and a good railway station. One is surprised

when visiting small cities located so far out of the world, as it seems, to find them so up to date. Locally, the place is called, for short, Maritzburg.

The Voortrekkers' Church is a historical monument to, and a solemn reminder of, the terrible sufferings of the Voortrekkers during the dark days between the massacres by the hordes of Dingaan, the Zulu king, of over 600 men, women and children, in February, 1838, and the eventful overthrowing of Zulu power, at Blood River, in December of the same year. The massacre of Piet Retief, leader of a colony of Boer emigrants, and some of his band by the native despot at the head kraal, and the slaughter of his followers at Weenen, which immediately followed, is closely identified with the erection of the church. Retief and some of his followers had been led to believe that Dingaan wished to make friends of them. While in the king's kraal, they were seized and massacred. Andries Pretorius, with 450 men, some months later, started on an expedition to avenge the massacre. Religious services were held every day during the march of the expedition, and a vow was made by Pretorius' party that, if they came out victorious in battle with the bloodthirsty and perfidious Zulu king, a church to the honor of God would be erected. Pretorius and his burghers met the Zulu forces at a river then unnamed. Fifteen thousand natives were arrayed against 450 Boers. After several hours' fighting the Zulus fled, leaving behind 5,000 dead and wounded. The river was said to be red with the blood that flowed from wounded natives, and that stream has since been known as Blood River. Dingaan's Day, December 16, one of the national holidays in South Africa, is observed in honor of the bravery of Pretorius and his followers and the avenging of the foul massacre of Piet Retief and his band of emigrants. The church promised by Pretorius was built in 1841, three years later.

Maritzburg natives are mostly Basutos, the only tribe in South Africa that white troops have never conquered. Most of Basutoland is situated in the Drakensburg Mountains, some parts of which contain rich land. They have a king, and are

said to be wealthy. Europeans cannot travel in Basutoland without permission from the ruler or some high native officer. A large amount of firearms and munitions of war is said to have been smuggled into their country. The Basuto is feared by all in South Africa, and that will explain why Basutoland is for Basutos only.

Now we travel northward to Ladysmith, passing Spion Kop south of the Siege City. Ragged turrets and spires are still to be seen, bearing gaping evidence of the days of suffering, hunger and fear that the brave besieged underwent in the Boer war. Historical Majuba Hill next comes in view, with Mount Prospect opposite. A tunnel has been bored through the land lying between Majuba and Mount Prospect, known as Laing's Nek. We travel over rough territory for a while, then find ourselves on the high veld, having left the Drakensburg mountain range behind. Continuing to Charlestown, on the south bank of the Vaal River, and crossing the river to Voxburg, we passed out of Natal and were in the Transvaal.

"When do we scoff?" asked a passenger, at one stage of the journey. The term being a strange one, "I don't know" was what a stranger would reply. "Luncheon is ready" announced a train steward just then as he passed the compartment. "Let's go and scoff. I'm hungry," said the South African. "Scoff," in South Africa, has the same meaning here as "grub" in the United States.

The River Vaal is the boundary line between the Transvaal Province, Natal Province and the Orange Free State. The meaning of "Transvaal" is, across the Vaal — trans-Vaal.

On we go over the grassy veld, or prairie, seeing very little cultivated ground, but cattle are grazing here and there. They are a brand peculiar to South Africa; their horns grow from two to three feet, their legs in keeping with the long horns, but their bodies are narrow and of light weight. The most productive feature of the veld were ant-hills, ranging in size from a water bucket to a hogshead. Thousands of these, as far as the eye could reach, mar the green landscape as freckles or small-pox mark an unblemished skin.

The railroad from Durban to Johannesburg is the crookedest one might ride over. To save building a small bridge, the track turns for miles before it gets back to a straight line. When the railway was built the contractors were paid by the mile. Were the road constructed on ordinary scientific lines, the distance between the two cities could be reduced fifty miles. Yet, neat, well-built, attractive stations, surrounded with flower beds, were passed all the way.

Over the freckled veld we rolled, with Johannesburg in the distance. The sky was clear, as most always, on the highlands of the Transvaal. We had traveled to over 6,000 feet above sea level. Objects in the distance became less distinct — a haze seemed to gather. It was the smoke from the gold mines on the great Gold Reef —

“Johannesburg!” — “Johannesburg!” a train guard announced.

A well built business city is the impression made by this great gold center of the world. A long street, with all the business of the city centered in it, one would expect to find on reaching Johannesburg. That is the style of some of our western mining towns. Instead, here are buildings, five to eight stories in height, of stone, brick, and steel, some of them a city block square in dimension, with arcades leading from one street to another; large plate glass windows where goods are attractively displayed; elevators and steam heat appliances — all centralized in a space five squares in extent. This is the retail section of Johannesburg. The great banking and mining companies' buildings — splendid structures, all of modern architecture — are situated half a dozen squares from this center. The financial district is a busy place.

“Come, buyers! Come, buyers! Come, buyers!” the auctioneer cries when he has an assignment to sell something in the marketplace. Every one is used to the call, and soon a group gathers around. “How much — how much — how much?” the auctioneer starts with his glib sale talk. The articles to be sold may be crates of oranges, bunches of bananas, a crate of chickens, geese, hares, wild fowl, pumpkins, tomatoes,

turnips, cornmeal, oats, hay, a pig, cattle, buck (deer) wildebeeste (gnu) — anything edible for man and beast. Dozens of auctioneers are selling goods in the Johannesburg market at the same time.

“That fellow is one of the lost tribe of Israel we read about in the Bible,” spoke a Britisher who had been a produce dealer on the Johannesburg market for twenty years. “When the Rand was opened to the world,” he continued, “the lost tribe cropped up in the Transvaal and that fellow is one of them.” The buyer was engaged in a controversy with the old dealer, the point at issue hinging on one chicken, the Israelite contending he had bought thirteen hens, and the dealer maintaining there were only twelve to be sold. Arguments are taking place all the time between buyer, seller and auctioneer.

Fifteen wildebeeste (gnu), with bent horns, and whiskers six inches long growing straight from their noses; blesbuck, bushbuck, springbuck by the dozens, lay on the ground in the market. Meat from these animals is sold as venison. Seeing these beasts of the plains stretched out in plain view, about which most people read but do not see, creates a far-off feeling — a feeling that, were the eyes shut to the brick and mortar walls close by, one would be in a wild, unblazed section of the world.

Hundreds of ox teams in the market ground worm their way through piles of bags, hay and transports, led by the natives with bare feet and bare head. A South African ox team numbers nine yoke — 18 oxen. The transport, or wagon, is 18 feet long and strongly built. Seven feet of the rear is generally covered with canvas, and under the “tent” is the home of the Boer, and often his wife, as weeks must elapse from the time a start has been made for market until their return, as the farms, in a great many instances, are located long distances from large towns. Time saving is not a factor in a great many sections of the sub-continent. The oxen plod slowly along an unkept road, always preceded by a kafir, who guides the caravan by rhinoceros-hide strips attached to the horns of the leading team. After traveling about three hours, a stop (“outspan”) is made for the cattle to feed, as grass grows

bountifully on the veld. So, allowing time for "outspanning" and "inspanning," 10 to 15 miles a day is generally the distance covered by a transport. "Salted" cattle are the only ones in demand for working purposes. "Salted," when used in speaking of oxen, signifies that cattle can run the gauntlet of many diseases that so often bare the veld of grazing stock. These are cattle that have been sick but survived the attack. "Unsalted" stock are in little demand, as they often get sick after starting from the farmer's home and die by the roadside.

One automobile to 15 persons is a high percentage in a city with about 100,000 white population, yet that indicates the wealth of the gold city on the high veld. There are over 800 automobiles and the same number of motorcycles in Johannesburg, and among these are the largest, most expensive and swiftest manufactured.

The term "The Rand" embraces the mining districts of the Reef, and "Witwatersrand" is used when speaking of the districts located close to Johannesburg.

Sixty miles of smokestacks — from Krugersdorp to Springs — will suggest at once the magnitude of the great Gold Reef. Dynamite is blasting the gold-bearing ore for that distance 24 hours a day; black smoke is rolling out of high smokestacks from strong fires, under boilers in which steam is generated to furnish power to hoist the ore from thousands of feet underground to the stamp mills at the top; great dirt heaps — cyanide banks, as they are termed — circle about and wall in thrifty mining towns, that are not seen until a train stops at a railway station; monster stamp mills, whose crushing machinery resembles the roar of a sea beating on a rocky shore, are grinding the quartz into powdered dust — for nearly thirty years the Reef has been exploited, and is still giving up its precious ore. Hundreds of thousands of people are engaged in this gold mining industry; the eyes of the money people of the world are constantly watching the gold yield of the Rand.

In 1884 the output of the Transvaal gold mines was \$55,000, and, save for a few years, during which the Boer war was being fought, the output increased until it has reached the



NATIVE HUTS AND KAFIR CORN (top) ; AFRICAN TRANSPORT (bottom).
SOUTH AFRICA.

enormous sum of \$150,000,000 a year. The monthly output is from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000.

The stamps that crush the ore into powdered dust weigh from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. Under the stamps are zinc-lined inclining tables, 10 feet long and 4 feet wide, covered with quicksilver. Water washes the thin dust over the tables, when the gold adheres to the quicksilver. The dust from five stamps passes over one table. When about an eighth of an inch of gold sediment has accumulated, the stamps cease working, and the residue is scraped off the zinc. The scrapings look like thick black mud. The sediment then goes through a drying process. The dried chunks of gold "mud" is next put in a kettle, or retort, and melted. Borax is tossed into the hot metal, which separates impurities from the gold, the precious metal remaining at the bottom of the kettle, the dross keeping to the top. More gold "mud" is put in the kettle, until there is enough to make a brick, or ingot. The gold metal is poured into a mold. Cooling in a few minutes, the red hot brick is dumped on the floor. The shape of an ingot is similar to a sponge cake, narrower at the bottom than at the top. The weight of an ingot is 1,000 ounces, its value about \$20,000.

In early years the dirt that passed over the quicksilver was considered of little value, and was washed away. The dirt is now treated by what is termed the cyanide process. Remaining in large cyanide tanks, any gold contained in the dirt is reduced to a liquid. The liquid next goes to the extracting room, where it passes through inclining tanks, 12 feet long by 6 feet wide, composed of five compartments. The floors of these tanks are covered with 8 inches of zinc shavings. The liquid slowly passes from one compartment to another. Any gold contained in the chemical solution adheres to the zinc shavings. The shavings are then taken from the tank and put in a retort. At the same time sulphuric acid is placed in the retort, which causes the zinc to dissolve. The sediment in this instance is also like black mud. This is next put through a drying process, put in another retort, when the gold can be seen, poured into a mold, and dumped on a floor in ingot form.

Some of the mine owners are very obliging to visitors who wish to look about the works. The mines range in depth from 2,000 to 4,000 feet.

Twenty thousand Europeans and 200,000 natives are employed in the Rand mines. Paul Kruger, nearly 30 years ago, fixed the wages of the white miner at \$5 a day. Contract miners, however, earn as much as from \$200 to \$300 a month; but the average wage of the Rand miner is \$160 a month. The natives' wage runs from 50 cents to a dollar a day and board. The hours worked are eight, three shifts comprising a day's force.

Compound is the term used for an enclosure in which native employes are kept. As many as 3,000 to 4,000 kafirs work in some of the mines. From the mine they go to the compound, where a bunk is provided, a place to make a fire, and food is furnished. They are not allowed outside the enclosure at night, but on Sundays and holidays most of them are free. Tact has to be exercised when assigning kafirs to their quarters and to working mates, as a hostile feeling exists between certain tribes. If members of unfriendly clans be not kept apart, fights and murders often occur.

Weasel-eyed, idle, easy living Europeans are found in considerable numbers in mining districts. Were the natives allowed their liberty in the evening, it would result in their complete demoralization, for the crafty gentry would succeed in getting bad whisky or vicious rum into the compounds, receiving a big price for the poison, in addition to offering inducements to the "boys" to pilfer nuggets or heavy-bearing gold quartz.

"Scarcity of help, scarcity of help," is the cry of mine owners in South Africa. Sharp competition prevails between mining companies for "boys," and it is a scarcity of this class of labor to which they allude. A European trader may have the confidence of natives in the district in which his store is located, and when help is wanted labor agents call on the merchant. When a trader induces natives to go to the mines, the firm to which they have been sent will pay him \$15 for each "boy"

as a bonus. If the company failed to pay the bonus, it would thereafter get very few "boys" from that trader's district. In thickly populated centers like Kaffraria a dealer may control as many as 1,000 natives. In such instances companies pay him an income of from \$100 to \$125 a month, in addition to the \$15 a head, in order to keep in his good graces. If a "boy" should engage to work for the shorter term — six months — and rehire at the end of the term, the trader from whose district the kafir originally came would be sent an additional sum of \$15. Where labor agents deal with native chiefs for mine "boys," the chief expects a "bonsella" of \$2.50 for every "boy" leaving his district to work in the mines. With bonuses, clothes, car fare and other incidentals, it costs the mine company from \$25 to \$30 to get a "boy" from the kraal to the works. Mine owners claim they pay out a quarter of a million dollars a year in bonuses for native help. It is also claimed that the mining industry could not be conducted at a profit with all white labor.

Twenty-one thousand graves in Braamfontein Cemetery, a great many of these containing two corpses, strongly emphasizes the terrible toll of human life paid to King Gold in the Transvaal mines. This is but one European graveyard, as there are several smaller burying places in the Johannesburg district. Besides those in which only Dutch and English are buried, there are Jewish, Malay and Mohammedan graveyards scattered about the city. Braamfontein Cemetery is filled, and a new one is filling fast. This appalling mortality has taken place during the past 30 years.

Eighty-nine open graves — mound after mound in as regular order as are boards in a floor — is a gruesome setting that forces one to cast a sad glance at the clouds of black smoke pouring out of the hundreds of smokestacks on the great Gold Reef, and at the gray-colored cyanide banks that half encircle the city of Johannesburg. These unbroken rows of freshly dug graves were in the European section of Brixton graveyard, and at the other end of the large burying ground — the native section — eighty freshly dug graves presented a grim foreground.

"Bubonic plague?" the reader may ask. No, phthisis.

Eighty in a thousand of ordinary miners, and 140 in a thousand of workers using underground drilling machines, are affected with phthisis. As gold-bearing rock is being blasted all the time, miners inhale the fine dust during working hours. Respirators, a device covering the nose and mouth, having a sponge at the mouth, and two openings at the side covered with a fine wire screen to admit of air, are worn by some of the workers, but, as it proves cumbersome, a great many miners discard that life-extending invention. Phthisis here signifies the drying up of the lungs. The dust inhaled settles in the cells of the lungs, with the appalling result mentioned.

Seven years is the average lifetime of the Rand miner. On the headstones in Braamfontein Cemetery, carved in granite, most of the ages are found to be in the twenties and thirties. Few stones observed bore ages of 40 years and over.

The average number of burials in Johannesburg is ten a day; Europeans average four and natives six. People not engaged in underground work, and not connected with the mines in any capacity, also become affected with phthisis. As on American prairies, the wind blows on the veld nearly all the time, and generally with considerable force; hence the air is full of dust from the powder-crushed cyanide banks.

Priest, preacher and missionary may be seen at cemetery gates all the time, more particularly in the afternoons.

"Will there be any more funerals today?" was asked of a native who had just filled in a grave.

"Yes, baas. Two wagons coming now," he answered, pointing to the road.

The natives are buried in a burlap sack, drawn tight and sewed, reducing the natural size of the body considerably. Two corpses rest on the bottom of a grave. Six inches of dirt cover these, when two more of the sacked bodies are lowered, making four in one grave.

The city of Johannesburg receive \$7 for every kafir buried in Brixton graveyard — \$28 for a grave containing the bodies of four natives. The owners of the mines at which the natives

had worked must pay this burial charge. Deaths of natives are caused more by accidents in mines than from phthisis, as kafirs will not, as a rule, work more than six months in the year.

At the end of Brixton graveyard, where Europeans are buried, could be seen, from a distance, undertakers in long coats and high hats; hearses, ornamented with white or black cockades, drawn by horses of the same color; clergymen, their heads bowed and reading from books, with groups of veiled people huddled in small areas—putting people underground and the circumstances attending these ceremonies are of very frequent occurrence in Johannesburg.

The grave-diggers have no slack seasons; they are busy the year round, which accounted for so many open graves. As they were sure to be needed, it was better to be ahead of the demand than crowded with orders.

“Don’t Expectorate!” is the cautionary sign confronting one at almost every turn in the Gold City. Where the “Don’t Spit!” sign appears frequently one knows he has reached a place where lung trouble is prevalent.

Paved streets in some of the South African cities has not been considered so much of a municipal duty as in other parts of the world. The soil being hard, the rain, coming in showers, flows off as it does on paved streets. As the sun shines 365 days in the year on the high veld, the ground is dry in a short time after a shower has passed.

Walking in the streets instead of on the walks is a local custom one quickly notices. In Johannesburg good, wide walks may be practically free of people though the street space is occupied by pedestrians from curb to curb.

“Joburg” is the local term used almost exclusively by South Africans when speaking of Johannesburg. When one hears another say “Johannesburg” it is a pretty sure sign that he is a stranger in “Darkest Africa.”

Living expenses are much higher in Johannesburg and other up-country cities than on the coast. House rent runs from \$25 to \$40 a month; meat was 18 cents to 30 cents a pound;

street car fare is very high; in a general sense, expenses are 20 per cent. higher than in the coast cities. Boarding houses charge from \$35 to \$40 a month; hotel accommodation is expensive, too, the cheapest costing \$3 a day; rooms cost \$1.25 a day in all the hotels. Six cents is the least sum for any small article. A newspaper costs six cents (threepence), the boot-blacks charge 12 cents for a shine, barbers 18 cents for shaving; it seemed as if one was handing out six cents at every few squares to a street-car conductor, so short are the "stages"—in fact, few things can be had for less than six cents.

Dutch, British and Jews comprise the majority of the population, Jews numbering one-third. Germans are also quite numerous. Americans, up to the time of the Boer War, held high positions with mining companies, but they have been thinned out since the country changed hands. Every country of the globe is represented in that cosmopolitan center.

On pay days "Joburg" is a lively place. The saloons seem to get the biggest part of miners' wages. They spend their money like lords. In no place are bars better patronized. A glass of beer costs 12 cents, and stronger drinks 24 cents. The barmaid, a woman engaged tending bars in public drinking places in British territories, is not seen behind the bar of saloons in cities and towns of the Transvaal, men being engaged at that work.

Years ago, when the game of baseball was played, which took place weekly and on holidays, crowds of people used to attend. Games are still played at weekly intervals, but only a few attend—sometimes not more than 100 persons. On the other hand, big crowds attend the English games—cricket and football.

"Closed on account of dust." "Open—Closed on account of dust." Such signs will be found secured to doors of most business houses. The wind blows so generally, and nearly always so strongly, that all doors must be kept closed, whether of business or dwelling. With unpaved streets, and the half-circle of great cyanide banks about the city, Johannesburg, as appearing to some visitors, is not a choice place of residence.

The climate of the Rand possesses one virtue — there is no malarial fever. On the other hand, the lips swell, chafe and crack from the effects of both the wind and high altitude, this causing an irritating feeling. Laundries do a good business here. Collars are changed twice a day, as the soil, being red, and the almost constant high winds, with the dry nature of the country, keeps the dust flying about most of the time. One will not have lived in this city long before he will have eaten his allotted “peck of dirt.”

In Ludlow Street Jail, New York, prisoners are kept who are not considered criminals — that class of men who cannot pay their debts and who have not been adjudged insolvent. The city pays for their food. In Johannesburg, if a man is sent to jail for a debt, the creditor must pay the city 50 cents a day for the debtor's board. Precious few prisoners of this class are found in the Johannesburg jail.

Newspapers of the Rand are fully up to the requirements of the city, four dailies being published, two morning and two evening. The morning papers issue Sunday editions, one of these including a colored magazine section. It has required constant fighting by the owners to maintain the Sunday editions, as it is an innovation in British territory. Opponents had injunctions issued against these publications, and in other ways the publishers were put to much inconvenience. This edition still appears on the street, however, but, by a court decree, dealers and newsboys are prohibited from soliciting sales. Printers earn good wages on the Rand, running from \$30 to \$55 weekly, with the working hours seven and eight. One finds here linotype machines, web presses, color presses, stereotyping — all the modern machinery in use in the North. South Africa is the one country where printers can do as well, and sometimes better, than in the United States.

Mechanics and miners are so well organized that they have a building of their own. They pull together on election day, and, as a result, a number of union labor men are sprinkled about the upper and lower Houses of Parliament. Eight hours is the maximum working day in South Africa among skilled

mechanics and miners. Wages run from \$4.50 to \$6 a day.

In years gone by the Dutch suffered so much from the natives during their treks that they have a pretty good idea of how to manage them. No blacks crowd Europeans off the walks in Johannesburg, for the black man is not allowed on them; he must walk in the street. This policy saves trouble for both black and white, for it prevents arguments and fights. He is not allowed to ride on street cars. In railroad compartments colored and half-castes are prohibited from intermingling with Europeans. "Reserved" is posted on the doors of certain compartments, in which one generally would find well-to-do colored passengers.

The native is not allowed to live in towns and cities here. What are termed "locations" are built by the municipality, and in these places the natives are kept to themselves. The Boer plan is much better than the English, as, if the black man be given too much liberty, it generally proves injurious to him. Dutch authorities are very severe on men smuggling liquor to natives. Five hundred dollars is the fine, and in default of payment the smuggler must serve five years in jail.

Indians leaving Natal for the Transvaal generally come to grief. On arrival they are promptly taken into custody, and when 50 to 100 have been collected are put into box cars of a train headed for Portuguese territory, and soon find themselves in the hold of a ship sailing from Lourenzo Marques for India. Indians have spoiled the Province of Natal, so the Dutch are taking care that that race do not get the money that belongs to the white man in the Transvaal. Though Indians are British subjects, it makes no difference to the Dutch. Australia has barred them from that country, too.

An art gallery, a museum, a large public library, a good zoo, sports grounds, parks where music is furnished, theaters, schools, churches, hospitals—all the public accessories that make a city are found in Johannesburg; also most modern city fire-fighting appliances, an electric street car system, electric and gas plants, fully in keeping with those in cities of the same size located in the countries of the North.

“Necessity is the mother of invention,” so, as there is practically no timber in South Africa, and brick buildings cost quite a sum of money to erect, homes had to be made of something else. Corrugated iron was the material that answered the purpose of brick, wood and stone. About all the timber required to erect one of these houses is for joists, scantlings, and doors. The sheets of corrugated iron are nailed to the joists and to the scantling at the roof. Sometimes there are plastered interiors, but a great many have no more protection than the sheet of iron. They are very hot in summer and very cold in winter. They pop and crack all the time from expansion and contraction. These houses are seldom more than one story high. “Wood and iron” buildings is what they are called.

“Pipe Hospital” may be seen over the door of a tobacco store. It means that pipes are repaired there.

A broad-brimmed hat, with a thick outside band, the latter often brown, with a white speck here and there, is the head-covering worn in the interior of South Africa. It is the only hat a Dutchman wears. Derby hats are in little demand in that part of the world. One occasionally sees a man wearing that style, but soft hats hold the day.

Snow fell in Johannesburg a few years since, the first in 20 years, and it proved an epoch in the history of the country. Important events that took place before or since are referred to as having occurred before or after the storm. Still, the weather gets cold enough to freeze water, but the sun warms up everything in the daytime. By reason of the high altitude — over 6,000 feet — the weather is never too hot in summer.

To General Louis Botha the people of not only South Africa, but of the world, owe a great debt for saving the Rand mines. The time Botha rendered this service was when Lord Roberts, with his invincible forces, was outside the gates of Johannesburg prepared to enter the city. Most of the gold mines on the Rand had been wired and powerful explosives placed at sections where the greatest damage would take place from an explosion. It was planned that as soon as Lord Roberts entered the city an electric button would be pressed to set off

the bombs, which would ruin the mines. Botha, of course, was well aware of what was to occur. A messenger was dispatched by him to Lord Roberts, bearing a request from the Boer commander to delay entering the city for 24 hours. Lord Roberts acceded to the request. During the interval General Botha pleaded with his Boer sympathizers not to blow up the mines. It required his utmost persuasive ability to dissuade the men from carrying out their purpose. He eventually got their promise that the mines would not be molested. Had Botha been narrow-minded or vindictive, instead of a broad-minded man, in dealing with Lord Roberts, the world's output of gold since that time would probably have been from \$100,000,000 to \$120,000,000 less annually.

Johannesburg is named after a Boer — Johannes — whose farm was located on a portion of the Gold Reef. It was about 1885 when gold was discovered.

The Great Trek by the Dutch from Cape Colony to the Transvaal took place in 1835-38. Being dissatisfied with English administration in Cape Colony, they, like the Mormons in America, kept going into uninhabited parts, stopping only when they believed they had gone beyond reach of everybody, where they could live their own lives in their own way. There were thousands in the Great Trek. In 1852 a government was formed, and M. W. Pretorius became the first President of the South African Republic. In the early seventies there were about 25,000 Boers in the Transvaal. In 1876 the republic practically collapsed, when England assumed responsibility. In 1877 the British flag was raised in Pretoria, but the Dutch did not relish that innovation. During 1881 the Boers attacked the English garrisons, and in January, 1882, the British suffered successive defeats at Majuba Hill, under command of General Colley, the latter being killed at Ingogo Heights. Eight hundred English officers and men were killed in the engagements, and on the Boer side 18 were killed and 33 wounded. A few lean years for the Dutch followed. Later, the gold fields of Barberton sprang into existence, then the Rand, and undreamed of wealth poured into the Transvaal, towns spring-

ing up as if by magic. It was during this early heyday period of the Rand that adventurous spirits such as Barnato, Hammond, Beit, Rhodes and others figured prominently in the life of Boerland — some there by reason of the opportunity to vent their inborn desire for adventure, others as agents of Great Britain, but all playing for high stakes round the green table of the great Gold Reef. With the exception of the Jameson Raid, in 1895, the Boers enjoyed peace and prosperity up to the opening of the Anglo-Boer war in 1899, when, three years later, the Transvaal and Orange Free State became British possessions.

On May 31, 1910, the four provinces — Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Orange Free State and Transvaal — became the Union of South Africa, with General Louis Botha, Premier, his Cabinet, save one, being composed of Dutch members. Each province has its legislature, like our State legislature. A governor-general, appointed by the King of England, is the representative of the Imperial Government in South Africa and Rhodesia. With the exception of eight Senators, appointed by the Governor-General, the members of the National and Provincial Parliaments are elected by popular vote. One is safe, commercially speaking, in saying Johannesburg is more than half of Boerland.

Law and order in the Gold City conform to the British standard. Noted crooks and adventurers are found about places where gold and diamonds are mined, yet few big burglaries take place. In stature, the policemen of Johannesburg are second to none. They are of splendid physique. Native policemen are used in that city also.

The ravages of cattle diseases in South Africa is strongly suggested on seeing refrigerator cars being emptied of frozen meat. The poorer portions of beeves and sheep find their way to the compounds, the meat being eaten by the mine "boys." The frozen meat comes from Australia and New Zealand, arriving every week, and is shipped to what is called an agricultural country.

What seems an inexcusable lack of enterprise, combined with

mismanagement, is seen at every turn. Cattle hides are shipped to Europe, while boots and shoes worn in South Africa are made in England, Germany, Holland or the United States. Wool is shipped to centers North, and hence all the woolen goods come from Europe. One may ride through sections that should make splendid farming districts, but these are held by landowners in tracts of from 2,000 to 30,000 acres, and only a small area is under cultivation. Lack of water is the reason given. One sees no windmills, however. Rain water is often stored in a crude pond, which is generally muddy from sheep and cattle walking in it. This dirty drinking water alone is enough to kill the stock.

Every animal of field and farm seems to have a mortal enemy. With the cattle, one of three diseases — East Coast or tick fever, rinderpest and red water — is apt to decimate them at any time; two or three diseases wipe out sheep; there is what is termed "horse sickness," horses also dying from eating grass when dew is on the ground, and meningitis menaces mules.

At least four drawbacks figure in raising grain — drought, hailstones, locusts and poor farming — the worst being the presence of the black man, meaning poor farming; though his hut rent keeps the white man's coffee-pot boiling, at the same time it unhands him industrially. When one sees a piece of plowed land it is generally but half plowed, a grassy strip of sod often appearing between furrows at some part of the field. It would be a rare thing to see unplowed strips between furrows in England, on the Continent, or in most of the farming States of America.

CHAPTER V

THE Dutch being averse to having the capital near the sea coast, as soon as they gained full control of United South Africa, on May 31, 1910, they decided on Pretoria as the capital, although Capetown was well provided with good legislative buildings. Money was then appropriated to erect government buildings in Pretoria, and a hill east of the city was selected as a site for the Parliament buildings. Following this, a large force of government employes were compelled to leave Capetown for Pretoria, as government business was in future to be transacted in the Transvaal instead of the Cape of Good Hope. At present Pretoria, 45 miles from Johannesburg, is the capital of United South Africa. Before the war the Boers exercised control over only the Transvaal and Orange Free State, but 11 years later they also exercised authority over the Provinces of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal.

One who had imagined he would not find modern utilities and attractiveness of a general nature in a place located 'way up on the veld would be much taken aback upon entering Pretoria. Encircled by a range of hills is this, the best-looking large town in the interior of South Africa. The city being so far away from the busy centers of the world, and over a thousand miles inland from Capetown, one would not expect to find fine, clean streets, a good electric street railway system, good parks, in some of which music is furnished; shade trees, water fountains, and splendid buildings — residential, business, municipal and governmental.

The Dutch Reformed Church, built in the center of the old market square, around which long ox teams used to slowly worm their way and seek shelter behind its stone walls from winds and shade from the sun; where auctioneers, chattering

like monkeys, sold produce of burghers, brought from points a hundred miles in some instances, to the highest bidder; where Boer met Boer and sympathized with each other during lean years, discussed native wars, their troubles with England, and the ravages of locusts and rinderpest; where the last President of the Transvaal intermingled with his people, walking among the piles of pumpkins, calabashes, tomatoes, guinea fowl, chickens, hares, and buck; where, on holy days, Psalms were sung by these rough-looking plainmen — this historical assembling place of burghers, with its old-time and latter-day memories, has been removed, and the market-place converted into a public garden, surrounded at ends and one side by imposing government buildings. On visiting the square where the old church stood, the men of full beards and broad-brimmed soft hats now look instead on beds of flowers in bloom and fountains casting rainbow spray round a circular space.

One feels more comfortable in Pretoria after having spent some time in the Gold City, for he has left the red dust behind, the unattractive cyanide banks, the clouds of black smoke and the sooty buildings. The air is free from smoke, from the dirt banks, and a healthier atmosphere prevails. Pretoria is Dutch; Johannesburg cosmopolitan.

Some 40,000 people were living in this attractive place, and the population is increasing. The government departments were removed from Capetown, one after another, and with the reestablishment of each Pretoria's population naturally increased as the government employes followed. "Civil servants" is the term used to denote government employes. An increase in salaries was granted to employes when brought from Capetown or Durban, as the salaries paid in the coast cities, on which a frugal person could save money, provided little more than food and clothing in the new capital. As in Johannesburg, house rent is high, and board cannot be had at less than from \$35 to \$40 a month. The cost of living here, as in Johannesburg, is from 15 to 20 per cent. higher than the coast towns.

Away from mining towns smokestacks are few and far between. Pretoria makes a better showing in this respect, as

there are flour mills, an ice plant, an electric power house, and small manufactures that give the place a business appearance.

Walking a few blocks along West Kerk street, on the right hand side, may be seen a one-story stone and cement house, roofed with corrugated iron. This building is surrounded with an iron fence, built on a cement foundation. On each side of the walk leading to the house are two stone lions. In front is a veranda. In that modest house Paul Kruger lived. Walking in the same direction a few squares a park is reached. Entering by a gate, a short distance ahead is seen a large cement foundation with steps leading up, and resting on the foundation is a square granite base. The monument finishes there. Postcards bear a picture of the completed monument to Paul Kruger, but it lacks the bronze figure of the Boer President. "The monument that was to have been erected to the memory of the late President Kruger" is the wording under the picture of the "completed" monument. The bronze figure of Paul Kruger reached Lourenzo Marques, Portuguese East Africa, at the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War, in 1899. Several lean years followed the Boers' defeat, and the Transvaal was theirs no longer. What stands of "the monument that was to have been" is well looked after. Some day, however, the printing on a postcard of the completed monument will read: "Paul Kruger's Monument."

"Dick" Seddon, of New Zealand, was a great man; Brazil, Argentine, Chile and Australia have produced men they consider great, but their fame is only local. Many in other countries tell one that the United States has produced but two great men — Washington and Lincoln. Looking at things from a world viewpoint, one cannot find a man born south of the equator who measures up to Paul Kruger's fame. So, in fairness to rugged genius, it would seem no overt act would be committed if the completed monument did stand in that park in Pretoria — to the memory of the greatest man born south of the equator.

"Have you been out to Wonderboom?" is a question visitors to Pretoria will be asked. Six or seven miles from the capital

is seen from a distance what looks like a very large tree, located a mile from the railroad station. Big trees with dark green leaves are rare on the veld, which accounts for Wonderboom being such an attraction. In a radius of 150 feet seven groups of trees are growing, and from each grows half a dozen trees. The space taken up by some of these groups measures from 20 to 30 feet, and the clumps grow from roots of what appeared to have been large trees at one time. When vegetation of all sorts is white from drought the Wonderboom is as green as if it had been watered at frequent intervals. The trees grow 20 feet high, and cover an area of half an acre. No one seemed to know the name of the wood. "Vonderboom" seemed to be sufficient to cover all questions asked about its specie.

English newspapers published in Pretoria could not be favorably compared to the Johannesburg productions. This may be accounted for by the existence of Dutch publications, which naturally have a larger patronage than English newspapers, the population being in the main Dutch. As a considerable amount of the government printing is now done in Pretoria, this industry has improved. The pay is from \$30 to \$45 a week, eight hours' work. Mechanics of all kinds receive \$5 a day.

All government documents, bills, blanks, etc., are printed in two languages — Dutch and English. As the government owns the railway, telegraph, postoffice and telephone systems, any one can understand what a big item the government's printing bill is. This was agreed to by the British representatives who attended the convention at which the consolidation of the four provinces was ratified. The Dutch adhere strictly to this agreement affecting their language.

The Dutch are not a vindictive race. No tales of brutality are heard of in connection with the Boer War. Men who fought on the British side tell of having been taken prisoner and of being sent back to their command. Sometimes the Boers would take the clothes off a captive, and then direct him to where his fellow soldiers were camped. Paul Kruger would have been justified in shooting the men who instigated and took part in the Jameson Raid, on the grounds of treason, but he

spared their lives. They paid big sums of money in fines, though, for their unsuccessful, treasonable offense.

The Dutch have their faults, like other races, but they seem the better able to guide the destiny of their land of plagues.

The Boer War, in a sense, proved a blessing in disguise to the Dutch. Previous to that time proper attention had not been given to educating the young; precious few lawyers, doctors, educators and mining engineers bore Dutch names. Look through the directories of South Africa now and contrast the number of Dutch names that figure among those of the professional class. The war woke up the Boers to a sense of assuming a greater responsibility in the advancement of their country. A great many Dutch young men are students in the leading universities of the world.

Nothing feminine in sound is noticeable about the names of places in Boerland. But one often feels at a loss to account for the general use of the affix "fontein." Save for a narrow strip along the coast the country is dry. The Orange and the Vaal rivers seem to be the only two of consequence in the interior. The country is full of "spruits," "fonteins" and rivers which, when one reaches them, are dry as a bone. The only things that seem to "spruit" in them are cobble-stones and rattle-snakes.

"Assegaiboschfontein," "Jakhalskraalfontein," "Wildebeeste-spruitbult" are a few names of towns that occur to one as being decidedly masculine.

Boers, physically, are large men. Many of the older men wear full beards, and invariably wear a broad-brimmed hat with cloth band of several plies thick. They smoke calabash pipes, the weed being known as Boer tobacco, which costs 50 cents a pound. They generally carry a sjambok, a strip of rhinoceros hide about three feet long and an inch thick. Meeting one alone, the questions he asks in quick succession—"What's your name?" "Where do you come from?" "What's your business?" "Have you been in South Africa long?" "How long are you going to stay in the country?"—bring to mind this distinguishing trait of a noted Chinese who made a visit to

America some years ago. Rum is the Boer's strong drink, but he is seldom seen under the influence of liquor. In a sense, he is of a roaming disposition, for some Boers are on the trek all the time. They seem to be better suited when they have got beyond the outposts of civilization. Were it not for the Boer's inclination to trek, however, it is possible there would be no gold mines on the Rand or diamond fields in Kimberley. His battles with the native tribes and his sufferings and hardships will never be lost sight of as the factors through which the white man was enabled to live in that section of "Darkest Africa."

CHAPTER VI

WE take our departure from the Transvaal and make a start for Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia, also British territory. Traveling some 300 miles out of a direct line, through Fourteen Streams, to Vryburg, on to Mafeking, finds us nearly opposite the place started from, but headed in the right direction. A gap of 40 miles from Zeerust to the main line has since been closed, which makes the trip from Johannesburg to Bulawayo much shorter. Two trains a week care for all the business over that stretch of native territory.

From Fourteen Streams, which is only a railway junction, we start northward over the treeless veld on our way to Rhodesia, 700 miles beyond. Vryburg is the next place reached where white people live, and most of the 3,000 inhabitants are engaged in business connected with farming. Nearly a hundred miles further Mafeking was reached, which has been made historical in virtue of the seven-months' siege of Britishers during the Boer War. It is located near the Transvaal border, and is a trading center for the western Transvaal. Railway car shops are located at Mafeking, and these and the trading industries give employment to its 3,000 inhabitants.

An hour's ride further, and we have crossed the Cape Colony-Bechuanaland Protectorate border line. Northward from that point we pass through what seems an uninhabited country, so far as white people are concerned. A railway station is built here and there along the line, where a few Europeans may be seen; but the country is wild and populated with natives. Were one to go to sleep for six or eight hours, upon waking up he would not know that he had moved a mile, so far as any change in the appearance of the landscape would indicate. At a few stations signs of industry were in evidence, bags of corn being piled along the track.

Natives with karosses (skins of wild beasts) and native-made souvenirs surrounded the train when stops were made, spreading their wares on the ground and holding the objects of native handicraft to the gaze of the passengers. The natives' souvenirs were the images of giraffes, elephants, lions, tigers, storks and other animals cut out of wood and painted or dyed black, but many of the imitations were far from good. Splendid karosses are bought cheap along the line. One can have his choice of a lion, tiger, hyena, jackal, wildcat, monkey and baboon, and sometimes a giraffe. Many are as large as a buffalo robe.

"How much!" shouted a splendid specimen of a Bechuana woman, in the native language, as she held her naked pickaninny over her head — laughing heartily at the same time — at a place where the train had stopped and where natives and karosses were numerous. Passengers were bartering and haggling with the natives over the price of karosses, and others were ambitious to sell their souvenirs. The black mother had imbibed the "shopping" spirit, when she jocularly offered her babe for sale. "Half a crown!" (60 cents) shouted a passenger. With that offer the semi-barbarous mother quickly brought her pickaninny to her bosom, threw her arms about the little one and gave it such a hug that the baby's eyes bulged, she laughing so heartily the while as if to split her sides.

Still traveling toward the heart of Africa, we reach Mochudi and the Kalahari Desert, the eastern fringe of which we traverse, a distance of 200 miles. The dust had become so thick in this stretch of the journey that the color of the passengers' clothes could not be detected. All the way along from Mafeking I could not keep from my mind the Americanism, "It's a great country, where nobody lives and dogs bark at strangers."

When the train stopped at Mahalapye we entered what is known as Khama's country. The course of the railroad is nearly on the line taken by David Livingstone, the explorer. When Livingstone and his band passed through that section of Africa, the grandfather of the reigning chief offered every hospitality to the explorer, and espoused the Christian religion.

Chief Khama, the grandson, is the most important ruler of Bechuanaland, and has spent some time in Europe; he conforms largely to European customs. Besides being a strict disciplinarian, he forbids the sale of liquor to his people. He receives a pension from the English Government. Serowe, Khama's capital, located 30 miles inland from Palapye Road station, is the largest town in Bechuanaland, having a population of 40,000. His subjects pay the smallest head tax of any of the tribes in South Africa.

We were passing through a country about which the wildebeeste, gemsbuck, eland, tiger, lion, and even the giraffe, still roam. Along the railway may be seen the secretary bird, guinea fowl and also handsome cranes. The secretary bird, so named from feathers growing at the back of the head, which look like quill pens, is what is known as "royal game." "Royal game" are beasts or fowl that must not be killed. The reason the secretary bird is protected is because it is a bitter foe to snakes. Snatching a snake in the middle with his bill, he at once begins to fly upward with the reptile, and when at a certain height will let go his prey. The snake, when he strikes the earth, is killed.

White traders are located through these desolate tracts of country, sometimes a hundred miles from a railway. Little cash changes hands between natives and traders in out-of-the-way districts. For his skins and corn, or whatever the native may have to sell, he receives as pay bright-colored calico, Jew's-harps, concertinas, mouth organs, tinware and such things.

Passing out of Khama's country we enter a territory known as the Tati Concessions. Traversing this tract, we crossed the northern boundary of Bechuanaland a few miles south of Plumtree, when we were in Matabeleland, Rhodesia. In this section Lobengula, the Matabele king, held undisputed sway until Cecil Rhodes decided to annex this part of Africa to England's possessions. What Andries Pretorius did to Dingaan at Blood River — broke forever the power of the Zulus — Cecil Rhodes did with the powerful Lobengula in Matabeleland.

We passed within ten miles of the Matopo Hills, on the top

of which is buried Cecil John Rhodes, "the Colossus of South Africa," as he was termed. Whatever shortcomings Rhodes may have possessed, or the means he resorted to to attain his ambition, one of his virtues will always remain unquestioned—bravery. He wished his remains to rest where his greatest feat of daring took place. It was during the rebellion of the Matabeles in 1896-97 that Rhodes, unarmed, with a friend accompanying him, walked up the Matopos through the files of the warring hordes of blacks to where their chiefs were stationed. His cool bravery and personal magnetism so impressed the chiefs that the rebellion ceased.

"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes" is the brief inscription carved on a granite slab that covers his grave, which was chiseled out of a solid rock on the highest of the Matopo Hills. "World's View" is the name Rhodes gave the place where he is buried. It is located 30 miles southeast of Bulawayo.

Bulawayo, meaning in English "the place of killing," is located in the heart of wildest Africa. We find here splendid streets, as wide as those of Salt Lake City, fringed with trees, with monuments erected at convenient places in the center; a good public library, containing 5,000 volumes; hospitals, parks, a botanical garden, zoölogical park, museum and art gallery, schools, churches, business buildings, daily newspapers—all of a high order. Bulawayo, nearly 1,400 miles from Capetown, has a population of 5,000 whites. It is the largest town of Matabeleland, the center of the gold mining industry, and has had railway connection with the Transvaal since 1897. Only four years earlier Lobengula's Kraal occupied the land that Bulawayo is built on. It required the sacrifice of many lives of hardy frontiersmen to conquer the Matabeles, and to pave the way for the accession of Matabeleland, Mashonaland, Barotseland and the other sections that comprise Rhodesia.

Industries in Bulawayo are few and small. In this respect, however, it is no different than most African towns. But located in the country away from the metropolis are numerous gold mines, and Bulawayo is headquarters for that industry.

The annual output from these mines run from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,0000.

We find in this place the typical frontiersmen. This feature of the country is reflected from its founder, as Rhodes was not a "toff." Every one goes in his shirtsleeves, and derby hats are not sold in Bulawayo. Soft, wide-brimmed hats, like those worn by the Boers, rule the day. One occasionally sees the butt of a revolver sticking out of a hip pocket or at the side of a belt, and hunting knives, incased in a sheath, are carried by almost every one, particularly on leaving town. A rifle strapped over the shoulder of men coming in from country districts is a common thing to see. Lions and tigers are so numerous in Rhodesia that weapons are carried to protect one's-self from any attack that might be made by the wild beasts. Still, under these "trouble-making" conditions, we find maintained that same respect for law and order that was so noticeable in other parts.

A native word—"indaba"—much in use in Rhodesia, is often used in South Africa. When the chiefs met to talk over matters pertaining to their tribe—a native cabinet meeting—the meeting would be termed an "indaba." When Cecil Rhodes was engaged in dissuading the Matabele chiefs on the Matopo hill to discontinue the rebellion, the meeting of the "great white chief" with the native chiefs was termed an "indaba."

In the grounds of Government House stands what is known as the "Indaba Tree." The residence of the Governor-General is built on the site of Lobengula's home, and it was under this tree that the rulers of the Matabele tribe assembled and dispensed native justice.

Though the altitude of Matabeleland is about 5,000 feet, the weather is warmer in winter than it is in the Transvaal.

Mention has been made of "salted" cattle in South Africa. The only people who can live in most parts of Rhodesia are "salted" men. If the inhabitants are so fortunate as to take on a few pounds of flesh at certain seasons, they lose that much, and generally more, from fever and ague at another season. Among the creditable buildings mentioned of Bulawayo was

included "good hospitals." Wherever hospitals are seen frequently, particularly in small settlements, one is using sound judgment if he makes his escape from that place early, as otherwise he will soon be personally familiar with the interior of these institutions. Wherever hospital facilities of a small community are of the first order, one finds a graveyard out of all proportion to the number of people who live in the place. A hen with a brood of chicks was crossing a sidewalk in Bulawayo, and each chick had its head drawn back between its wings. They were so slow getting across the walk that one had to step over them — stepping over chunks of fever, as it were.

Rhodesia is a trap in which many poor men get caught. The riches of the country are much advertised in England, and those who come out and buy land soon find that their limited means are gone, and they are practically stranded. Both Rhodesia and South Africa are countries only for men with capital.

The railway branches in two directions from Bulawayo — one easterly to Salisbury and out to Beira, Portuguese East Africa, the latter place being the port for Rhodesia; and northwesterly to Victoria Falls, and from that point 300 miles northward toward the southern border of the Congo Free State. This branch is what is known as the Cape-to-Cairo route.

We will start for the Falls. Fifty miles from Bulawayo we left the plains and passed through a forest of teak trees. Further on, growing palms indicated a warmer climate.

"Thirteen years ago," said a traveling companion, who was a trader in these parts, "fourteen of us came up to Rhodesia. None was over 25 years of age. I'm the only one left out of the fourteen," he concluded. Asked what had taken off his companions, he answered: "One was killed by a lion, and the others died of fever."

Ho! a smokestack is in view. We have reached Wankie, a coal mining district, and a rich one, too, for the mineral may be seen cropping out of the ground on each side of the track. A big hospital is observed, situated on a hill, which bears the usual significance in Rhodesia.

"Do you see that low, white cloud to the right?" asked a passenger. "That's the spray from Victoria Falls. We have several miles yet to go before we reach the bridge," he added.

We had traveled 1,200 miles from Johannesburg to this place, the journey taking three days. Recklessness, rather than good judgment, marked my course, for railroad fare from and back to Johannesburg tapped my purse for \$100. Expenses on the train had increased also, as the cheapest meal from Mafeking north was 60 cents, and the next cheapest 75 cents. But to one whose mind inclines to seeing the acme of nature's handicraft, promptings of this character outweigh financial considerations. Hotel accommodation at Victoria Falls was correspondingly high — \$5 a day. One has no choice, as there is but a single hotel there, which is the property of the railroad company. Aside from the hotel, a photographer's studio and a few houses comprise all there is in the way of buildings in Victoria Falls.

Some of the Boers who took part in the Great Trek from Capetown north in 1835-38 did not stop long in what later became the Transvaal, but kept trekking, until they reached the Zambezi River. Most of these voortrekkers, however, were massacred by Matabeles. This occurred from ten to fifteen years earlier than Livingstone's visit. But it fell to David Livingstone to make known to the world the greatest of waterfalls, on which he first set eyes in November, 1855.

For a distance of seven miles above the falls the river is dotted with evergreen islands. Through this archipelago the waters of the Zambezi slowly run, giving no intimation of what is taking place several miles below. On these islands hippopotami feed when inclination prompts, and crocodiles sun themselves and sleep when they choose land to water rest.

Two islands — Livingstone and Cataract — are located at the edge of the precipice, which accounts for Victoria Falls being of three parts, namely: Rainbow, Main and Cataract Falls. The distance from one side of the river to the other here is over a mile — 5,808 feet, to be correct. The water, un-

like that of Niagara, is of a dark, sallow color, but not muddy, and the falls are straight, instead of horseshoe shape.

Stealthily the water moves over the wide ledge of rock, when its dull, lifeless color in the archipelago now assumes a much brighter shade. Save for two dark panels of unwatered space, made by two green islands just above, there unfolds before the visitor's eye what seems a mile-wide mantle of amber-colored, gauze-like lace. Myriads of water crystals dart from the broad flow's filmy web and, jewel-like, embellish the absorbing water spread for a depth of 380 feet. Also rainbows revel in still further enhancing this crowning masterpiece of art — these, in beautifying, sharing a radiant part — the bars of iris, of lustrous, engrossing hues, burnishing the peerless tri-falls' breast, as the veil-like flow descends in brilliant, multi-colored, wavy folds from its smooth, extended crest to the roaring, misty maw below. Clouds of spray, which may be seen 15 miles away, rise to a height of 2,000 feet from the boiling abyss, and the thunderous roar made by the impact of the waters is heard 12 miles beyond.

A parallel wall rises in front of the precipice over which the water flows. A space varying from 80 to 240 feet separates the two. Into this narrow chasm 5,000,000 gallons of water a minute dash from a height of 380 feet, and one may imagine what pandemonium is taking place all the time in the great vault. For three-quarters of a mile the second, or parallel, wall, runs westward, unbroken. Then there is a break of something like 200 feet in width, that looks as if it had been gnarled out not only by water, but that even some other powerful agency had taken part in making this cleavage. The wall rises again to its full height and maintains a solid, unbroken front for a quarter of a mile further to Cataract Falls, at the west bank of the river. The water from Rainbow Falls, at the east bank, and from Main Falls, in the center of the river, runs westward to the 200-foot gap in the parallel wall, and the water from Cataract Falls runs eastward and, boiling and foaming, intermixes with the other waters and flows



VICTORIA FALLS.

ZAMBEZI BRIDGE AND GORGE BELOW FALLS.

NOTE.—The parallel wall against which the flow dashes is equal in height to the precipice over which the water passes, the picture being drawn with a view of affording a clearer conception of Victoria's wide descent.

through the same opening. One may form an idea of the great depth of water at the narrow outlet when it is borne in mind that this vast quantity, falling over a ledge of rock a mile wide, finds its way out of the huge rock tank through that narrow channel.

After the water storms through the 200-foot wide channel the torrent travels several hundred feet, when it flows under the Zambezi railway bridge, 450 feet above. On it turbulently runs, the water befoamed, through high, perpendicular walls of basaltic rock for over a mile. The rocky banks then decrease, but the course of the river remains rugged and tortuous for a distance of 40 miles.

Vegetation growing about the falls, particularly palm trees, adds much attractiveness to the environment. The absence of improvements—save for the bridge, together with grass-thatched native huts showing dimly through the vegetation on the banks; the evergreen islands; the stillness of the water before making its plunge, contrasted with the wild-appearing, rugged, high, rocky walls below and the foaming and billowy torrent as it dashes madly through the narrow gorge—make Victoria, like other great works of nature, distinctive in formation from other notable waterfalls.

Summing up the comparative grandeur and greatness of Niagara and Victoria Falls, most persons who have seen both would decide, I believe, that Niagara Falls is the more beautiful and Victoria the greater. In this connection one has only to compare the grand crescent of sky-blue water of Niagara with the dull color of Victoria Falls, the water of Niagara, after plunging over an unbroken stretch of rock ledge into a roomy, circular-shaped basin, assuming its true blue color, with the gradual narrowing of the banks to the Gorge; contrast Niagara's broad, sweeping, unconfined character with the water of the Zambezi, hemmed in from view in tank-like walls after passing over the falls, and then prevented from making a good showing, as it were, by a continuation of similar walls for a distance of 40 miles.

The bridge across the Zambezi River is a pretty one, with a single span of 610 feet, and was constructed by an American firm. Cecil Rhodes instructed the builders to erect it where it now stands, "so that it would always be wet by spray from the falls."

Nature's fickleness, a trait disclosed in choosing remote regions for some of her noted wonders, entailing, as it does, long journeys, fatigue and much expense to reach, is conspicuous by her placing Victoria in a country hemmed in on the west by Angola and German West Africa, north by the Belgian Congo, northeast by German East Africa, east by Portuguese East Africa, and south by Bechuanaland and the Transvaal. The shortest time in which a journey could be made from an American port to these falls is about five weeks. Landing at Cape-town, four days' travel, on a slow train, mostly over a dry and dusty country, must be undergone to reach that point, when Victoria Falls is viewed in all its sublimity, located in a wild, interesting, but fever-ridden, section of Rhodesia, where only a handful of languid white persons live, and on a continent where the superior race number less than a million and a half.

It is dangerous to cross the Zambezi River in a rowboat, the river being infested with crocodiles, which grow from 12 to 16 feet long. The hippopotamus, though, starts the trouble. He hides just under the water, and nothing can be seen of the beast until a boat is on top of him. Then he rises, overturning the boat. "Hippo" will not harm a person in the water; but crocodiles are generally found close to a hippopotamus, and the former are always hungry. As soon as the unfortunate occupants of a boat have been dumped overboard there is a swirl of water close by, another farther off, yet more disturbed water, when long, dull colored shapes come lashing swiftly up. The poor swimmers disappear, the muddy water reddens for a short time, and then becomes sallow colored again. To the Barotse native the crocodile is a sacred animal, and, as he will not harm the voracious beasts, deaths of both natives and Europeans by crocodiles occur frequently in this part of Rhodesia.

The Zambezi River rises in West Portuguese Africa and

empties into the Indian Ocean at Chinde, Portuguese East Africa, about a thousand miles from its source.

Beer and whiskey are drunk a great deal in that part of Rhodesia, and almost every one takes quinine to allay fever. No one would dare take a drink of water were it not boiled.

"Knocking around" is a term much in use in Rhodesia. "Have you seen John Smith knocking around?" "Is there a boat knocking around?" "Are there lions knocking around here?" are common instances in which the term is used.

Tigers are so numerous about Victoria Falls that they rob hen roosts, and even climb through pantry windows and take away what eatables are handy.

Vegetation in these parts is interesting to visitors, as all the bushes and trees are strange to those coming from foreign places. Nearly every tree or shrub produces its seed in the form of a pod, like beans. Thorn prongs, as sharp as needles and two and three inches in length, grow on some trees. The cream-of-tartar tree, however, will interest a visitor more. This one grows very large, and the bark is the color of a hippopotamus' skin. In fact, the bark of all trees has a dark color. The pod of the cream-of-tartar is the shape of a cucumber and 10 to 12 inches long. The shell is very hard, but, when broken open, if ripe, the substance in the pod is white, and separates from the fibers in the form of sugar cubes. The natives eat it. One cream-of-tartar tree seen close to the falls measured 22 feet in diameter.

A very good tribe of natives is found in that part of Rhodesia — the Barotse. At a kraal visited, several of the sightseers asked a native for a drink of native beer. The liquid was brought in a large calabash, and the drinking cup was the bowled-out end of a small calabash. Before the native served the beer he poured out some of the brew in the hollow of his hand and drank it. Then he tilted the vegetable demijohn, when the beer was poured into the cup for the Europeans. The reason of the Barotse sampling the beer first was to allay any suspicion his white visitors might entertain concerning its genuineness.

Natives' musical instruments are a one-string fiddle, a skin drum, and a little wooden frame containing three and four pieces of steel a quarter of an inch in width and four inches in length. This last is called a "piano." The small strips of steel are fastened at one end of the frame. By touching these with the fingers a faint musical sound is produced. For hours at a time a husky native keeps playing the "piano," happy in the thought that he is an accomplished pianist. Lewanika is the head chief of the Barotse tribe.

Native wives are much cheaper in Barotseland than in Zululand, prices ranging from two sheep to ten cows. Should the wife leave her husband — elope, for instance — the girl's father must return the sheep or cows to the deserted husband.

North of the Zambezi River the territory is known as North-western Rhodesia, and also Barotseland. Seven miles from Victoria Falls is located Livingstone, the capital of North-western Rhodesia. Here, right in the heart of one of the fever regions of Africa, one finds small but substantial provincial buildings, a good, roomy hotel, an up-to-date printing office, and a small but interesting botanical garden.

Malarial, or African, fever is very bad at Livingstone. Horses and cattle cannot live in this part of Rhodesia unless they are well "salted." Everything must be "salted," both man and beast. Transport riders, when taking a load of provisions to traders or to mining camps located far from the railway, are provided with extra oxen. Lions are so numerous it frequently occurs that an ox is found in the morning dead and partly eaten, the work of Leo during the night while the cattle were resting or grazing. It is said the vital part of the cattle where the lion makes his attack is the nose. In a second the beast is thrown, and it is but a matter of a few minutes when the lion will have his prey dead and badly torn.

The tsetse fly is in his own bailiwick in these parts. This fly is one of the worst plagues of Central Africa. In size, this insect is as large as a bumblebee, and when he bites he draws blood, whether it be man or beast. It is said the deadly virus he injects is extracted from the bodies of big wild game.

Nagana is the name of the disease caused by the tsetse-fly bite. The scientific name for this fly is rather prosy — *Glossina morsitans*; also for a first cousin, whose bite likewise caused nagana disease, *Glossina allidipes*. Mail must be carried to the interior by immune native runners, as a bite from these flies means a very short life for a horse. Deaths from sleeping sickness have occurred in this section of Africa.

Machillas are the means of transportation by which people are carried from place to place. The machilla is a long pole, with the ends of a piece of canvas made fast, over which a cover is stretched. The ends of the pole rest on the shoulders of four natives — eight in all — who run along at a good gait, with their passengers in the hammock-like device, until they reach a relay station — at intervals of about five miles — when a fresh “team” of natives take up the machilla and are off again at a good trot.

The European population of this large tract of land is said to be only 30,000, blacks numbering 150 to one white person — and it is doubtful if that number will ever be greater, for the large graveyards with numerous fresh mounds of dirt are becoming better known through the receipt of mail by friends living in countries of the North sent by cadaverous, shaking relatives dying in the fever glades of Rhodesia.

From Livingstone, 1,650 miles north of Capetown, the projected Cape-to-Cairo line extends 300 miles further, to Broken Hill, where it stops. The route from here is to the southern borderline of the Belgian Congo, thence through that country, crossing the equator, until Uganda is reached. From Uganda it will traverse the Soudan, running thence into southern Egypt. At a point in this country the line will connect with a tongue extending southward from Cairo, the northern terminus. When the center has been linked, the length of the line from Capetown, the southern terminus, to Cairo, will be about 5,000 miles.

Returning to Johannesburg, we passed through Bulawayo, then over the Matabeleland borderline into Bechuanaland,

through the Kalahari Desert, next into Cape Colony, and thus into Boerland.

Perhaps the prettiest and most shapely mountains in the world are those in South Africa. Though not so high as those in other countries, their shapeliness attracts, most of them bearded with brush at bases and sides, the tops being round and grassy. With the deep blue sky above — the sun nearly always shining on the high veld, except during a shower of rain — and the same colored horizon all round, together with the rays from a bright sun lavishly diffusing the summits, there is a tone and finish to Boerland mountains which, in other countries, rocks, snow and timber do not bestow. The highest mountain is Mount Aux Sources, rising 10,000 feet, located in the Drakensburg range.

CHAPTER VII

FROM the Gold City we traveled southward to the Diamond City.

"You haven't been in town long?" a Kimberley policeman addressing me, remarked, as he stepped in front. As a matter of fact, I had only got about a hundred yards from the railway station. I surmised that I had been taken for an "I. D. B." (illicit diamond buyer), having been told a bird can scarcely alight in Kimberley without coming under police surveillance. "We're from the same country, I believe," the officer continued, when I felt easier. "My native town is St. Louis," he added. "Come to my home this afternoon and have dinner with us, after which we'll call on an American living in a house a few doors below," he went on kindly. This courtesy allayed all suspicion that I would be asked to establish my identity before staying longer in the diamond fields. The invitation was accepted, his hospitality being generous. The second American had been on the diamond fields for more than 30 years, but local interest was a secondary consideration to meeting some one just come from the United States. He had been in British territory so long that he had acquired the British accent, but that was the only thing foreign about him, as one would not know where to find a more patriotic son of America. On a second visit to the "Diamond City" every kindness was shown me by these two "exiles."

Kimberley, with a population of about 35,000, one-third of this number being white, is the capital of Griqualand West, a section of Cape Colony. Before diamonds were discovered, the territory embraced in the Kimberley district was understood to be a part of the Orange Free State. When the diamond fields promised rich returns, Cape Colony officials claimed this tract

as being part of that province. The matter was finally adjusted by the Free State surrendering its claim to the Cape authorities upon payment by the latter to the Boer republic of several million dollars. The Diamond City has evidently stood still while other places in the sub-continent have kept pace with the progress of the times. Its newspapers are inferior; only one building reaches three stories; there is very little street paving, practically no sidewalks, and public buildings are quite ordinary; the shacks standing not far from the business center, built by colored people out of American oil cans, are a disgrace; church bells even are suspended from a crosspiece resting on the top of two posts, 10 feet high, in the churchyard; the parks do not amount to much, most of the shade trees in these being fine-bearded pine, through which the sun beats down on one. If there was anything of a creditable character here, save for a modern street car system, we did not observe it. To Alexandriafontein, a fenced-in private pleasure resort, an electric line runs, but it costs 25 cents to reach this park.

Were one in need of an object lesson to understand thoroughly what a trust means to a municipality, he would learn that lesson in Kimberley. A number of diamond mines are in operation in the Kimberley district, but there is but one diamond mining company — the De Beers. Diamond mining is the only industry in Kimberley. Mine officials are very kind to visitors who wish to look about the works.

“Ho! that’s Kimberley rain,” shouted a friend. Looking from a window, the width of the street appeared a solid mass of dust, if the term may be allowed, extending far above the roofs of the houses. “That’s the sort of ‘rain’ we get in Kimberley,” he explained. No rain had fallen for six months.

The depth of the diamond mines runs from 1,000 to 2,600 feet. The color of the soil in which the diamonds are found is blue — blue dirt, it is called — which is removed by explosives. Dirt, pebbles and stones are moved in iron trucks with iron covers, and locked. On coming to the surface it is started on gravity railways which extend from two to four miles from the mine. The truck of dirt, weighing about a ton and contain-

ing an average of one-third of a karat of diamond, is here dumped on the ground. The "dirt field" contains 1,400 acres of space. Three high barbed wire fences form the inclosure, and police—mounted, on bicycles, and on foot—see that no stranger gets inside the tripple barbed-wire fence.

The blue dirt remains in the field from three to six months until, by exposure to the air, it crumbles. A harrow, with teeth 10 inches long, is drawn over the section of field ready for use, when any remaining lumps are broken into fine dirt. The diamond soil is next loaded into trucks and started back to the head of the mine. The dirt is here dumped into a revolving screen, which contains holes for pebbles of certain sizes to drop through. These drop into a revolving round tank, or vat, 14 feet in diameter and about a foot deep, into which water runs. Inside the vat are two large stationary rakes, around which the tank revolves. This is called the washery. The dirt runs out as muddy water, and the rakes serve to move the pebbles to a point in the circular vat where there is an opening. Connecting with this opening is a pipe, down which the stones pass into a steel truck below. When the truck is filled with pebbles, the door is closed and locked.

The truck is now started on a gravity railway to what is called the pulsator, where the nuggets and diamond-bearing stones are separated from those of no value. Here the contents of the truck also are emptied into a revolving screen with graduated holes to allow the pebbles to drop out. The stones of the various sizes now drop into compartments 4 feet long and 18 inches wide—called jigs—which move back and forth. Water runs over the pebbles in the jigs, the light-weight ones washing out and the heavier remaining at the bottom. The pebbles that remain in the jigs are taken out later and put into still another revolving screen. Under the grade sizes of this screen are inclined tables, over which water runs, these having a thickly greased floor, or bottom, on to which the stones drop. The nuggets and diamond-bearing stones stick in the grease, but the non-diamoniferous pebbles pass over. To emphasize how strongly grease acts as a magnet to the precious stones, of

the millions and millions of pebbles that are washed over the greased bottoms, which are carefully inspected by experts, rarely is a diamond detected among the culls.

The little lumps on the greased tables — the diamonds covered with grease — might resemble a hand with big warts. The table is cleaned, when the scrapings are treated by a liquid, which renders the diamonds free of grease. They then pass to a sorting room. The sorters are native prisoners, but a white man is over them. Then one negro, very expert in detecting diamonds, examines the stones sorted by the prisoners. From him they pass to a room where two white men again examine them. They are then put into steel cups little larger than a teacup. The cup has a lid to it and a lock. The lid is closed, locked, and the cup labeled. The locked cups next go to the Kimberley office. Every Monday the output of the diamond mines is taken to a train headed for Capetown. That train makes connection with a steamship leaving for Europe on Wednesdays. From England most of the diamonds are sent to Amsterdam, Holland, to be refined.

The reducing character of the diamond mining industry is apt to astonish one. Over 200,000 trucks of dirt are treated daily, and the product from this great quantity of soil is less than a cubic foot. Twenty-three thousand men are engaged in digging, and the diamonds mined by that large force are examined by but four eyes and handled by only four hands in the examining room at the pulsator. The yearly output of the Kimberley diamond mines is from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

Credit for bringing to light the first stone found in the Kimberley district, in 1870, is given to an Irishman named O'Reilly. A Dutch boy, whose father's name was Van Niekerk, was playing jackstones. O'Reilly's eye being attracted by a bright stone among those with which the boy was playing, he told the boy's father he thought that particular one was a diamond. O'Reilly's judgment proved to be good, as, when weighed, it was found to be of 22½ karat. The stone was sold for \$2,500, O'Reilly and Van Niekerk dividing the money.

On the wagon containing the weekly output of diamonds of the Kimberley mines, and which meets the train that goes to Capetown every Monday afternoon, is seated a white man and a native driver. No attempt has yet been made to rob the wagon while going from the head office of the diamond company to the railway station. This alone may serve to emphasize the grip which law and order has on that community.

A week before a native quits the diamond mines he is kept under strict surveillance. The natives live in compounds, as the kafirs do in the Rand mine compounds, but, unlike the "boys" working in the gold mines, mine "boys" of Kimberley are not allowed outside of the compound except when going to and coming from work, and then only under guard. They are hired for from three months to a year, and are paid from \$15 to \$30 a month and board. There are seven mines in the Kimberley district, which give employment to 20,000 natives and 3,000 Europeans. Three eight-hour shifts are worked.

Those engaged in the diamond diggings along the banks of the River Vaal carry with them during life a characteristic by which they may be picked out from among men following different pursuits. A fortune — which they all hope for — may escape them if their eyes are raised from the ground for even so brief a time as that required for the wink of an eyelash, as they might thus have missed the fleeting flash of a precious stone just peeping through the soil. For this reason, when engaged in the diamond diggings their eyes are constantly looking downward. After they leave the diggings — when they have spent their savings and become practically starved out — they walk about with bent head, looking at the sidewalk or ground as they did when hand-screening soil and digging alluvial dirt. Some have made fortunes in the diggings, but these are few and far between.

Bloemfontein, next visited, is known as the Convention City. Because of its location, being the most important city in the center of South Africa and well provided with hotels and railway connections, together with its good public buildings, it has become the favored place for national gatherings.

After the Boer War the name of this province was changed to Orange River Colony, against the burghers' wishes. In May, 1910, when the Dutch again assumed power, its former name, and its present one — Orange Free State — again came into use.

Located between hills on two sides, having good streets, shady walks, electric light, good buildings, and a broad, treeless veld to the east, with poverty seemingly absent, an inviting air pervades Bloemfontein. The homes of that city, a great many of them built of red brick, with their vari-colored painted roofs and tidy yards filled with flowers, all nestling under and some built on the side of the kopjes, or hills, put one in mind of that other Dutch capital — Pretoria. Unlike Kimberley, no tin shanties were to be seen here, neither were the streets swarming with half-castes and Hindus.

As in other places in South Africa where there are no mines, smokestacks are few here. The Orange Free State is said to be a good farming section, and from that source, and the general commercial and official business linked with a metropolis and State capital, spring the main assets of the city. Newspapers, a good gauge by which to measure a center, are in advance of the Free State capital.

The marketplace in Bloemfontein is typical of the Dutch, being located in the center of the town, business houses and hotels standing on the four sides. The long ox teams, led by natives with rawhide strips tied to the horns of the leading yoke; the big transport, with its tent at the rear, a Boer sitting in the doorway or opening, smoking his calabash pipe filled with Boer tobacco, and his frau, behind him, knitting; the auctioneers jabbering above a pile of farm produce; the group of farmers, with their wide-brimmed hats and full beards, arguing in the Dutch language, are all in evidence. It was interesting to walk about observing the product of the soil and the people who cultivate it, and the means in use to bring it where it might be profitably sold. With the tent at the rear end of the transport, and "scoff," coffee and cooking utensils, hotel expenses are elimi-

nated, and one may stay as long as one wishes. A great number of Boers pay a couple of days' visit to old acquaintances when they come to this marketplace.

Bi-lingualism, a nightmare to some of the British in South Africa, has its fountainhead in Bloemfontein. Bi-lingualism here means the teaching of the Dutch and English languages in the public schools. When the conditions of consolidation were drafted, dual languages — Dutch and English — to be taught in schools was one of the provisions, and this clause was agreed to by the British representatives at the convention at which the act of federation was ratified. The Minister of Education is from the Orange Free State, and is Dutch through and through. He insists on the dual language clause being carried out to the letter. The Dutch, as spoken in South Africa — it is called the *Taal* — is not so pure as the Holland Dutch. While one might not agree with the Minister of Education in forcing English scholars to study Dutch, when either French, Spanish or German would be better, his fighting for the perpetuation of his mother tongue must command admiration. Cabinet Ministers of South Africa, by the way, are not cheap salaried men. The Premier receives \$70,000 a year, the other members \$48,000 a year.

Hotel expenses are from \$3 to \$5 a day. House rent is rather high, too; but the wages paid mechanics are fair, running from \$4 to \$5 a day.

In the evening one sees very few black people about the streets. Bloemfontein has a municipal "location" — a place where natives must live — about three miles from town. Except as a servant, the Indian coolie, although a British subject, is not allowed to cross the Free State border. No adverse feeling is entertained for the native, but the line is drawn on Asiatics.

The veld is so bare of any vegetation, save grass, in that part of South Africa that there is not a native tree growing in a radius of a hundred miles from Bloemfontein.

While traveling through farming districts in South Africa

one misses the grain elevators seen at every station, and even sidings, when passing through agricultural sections in the United States and Canada.

Southward we headed for Capetown, passing through Modder River and then Naauwpoort. Later we entered a stretch of country known as the Karoo. Rain does not fall in this district for a period of nine or ten months. For hundreds of miles there is not a blade of grass to be seen, yet goats, sheep, and ostriches abound, and grain is a product of that strange stretch of land. Cradock, the metropolis of the Karoo, is an oasis, because good shade trees are numerous. A small bush grows, called karoo, on which goats and sheep feed, and do well, if they do not die from thirst. The climate of the Karoo is very favorable to persons suffering from lung trouble. One of the best churches of Dutch design in South Africa is found in Cradock.

We had now reached the Cape of Good Hope Province. Southeast of Cradock is Kaffraria, at one time a separate colony. Natives are numerous through that section. One of the tribes of Kaffraria is the Fingo, a good native for the mines. Hence, mine labor agents are to be found at every turn seeking help. It is in that district where the traders do so well in furnishing "boys" to the mines. Natives owning land, and wishing to sell it, are not allowed to sell to a white person, but may sell the land to a native.

Unlike Zulus, the natives throughout Kaffraria live in colonies. The huts are principally made of mud and roofed with straw. Different tribes are known to strangers by the blankets they wear. One tribe wears a brown blanket and goes bare-headed, while another wears a dark-colored cotton blanket, with black cloth over their heads. This mode of dress pertains to the native women.

Order is maintained in these settlements by a native appointed by the government. When violations of law occur, the police authorities go direct to this native, as head of the settlement, who is held strictly accountable for any infraction. Cornmeal, or mealy meal, the staff of life to natives of South Africa, costs

\$7 a bag, and 200 pounds provide "scoff" for four natives for a month.

Africa, as generally known, is the home of the ostrich. In South Africa alone they exceed 700,000, and this southwest corner comprises merely one-twenty-fourth of the area of the "Dark Continent." The territory lying between Kaffraria and Capetown, however, is the section in which the ostrich industry has reached its highest state of development. The feathers are picked at periods of 18 months, the average yield being three pounds, although some ostriches grow six pounds of feathers in a season. These are mostly disposed of by auction at Oudtshoorn, the clearing house for this product of the sub-continent. Buyers representing leading feather merchants of the world attend these sales. The price of feathers varies a great deal, a common quality bringing only \$25, while a good grade sells for \$100 a pound. The annual exports from this industry amount to \$15,000,000. A pair of ostriches sell for \$500 to \$800. Fifteen eggs is the average composing a sitting, and six weeks' hatching is required to bring forth the young. Hatching devolves mainly on the male bird, he sitting at least four weeks out of the six. The two weeks the female devotes to sitting are objectionable ones to her, being whipped to her task by the male bird from time to time to take even this unequal part in bringing their brood into existence. The law prohibits both shipping from, or taking out of South Africa, eggs of this, the premier bird.

"Will you have some shiverin' jimmy?" asked a compartment companion as he began unwinding a cloth from a bundle. "I'm from Grahamstown," he continued, "where there is nothing but 'pubs' (saloons) and churches. Have some shiverin' jimmy," he concluded. By that time the cloth was off the "parcel." What he called "shiverin' jimmy" proved to be animated headcheese.

The train crept slowly down a steep grade, as we had left the high veld behind. Mount Matroosburg, a thin sheet of snow on its summit, was on our right, and on reaching Hex River Valley we were in the sea zone, and not far from Capetown.

The interest associated with Table Bay, by reason of its early explorers, massacre of early settlers, and the fighting with the Hottentots of those who finally got a footing, comes to mind when in this section. It was about 1653 that Johan van Riebeeck, a Hollander, started a settlement. Several attempts to establish a white colony had been made earlier, but attacks by the natives drove those daring men back to their ships. Van Riebeeck, however, succeeded. Cape Colony remained Dutch for some years, afterward coming under British control, reverted to the Hollanders again, then to England once more, and has remained an English possession ever since.

To find a city to compare with Capetown, from a point of unusual attractiveness, would be difficult. In front, Table Bay, a charming sheet of blue water, spreads out to a good width, and beyond rises the Drakenstein and Hottentots Holland ranges of mountains, their castle-like peaks lending solemn charm when viewed from a distance; above the city rises Table Mountain, the feature of Capetown, with its two flanking towers — Devil's Peak (3,300 feet) and Lion's Head (2,100 feet) — forming the semi-circular valley in which the city rests so picturesquely. The commanding, frowning and scarred front of this unique mountain proves an object of admiration. Table Mountain is three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. The top is as level as a table, and, like other mountains in South Africa, is barren of timber. Rising to a height of nearly 4,000 feet, a view from its broad, flat top is of unusual interest. Antonio de Saldanha, in 1503, is said to have been the first white man to scale its sides.

The Town Hall, Parliament buildings, a splendid public garden, good museum, art gallery, colleges and other commendable public institutions are fully in keeping with the natural attractiveness of the Cape Peninsular. Creditable business buildings and good docks are also prominent.

Durban's wide-awake business men, together with Capetown's high charges to shippers, have taken from Table Bay the maritime prestige she once enjoyed. The majority of ships going to

India and Australia do not come into Table Bay for coal, but keep steaming until they have reached Port Natal.

Smokestacks about the shore of the bay are not numerous enough to class the place as a manufacturing center. One often wonders what people do to earn a living in some of the cities of South Africa, in view of blacks doing so much of the work. Wages in Capetown, the lowest paid in South Africa, are not enough for comfortable living. Clerks, bookkeepers and clerical help generally are offered \$7 to \$10 a week. House rent is very cheap, however.

The blacks and colored of the Cape Province participate in the franchise, and a native of Tembuland was a member of the provincial Parliament. Strict laws in the old Boer provinces prohibit selling liquor to natives. While all natives here cannot vote, all voters have a right to drink liquor. So, if a native has money to buy whisky, he need merely say he is a voter and the saloonkeeper will take his word for it. When a black man can drink all the whisky he can pay for, and has a vote, that means insults and danger to life for the white of both sexes. This is the deplorable stage reached, to a noticeable degree, in Capetown. The white population is decreasing and blacks are becoming more insolent. The native of Capetown is not like the Zulu, nor the Barotse. He is copper colored, lower intellectually, of uninviting features and meanly inclined. Instances are frequent when the black of Capetown will not share the sidewalk — the white man must step off or get into a fight with half a dozen of these drunken natives.

To be allowed to land in Capetown one must have a hundred dollars. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, foreigners — no one can land if he has not that sum. The tariff charged on foreign goods is from 50 to 125 per cent. The latter figure applies to tobacco. On a pound of American tobacco, which sells in the United States for 40 cents, there is a tax of \$1.20.

Sixteen days is the shortest time in which mail can be transported from Capetown to England. The distance separating these two points is 6,000 miles.

Groote Schuur, the home of the late Cecil Rhodes, of very striking design and richly furnished, is located here in one of the finest estates in the world. Having a splendidly wooded park, with good paths built at convenient sections, it is shaded by the towering clefts of Table Mountain. The entrances to the Rhodes estate were never locked, and one had only to push open a gate to come in touch with nature in a superior form. Passing away in 1902, eight years before the consolidation, but far-seeing enough to know what the future policy of the country would be, Rhodes bequeathed Groote Schuur to the first Premier of a United South Africa. Louis Botha, elected to that high office, thereby came into possession of this attractive home.

"Your Hinterland Is There" is one of the inscriptions carved on the granite base on which the bronze figure of Cecil Rhodes rests in the Public Gardens of Capetown. The front of the figure is facing north, and a hand is pointed in the same direction — to Rhodesia. "So little done and so much to do" were the plaintive words of a man who had added 750,000 square miles to his country's already large possessions.

The wine industry is prominent in this province. Some years ago the grapevines were ravaged by a disease. Grape stocks were imported from the United States, and the native vine engrafted to the American plant, when the industry again thrived.

Snook, a fish three feet in length, numerous about the Cape Peninsula, seemed the principal food of a great number of poor colored people of Capetown.

In a place that has been an English possession so long one would expect to find a general use of the English language, but, on the contrary, natives and a majority of Europeans speak Dutch.

Newspapers and printing in general are ahead of the town. The wages, however, are low compared to other large places in South Africa.

"Hi'm the merry widow!" he shouted. "Hi'm the merry widow!" A Cockney Jew, with a grooved face, was among the merchants who sold goods — underwear, shirts, socks, hair-combs, handkerchiefs, etc.— on what is known as the Parade

Ground on certain days of the week. He wore on his head a woman's white straw hat with a soft, broad brim, which flopped against the sides of his face while he vigorously cried his wares. Around the crown of the hat was a garland of artificial flowers — daisies, roses, forget-me-nots, etc. He stood on a box, and told his auditors he was almost giving everything away. He talked at the rate of a thousand words a minute, more or less, working so hard that the perspiration on his face resembled a large water-soaked sponge when pressed. While streamlets of sweat ran down the flutes in his cheeks, he frequently interlarded his cheap-bargain harangue with, "Hi'm the merry widow!" "Hi'm the merry widow!"

Nearly 200,000 people live in and about Capetown, and the mixture is the worst in South Africa. Malays came to the Cape Peninsula years ago, and the mongrel off-shoots of these, with Arabs and natives of St. Helena and other places, emphasize the word "colored."

Being situated at almost the junction of two seas, the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, the climate is the best in South Africa. The weather is never very hot, and frost is unknown.

We shall travel northward over the Karoo again to Bloemfontein, then easterly across the Orange Free State to Lady-smith, board a train going south, and return to Durban.

As stated in the early part of this volume, I had \$1,350 when I left New York. On returning to Durban I had \$637. With that sum I was about to start for India. The second day after reaching Durban, however, I obtained work on the leading newspaper, which furnished me with employment for six months. My wages averaged \$40 a week. Modest comforts were good enough for me, and, living expenses being reasonable, I was enabled to put away a snug sum. Work was there for me if I wished to "drop in" the next year, so I promised to be on hand. This opened an opportunity to visit another continent — Australia — which I had not taken into calculation before leaving New York, as at that time I had not money enough to do so. So, early in January, I was on my way to the Antipodes.

On my return from Australia I took another trip to Johannesburg and back. I went to work the first of August and continued to the middle of December. Then I made a trip to Zululand, and upon my return was again offered work. As I had not enough money for the remainder of the journey, I decided to stay. Taking another trip to East London, Kingwilliamstown, up through Kaffraria, to Cradock, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and back to Pietermaritzburg and Durban, in the middle of March, 1912, I went to work for the third time, and finally bid good-by to Durban in July following.

LEG THREE

CHAPTER I

THIRTEEN first-class passengers — four women, three men and six children — boarded a steamship at Durban for Australia. The vessel was a cargo ship, but had accommodation for a small number of passengers. She had started from a Swedish port in the Baltic Sea with a full cargo of pine lumber. The distance from the Baltic port to Durban is 8,000 miles, and the ship's final destination was to be Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, over 7,000 miles further east. Speaking about long voyages, this one should satisfy the most ambitious.

A Swedish woman, with two children, boarded the ship at her home port, with Sydney as first landing. From Sydney she intended to sail to the South Sea Islands, until she reached Vavau, Tonga (Friendly Islands), still 2,000 miles further east from Sydney, where she and the children were to join her husband. The time required to travel from the Baltic seaport to Vavau was over three months, counting stops.

From Durban to Melbourne, 6,000 miles, the fare was only \$100 first class. Food was good, the ship steady, and weather fair. Our captain was a jovial soul, and the passengers proved a congenial group. The vessel was well manned by a white crew.

The second day out again found the albatross and Cape pigeon as our companions. Later we sailed down to latitude 39, south of which sailors term the "roarin' forties," where the weather became chilly. Two islands — St. Paul and Amsterdam — were the only land seen during the voyage, and not a single ship. One cultivates a genuine respect for seafaring men when traveling on ships that bring one in intimate touch with them. They are so thoroughly versed in the science of navigation that they know to a foot's space almost what part of the sea they are sailing over.

One of our lady passengers, returning to Australia, her native country, had her three children with her. Years before she and her husband left for South Africa, where fortune smiled on them; she was returning a wealthy woman. A New Zealander and his wife, an Australian, also were returning from South Africa. A baby had come to their home in Boerland and they were returning to Kangarooland to show the hopeful to their friends.

A feature of the sea at night in that stretch of the Indian Ocean represents what might be termed a starry marine firmament. The water contains phosphorous in sections, and, when opposing forces clash, bright, blue-white lights come thickly to view and twinkle and scintillate on crests of waves made by the wash of a vessel. These sparkling beams have their season during periods of contact, when, like embers, they gradually flutter away as the waves assume their normal level. From bow to stern the water line of a ship will be aglow with star-like streaks, the wake of a vessel appearing as a "milky way," this marine illumination taking place where the sea is "plowed" by merchantmen, as it were.

"Is that Rottnest Light ahead, captain?" asked the New Zealander. "Aye," answered the skipper. "We'll anchor outside the breakwater about 3 o'clock in the morning." We had been sixteen days out from Durban, and every one had a good voyage. In the forenoon, after the port doctor had completed his examination of the passengers and crew, we passed through the channel and into the harbor, and soon were alongside a dock at Fremantle, West Australia. We had reached Leg Three.

"What Ho!" is the national salute of Australia when countrymen meet, and if the reader will allow me to step slightly in advance of my notes, I shall take the liberty to offer, "What ho!" to "the Down-unders." The use of the term "Down-unders" is explained by Australia being situated almost in a direct line under that section of the globe constituting Europe.

"A White Australia" is the slogan of the people of the Antipodes, and the first thing one notices on coming from any

of the black countries is the absence of black men about the docks.

Twelve miles up the Swan River from Fremantle, Perth, the capital and metropolis of the State of West Australia, is located. It was in 1827 that Captain Stirling sailed to the mouth of the Swan River, where Fremantle is located. He decided the location would make a good settlement site. Perth later sprang into existence, however, and grew so fast that Fremantle, with a population of 18,000 people, is but a port for the State Capital.

Big things are met with in Australia, and the State of which Perth is the official center is about four times larger than the State of Texas.

One inwardly joins with the people of the Commonwealth in their national slogan when the industrial activity is so strikingly contrasted between "Darkest Africa" and "White Australia." Australia is seen at her best when coming from any of the black belts.

The European style of passenger coach is in use, and the freight cars are also European, some of these not one-third as large as the American box car. Small locomotives are also in use. The country from Fremantle to Perth is sandy, the only verdure growing being the eucalyptus, or gum tree, as it is called. Homes seen along the railway track were of red brick.

When Perth — with a population of 60,000 — was reached — well, it looked like one of the busy cities of the North. Smokestacks, streets crowded with people, splendid buildings, all work being done by Europeans, all vehicles drawn by good horses — no oxen in sight; streets asphalted — in that far-off land one will find as busy and as up-to-date a city as exists anywhere. Credit for this substantial condition of things is more strongly emphasized when it is remembered that West Australia is very hot, more suited to black races than white.

Clean streets, with bright-colored red-brick residences, one story in height, are prominent in this section of the country. A large number of working people are their own landlords,

and those who do not own their own homes pay \$3.50 weekly rent. The weekly system of paying bills—house rent and store bills—is the custom in Australia. As the government owns the railroads, postoffice and other public utilities, the employes in these departments, as those of municipal and private employers, are also paid weekly. This has proved a good system.

The street car system is good, cars being of the double-deck type. This was the first place the American system of street-car transfers was noticed.

One finds here a splendid park square with plenty of free seats and space, flowers and grass. In a larger park, a short distance away, is a zoo. There is also a museum, art gallery, a good library, hospitals and schools.

Many people were gathered in the larger park on a holiday, and had brought lunch with them. The thermometer registered 107 in the shade. At one place in the park a big kettle, three feet high, hung over a wood fire, was boiling. The holiday-makers came to the kettle for hot water to make tea. It looked out of place to see hot tea drunk in such weather, yet tea is the non-alcoholic drink of that country, and is said to be the best for that climate. The city employed the man who boiled water for the tea.

Swan River is said to be the home of the black swan, the graceful bird that makes ponds and lakes so attractive in many parks in the world.

Good meals could be had for twenty-five cents. Grapes were selling for four cents a pound, and peaches, melons, and other fruit sold at a proportionately low price. Mutton sold at four to six cents a pound; beef, from ten to twelve cents, and pork at twelve cents.

Educating the young is a pronounced characteristic in West Australia. The schools are maintained by the State, are free, and attendance is compulsory from the age of six to fourteen years. Twenty-one dollars is the sum the State fixes for the schooling of a scholar. Scholarships of the value of \$250 a year are offered annually for competition among pupils between

the ages of 11 and 13 years. Other inducements are made to bring out the best that is in the growing generation. In sparsely settled farming districts, where ten or more children are to be found, the State reaches out a beneficent hand to qualify the child for the battle of life. In addition to appropriations for their schooling, and where the children must ride to school, 12 cents a day is paid to the person in whose vehicle the children are carried to and from the schoolhouse. Where a railroad runs through these sections, and the children ride on trains to and from school, no fare is charged.

Very liberal inducements are held out to persons taking up government land. Twenty years' time is allowed the settler in which to pay for his farm, and the interest charged is four to five per cent. Residential growth and improved conditions, of course, result from the transaction.

To prevent destruction of crops by rabbits, which do a great amount of damage to growing grain in some parts, the government has gone to the expense of building rabbit-proof fences about tracts of land it has for disposal. The quality of wheat, oats and other cereals is of the best, meriting the awarding of first prizes at world expositions where they have been on exhibition. Sheep-raising is another great asset of Western Australia.

The rich gold fields of this State are located from 300 to 350 miles east of Perth, in the heart of a desert, of which a large area of West Australia is composed. In 1884 gold was discovered in this section of the Commonwealth, but a greater rush to the mines occurred in 1890-92, when the Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie finds became known. In this industry a hundred thousand persons are engaged. Before a railway was built over this barren stretch of country from the coast to the mines, many an adventurous soul perished during his journey in quest of the precious metal. No water is found in this district, that needed in homes and for treatment of the ores being "imported," pumped from a dam near Perth through pipes of 30 inch diameter for this great distance. Besides gold, copper, tin and coal are mined. Black workers are excluded.

Wages paid are more equalized than in other countries. Laborers receive a minimum of \$2 a day, and mechanics from \$2.50 to \$3 a day. Eight hours is a day's working time.

Newspapers are fully abreast of this hustling city. Printers receive \$21 to \$25 a week, the hours of work on newspapers seldom exceeding six. I had been offered work in Perth, but, my destination being Melbourne, I continued eastward.

We had traveled 4,300 miles from Durban to Fremantle, and 1,700 miles separate Perth from Melbourne. Twelve hundred miles of that distance was to be across the Great Australian Bight.

Fourteen hours' sail east from Fremantle, Cape Leeuwin was reached, the most westerly point of land of the Australia continent, and one of the most dangerous points for ships in the world. The distance traversed to clear the Leeuwin is 25 miles.

Dutchmen were early explorers in Australia, and parts touched bore the names of the head of the exploring parties, and sometimes the captains of the ships. Some of the names were Eendracht Land, Nuyts Land, De Witt Land; but of all the places given names by the Dutch, Leeuwin Cape is the only one well known. That part of Australia was early known as New Holland. The Dutch set foot on West Australia 200 years before Fremantle became a settlement.

Across King George's Sound, on which Albany is located, we sailed, when the Bight was entered. The Bight is famous for its rough sea; accounts of the vengeance it has wreaked on mariners, travelers and ships would fill many pages.

"Do you think we'll have a good voyage through the Bight, captain?" asked a passenger. "The barometer indicates fair weather," he replied. Continuing, he said: "The last time we came through we had very 'dirty' weather. Slowly the heavy sea was forcing us to shore. I saw we could not keep our course with safety, so I pointed the nose of the ship to the storm, but for 24 hours we gained only half a mile against the force of the sea." "Did you fear for the ship?" "I wasn't afraid," he answered, "so long as the engines stood the strain;

but they were taxed for every ounce of power. Look at the black mark on the chart. That is where a vessel went down," he added. When a sailor uses the term "dirty" weather, as stormy and rough seas are called by seafaring men, a land-lubber will be at a loss to find a word in any dictionary to describe what he thinks of such weather. We fortunately had good weather through the Bight.

Cape Otway, about a hundred miles west of Melbourne, marks the eastern end of the line that divides the Southern Indian Ocean from the Southern Pacific Ocean, and the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, marks the western end of the line dividing the Southern Indian Ocean from the Southern Atlantic Ocean. The distance separating these two points is 6,000 miles. The meeting of the currents of the two seas, confined by the western coast of Australia, makes the water very rough in the great bay, or Bight. From Cape Otway eastward we were in the Southern Pacific Ocean.

Twenty-seven days after leaving Durban we sailed into Port Phillip and up the Yarra River to Melbourne, where the Swedish vessel was made fast to a wharf. "I trust we succeeded in treating you right," said the captain on going down the ship's ladder to the wharf. "Fair weather through life," were his parting words.

It is said an American laid out the city of Melbourne; if that be so, this one service reflects much credit on the land of his birth. In a world contest for the Commonwealth's capital site design an American of Chicago was awarded first prize. Australia aims at having the most attractive capital in the world, to be located at Camberra, in the State of New South Wales. American civil engineers also have taken a prominent part in the construction of the large weirs or reservoirs that the Commonwealth has erected for land irrigation purposes. Melbourne's streets, 99 feet in width, run at right angles, are kept clean and well paved. Built on each side of these grand thoroughfares are splendid buildings, utilized for banking, trade and general business purposes. What are called alleys in Melbourne are wider than most of the business streets in Buenos

Aires. All goods brought to and from business houses go by the back entrance. The sidewalks are free of all incumbrances, such as iron doors and gratings. No abrupt steps from the sidewalks are met with here, the walk, at an incline, sloping gradually into the roadway.

One feature, though, mars that well-laid out, well-built and well-managed city. It is a privately owned and privately managed street railway system, which is of the antiquated cable type. Some fifteen years ago a franchise was granted by the city to a company to install street railways, of cable type, for a term of 20 years. The fare is six cents, and the light in the cars is from murky, coal oil lamps. The street railway company is getting all it can out of the system, for it is well aware that at the expiration of the franchise the city will not renew the agreement, but will at once tear up the present line and construct a modern one, more in keeping with Melbourne.

Melbourne is the capital of the State of Victoria and temporary capital also of the Commonwealth. Victoria is termed "The Garden State," and the prosperity of the country is reflected in every part of the city by the splendid homes of its citizens. They are healthy looking, well fed and well dressed. This State, being visited by a regular rainfall, suffers less from drought than West Australia, South Australia or New South Wales.

The arrangement and scope of parks is admirable, and seats are free. Streets, boulevards and roads here could not be bettered. Within the city limits are over 5,000 acres of parks and public gardens. An imposing Parliament House, a splendid museum, art gallery and a zoo are other notable features.

Americans are not the only people who speak with a "twang," for one meets persons in the capital city whose "twang" would make a down-east Yankee green with envy. Still all have the British accent. By nature, the Australian is unreserved, and seems more American than British.

Melbourne is termed the "American City," and in the nature of wearing apparel there is no difference in the cut of the

clothes. In South Africa, among the English-speaking people, the brand of England is stamped on most customs, but in Australia there is a difference.

Splendid college buildings, with nice grounds; training schools, technical schools — at every turn the air is punctured with turrets and spires on buildings in which the citizens of Victoria are taught the sciences that enable them to take a leading part in the advancement of the world.

The weather being so moderate in Australia, parks so attractive, and bathing beaches so convenient to the coast cities, indoor life loses its charm. In Melbourne the weather seldom gets cold enough to freeze, and, if so, it would occur not more than one or two nights during the winter season. The mean temperature of that section of Australia is 55 degrees.

Athletic sports are very popular, as the weather permits of such recreation the year round. Horse racing, as an amusement, has a strong hold on Australians, and the same horde of nondescripts and non-producers found in other countries, who live by their wits on "the sport of kings," thrive and flourish here on the money of those who earn an honest living.

"Mate" is the way Australians address each other, and for an off-hand salute, sounds better than "Bill" or "Stranger." "Right, ho," with scarcely a sound of the "h," is used entirely in place of our "All right." A man with a small business — say, a news store, green grocery, or printing office — is termed a "cockatoo" news dealer, a "cockatoo" grocer and a "cockatoo" printer. The term "cow" is used to express displeasure or disgust with fowl, animals and even inanimate things. "On the wallaby trail," or "on the wallaby," is applied to a fellow "on his uppers." "No chop" means there is nothing in a proposition made to the fellow who says "No chop." "He 'bally' well knew he was wrong" is an instance of how the word "bally" is used here, as in England. "Tucker," in Australia, is the term used when speaking of food, in the same sense as "grub" in America.

The educational system of Victoria is of the same high character as that of West Australia. The sum required to educate

a scholar a year is \$19, \$2 less in Victoria than in West Australia. It is the boast of State and government officials that a child whose parents live in isolated parts receives as good teaching as children in city schools. With such a splendid school system, it is needless to touch on the advanced intellectual position of Australians.

Government pensions for both husband and wife are paid when they have reached the age of 60 years, and when their income does not exceed \$250 a year. The pension paid is \$2.40 a week each, \$4.80 for the old couple. Citizens who are incapacitated, and have not reached the age of 60 years, are also paid the \$2.40 a week. Young persons deformed or mentally incompetent also receive the pension, or, rather, their guardians do. In cases where a man dies and leaves a widow and children without means of support the government looks after them. Any representative citizen living in the community in which the fatherless family resides will accompany a family to court. He tells the judge the circumstances attending the bereavement of the family, and declares the widow is unable to support herself and children. The mother then surrenders her children, and they become wards of the State. When that phase of law has been gone through, the judge next appoints the mother guardian of the children. Each child thereafter receives \$1.20 a week from the State. The children must attend school, though, from the age of 6 to 14 years. This is the minimum sum given by the State, but there also are municipal and other funds to help needy citizens. Should a boy of such a family become apprenticed to a trade after leaving school, the employer pays the wages of the boy not to the mother, but to a State official, in charge of that department. The boy's earnings are put in a savings bank until he has reached his majority. Reports are made as to his habits from time to time, and, should he be of an industrious nature, the money that he has earned while an apprentice is returned to him when he has become a journeyman. How many poor, fatherless boys in other countries have several hundred dollars handed them at 21 years of age?

No State or municipal poorhouses are found in Australia. Homes, however, are provided for infirm persons, but these are maintained by religious and charities bodies. The State, of course, would lend a helping hand were these organizations crippled for funds to carry on their laudable work.

To help settlers cultivate government land, from \$250 to \$10,000 is advanced to an immigrant who means well. Certain conditions in the nature of improvements and residence must be complied with. The time given the settler in which to pay back money advanced is 20 to 33 years. The interest charged is four to five per cent. If drought or other agencies renders the settler's crop a failure and he has no money to meet his payments, the government does not swoop down and take his farm, but advances more if circumstances threaten to drive him from the land. He will be looked after until he has good crops. The government has yet to lose a copper from advancing money to settlers. Agricultural Department officials visit farmers to teach them how to get best results from the soil. The land does not become freehold property, however, but is leased for a long term.

Two persons out of every five of the citizens of Victoria have savings bank accounts. The average wealth in this State per head of population is \$1,253. An income tax is collected on all salaries of \$1,500 and over. The tax becomes greater in proportion to the larger salaries or incomes received.

Previous to 1901 each State was a separate division, fixing its own customs dues, legislating only for itself, and at each State boundary line were custom houses and State officers. The federation of States into the Commonwealth took effect January 1, 1901.

There is an average of three beeves to each person, and 20 sheep to each inhabitant. Mutton, beef, cheese, wine, fruit grain, flour, wool, hides, tin, silver, copper and iron ores are exported from that far-off country to centers north of the equator.

Melba, the opera singer, is from this State. In Paul Kruger, South Africa produced probably the greatest man born south

of the equator, and the fair State of Victoria has reason to be proud of the diva, the most widely known woman born south of the equatorial line. These two seem to be the total of the Southland's contribution in recent times to the world's great personages.

Some Chinamen live in Melbourne, but a majority of them came to Australia years ago. These are mostly engaged in furniture manufacturing, and Mongols practically control the industry. The slogan, "A White Australia," is as pronounced in Victoria as in other States. To gain entrance to Australia an Asiatic must pay an immigration tax of \$500.

Good newspapers are published in that city, but none issues Sunday editions. Printers on these earn from \$25 to \$30 a week. Other mechanics receive \$18 to \$21 a week.

Meat sells from 6 to 12 cents a pound; eggs from 20 to 36 cents a dozen. House rent, which is paid by the week, runs from \$3.50 to \$4.50.

Class distinction is usually foreign to any new country, but the lines are tightly drawn between labor and capital in Australia. Skilled mechanics and laborers generally stand together in political matters on election day, and the employer, capitalist and that class of citizen oppose the labor party.

CHAPTER II

TRAVELING from Melbourne to Adelaide, 483 miles, gave opportunity to study Australian railways. The railroads are State or government owned, and the fare is two to three cents a mile. The coaches are of European type, the schedule 30 miles an hour. Compartments are generally fitted for eight persons. One difference was observed in these coaches from the South African — no free sleeping accommodation was provided. Sleeping cars are run on Australian lines, however, but a berth costs \$2.40 a night. The system of heating the compartments in chilly weather is by iron pipes, like those used in the South African trains — foot warmers. But there is one commendable feature about the Australian railway system, namely, no steps to the cars, the platforms of all stations being built on a level with the platform of the passenger coach.

“Mate, you may share part of my rug,” spoke the man sitting opposite in the compartment. “There’ll be no chance to get our feet on the foot-warmer, and the atmosphere will grow chilly before morning. It is large enough for us both,” he kindly added. As in South Africa, almost every one in Australia carries a rug, or blanket, as we call them. His kindness was much appreciated, for, as it turned out, the foot-warmer did not move in our direction for the night. This is another instance of how obliging I found Australians.

A city looking more like a large park than a business center is how Adelaide appeared. When laid out, in 1837, it comprised a tract of land a mile square, and around this area is a park strip of land half a mile wide. The mile square area was originally the business and home section of Adelaide, but residential requirements have far outgrown the original space. Over two thousand acres of land in and about the city are set

apart for public and botanical gardens, park squares and for sports grounds. The city is located in a fertile plain, encircled by a range of green hills on two sides, and has as a foreground the blue water of St. Vincent's Gulf.

A pathetic incident accompanied the laying-out of this beautiful city. After the surveyor, Colonel William Light, had selected the site and surveyed the streets his plan was ridiculed by his fellow colonists. Being of a sensitive nature, their criticisms and jibes so worried him that he found relief from taunts in an early grave. In Victoria Square stands a splendid bronze monument to the designer of Adelaide, with this brief inscription chiseled out of the granite base: "Light."

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has a population of 200,000. Its wide streets and great park space make the area as large as that usually required for a city of half a million.

An agricultural college, mining college, and other means of popular education insures a high percentage of intellectual attainment. The same splendid public school system that has been touched on as existing in West Australia and Victoria is maintained by both the municipal and State educational departments here. Money for educational purposes is voted to an almost reckless degree by the States of the Commonwealth.

The homes of the people of Adelaide are fine. Where they are not entirely built of stone, there is at least a stone front and brick side walls. The houses are mostly one story, containing from five to seven rooms, with a veranda on each and flowers in every yard. Most of these homes are owned by the families who occupy them, but some rent at from \$3.50 to \$4.50 weekly. "Poor," "slum" and "wealthy" residential distinctions are pleasantly absent in Australian cities.

The botanical garden, zoo, museum, State and municipal buildings, business blocks, the lighting and street railway systems are all very good. The ambition of the Australian seems to aspire to the best, as little of a shoddy character is in evidence. The statues about the cities also are as good as one will see the world over. The stores and shops compare with any for quality and attractiveness.

Ordinary meals could be had for 25 cents, and comfortable accommodation, with good food, was obtainable in any of the cities for \$1.50 a day.

The bird life of the country adds to its attractiveness. The emu, next in size to the ostrich, is on his native heath, and the lyre bird is a native of Australia, too. In the "bush," as the woods of Australia are termed, revel the cockatoo, macaw, parrots of different species; the kookooburra, or laughing jackass, and the smart magpie are quite numerous. Australians are very proud of the native birds. Chasing the emu on horseback is a sport indulged in in some sections.

The English sparrow was taken to Australia by settlers from the British Isles, and he has proved a source of annoyance to the people of that country, as well as that of others. Another bird imported from England, the starling, a very dirty and destructive one to berries, is also an eyesore to the people. This bird is numerous in Adelaide. Rabbits were unknown in Australia before settlers from the North made that country their home. Being very destructive to crops, large sums of money are expended to build rabbit-proof fences about tracts of farming land owing to the millions of these creatures that infest the country. The moderate climate admits of perpetual breeding. Australians do not eat rabbit meat.

The rabbit trapper of Australia is an independent sort of a citizen. His disposition is akin to that of the fellow who will sit on a log all day to catch a six-inch fish, and considers his time well spent when he walks into his home, carrying his quarry by a spear of long grass pulled through the vent in the gills. Ships loaded with frozen rabbits leave Australian ports for England at frequent sailings.

The kangaroo is termed in Australia "the native," and is harmless when met with under any circumstances. The smaller specie is known as the wallaby. Kangaroo is the biggest game on the Australian continent. Its tail is the only part used as food, and then only for soup.

A story is told of an English woman who became engaged to a native Australian. She started from England to meet her

fiancé at Adelaide. She had told her friends she was to be married to an Australian native. When she reached the end of her long journey and came ashore friends in Australia who met her, pointing to a kangaroo close by, remarked that the animal was the native Australian. "What!" shouted the bride-to-be. "Am I engaged to marry a kangaroo?"

The national flower is that of the wattle tree. This tree grows large, its leaves are small and of a very dark green color, and the limbs are dense. Blossoms come out very thick, and leaves, limbs and body of the tree are hidden from view under a profusion of rich, gold-colored flowers. Tracts of wattle-tree groves extend for miles, and when all the trees are in bloom it is a treat for the eyes seeking floral beauty.

Mutton and lamb are the meats chiefly eaten. One seldom gets a good cup of coffee in British territory, for the reason that the British are a tea-drinking race, and the same applies to Australia. As evidence of the hospitality met with in homes of British colonists, food dainties are always served with tea to callers.

After having said good-by to Adelaide, we boarded a train going to Melbourne. Upon reaching Ballarat, having heard of the Eureka Stockade, behind which gold miners defied militia in 1854, induced a longing to see this historical spot on the Australian continent where men faced each other with firearms. The skirmish between miners and troops came about through the authorities charging miners exorbitant sums for gold mining licenses. A stockade was thrown up — it is there to-day — and from that shelter bullets whizzed at the troops, and soldiers' bullets whizzed at the miners. The battle lasted ten minutes, after two dozen miners had been killed. With this exception, Australia is as barren of warfare lore as a large part of the country is of vegetation. Gold mining is still in active operation, and profitable. While gold is mined in all the States of the Commonwealth, the output of the West Australia mines is greater than the combined production of the other five.

When gold was discovered in Ballarat, in 1850, 65,000 people landed in Melbourne the next year, and in five years

337,000 had found their way to the diggings, although in those days vessels were small and slow, and the distance from Europe to Melbourne is 13,000 miles.

Ballarat has a population of 50,000, is in the State of Victoria, and 75 miles west of Melbourne. One of the principal streets is 168 feet wide. How many cities are there in the United States, the size of Ballarat, having an art gallery, a museum and creditable botanical garden? Ballarat has these. A nice lake also is within the city limits. The attractiveness of this place is unusual for a gold mining center.

With an acquaintance, a football game between two crack elevens was attended, and the price of admission to the grounds was 12 cents.

Ballarat holds her own in the matter of buildings, good lighting and street car systems.

CHAPTER III

PASSING from the ocean through The Heads to Sydney Harbor, there unfolds to the eye perhaps the grandest foreground of a city, landscape and soft-water scene to be found in any part of the world. From the harbor — scalloped with pretty bays — to the left rise, on a gentle slope, bright-colored brick and red-sandstone homes with red-tiled roofs, the openings carpeted with ever-green lawns, animated by flowering gardens, a soft brush-grown space here and there, or a blushing cove, walled by friendly rock — a willing partner to molding the frame incasing this splendid picture. Traveling toward the city, the vessel circuits evergreen islands, passing smart sailing craft and swift-moving launches, when a point of land, part of an attractive park, invitingly juts its grassy space into the noted harbor. The Botanical Garden next comes to view, when the Norfolk Island pine tree — none more shapely in the world — seems to suggest to the visitor that there is something good even beyond. To the right of the harbor — also fringed with cozy bays and rippling coves — on another slope, there spreads out a grand landscape that can come only from gum bush and tropical foliage, the former in this instance. The harbor becomes dotted with hurrying ferry boats, carrying people from one side to the other. The city of Sydney then becomes outlined, and, from the striking panorama of red-sandstone structures, there is revealed a galaxy of towers, turrets, spires and domes that unerringly suggest the highest industrial ideal of a people living in a center of civilization and modern achievement.

As Capetown is the cradle of South Africa, so is Sydney the cradle of Australia. Nine miles from Sydney, in Botany Bay, James Cook, an Englishman, anchored his ship *Endeavor*.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE (top), and VICTORIA
MARKETS, SYDNEY (bottom).

AUSTRALIA.

That was in 1770, six years before the Declaration of Independence was signed by the American colonists. For two hundred years previous to Captain Cook's raising the British flag on the shores of Botany Bay, Dutch, French, Portuguese and Spanish navigators had gotten glimpses of that great continent, but failed to implant the ensigns of their respective countries on it as Cook did. It was anybody's country up to the year 1770. Section after section had been annexed by the English from time to time, until all the continent and islands close by had become British territory. Not a shot was fired to acquire these different sections. Eight years after Captain Cook reached Botany Bay, Arthur Phillips landed and formed a convict settlement on the site from which Sydney had grown.

In 1788 there were but six head of cattle in Australia; to-day there are over 15,000,000. In the same year there were but 29 sheep; to-day nearly 100,000,000.

Heated arguments take place frequently anent the merits of Sydney harbor and that of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, said to be the two best harbors in the world. The distinction between these two grand havens is similar to that existing between Victoria and Niagara Falls. Where the land about Sydney harbor gracefully slopes and admits of the striking panorama from The Heads, or entrance to the Harbor, to Circular Quay, hills shut from view the attractive city of Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilian capital cannot be seen at a point where Sydney harbor's beauty reaches its climax. On the other hand, Rio de Janeiro's harbor is twice larger, dotted with over a hundred tropical islands, and of good depth. The length of Sydney harbor is eight miles, with comparatively few green islands, and at places the water is none too deep for ships of great draught. Also The Heads of Sydney harbor are squatty compared to the high, bold stone pillars between which vessels sail through a narrow but deep channel into Rio de Janeiro's haven. It would seem that Sydney's harbor is the prettier, Rio de Janeiro's the greater and better.

Three-quarters of a million busy and industrious people are engaged in factory, mill, shop, office and store in modern Sydney.

Every one of these will do any task with pleasure that tends to enhance the commercial prestige and attractive appearance not only of their city but of the Commonwealth. In no other country will one find a more patriotic race of people; but, though British subjects, their patriotism seemed to be for Australia. They have a national flag, national emblems on their money coins—in fact, Australia is deeply stamped on any and every thing Australian.

Travelers are often disappointed when visiting points of interest based on local reputation; but Sydney is the exception to the rule. One can spend at least two weeks in the State capital, going to different attractions from day to day, and will find everything reputed to be of interest worth one's time going to see. For this reason it has become known as the "holiday city." Sydney is one of the most difficult cities in the world to describe, because everything is so good. One would be justified to begin and finish an account of Sydney with the word "Splendid."

Not until I reached the capital of the State of New South Wales did I find government or municipal ownership of public utilities meant anything in the way of cheaper or better service. The street-car service of Sydney is, I believe, the cheapest in the world. The charge is two cents for each "stage," but the "stages" in Sydney are far apart. The clumsy, slow, double-decked car is not to be seen.

An express train leaves Sydney for Melbourne at 8 o'clock every evening, and had one decided to start that journey on a Sunday and depended on street car travel to the railway station, he would surely miss his train. The cars come to a standstill from 7 to 8 o'clock, while church services are being held.

A loaf of bread in Sydney must be a loaf of bread. The legal weight is two pounds, and employes of the city bureau who look after the staff of life keep a close watch on bakers to see that customers are not cheated. An inspector is apt to halt a driver of a baker's wagon at any point, jump into the vehicle, pick up a loaf of bread, take from his pocket a collapsible scale, put the loaf in the tray and particularly note its

weight. If the bread should be an ounce under weight the baker will be fined \$5, and should the loaf be two ounces short of weight he would be fined \$10—\$5 for every ounce under two pounds. The quality of the bread, by the way, is, like everything that goes to make up Sydney, excellent.

Vulgarity or profanity is not heard about the streets. Any unsavory remark that reaches the ears of a policeman will cost the careless one at least \$2.50.

Stopping at a small and tidy hotel, located three squares from the postoffice, the rate was but \$1.50 a day. Good meals were served at restaurants about the city at 25 cents. Serviette is the word always used in British territory for table napkin.

House rent for working classes ranged in price from \$15 to \$20 a month, payable weekly. Meat sold at 6 to 12 cents a pound. Clothes are cheaper in Australia than in South Africa, because Australia uses its own wool.

“When you will have brains enough to owe your butcher \$15, you’ll get a better grade of meat.” Two women were seated on a bench in a park, talking about dresses, hats, engagements, marriages and babies, when they touched on household matters. One told the other her troubles with her butcher—could not understand why she got inferior meat. Her companion asked if she paid cash for her goods, and the complaining one answered, “Yes.” It was then that the suggestion contained in the first sentence was made.

Concerning freedom of speech and liberty in a general sense, one sees no difference from what he has been used to in his own country while traveling about, but does admire the quality of law that is dispensed and maintained in British territory.

While looking about the exhibits at a State agricultural fair one can reach a fair conclusion as to the nature of a country by the products shown, more particularly if one has been raised on a farm. At a fair visited there were cattle with backs almost as broad as a full-sized bed. The weight of some of these animals was 2,500 pounds down to 2,000. It seemed as if an exhibitor would be laughed at were he to enter a steer that weighed under a ton. Horses on exhibit were of the same high

class. The reputation of the Australian horse extends beyond local bounds, and he is known as the Australian "whaler." Sheep, chickens, pigs — from the top of the list to the last only the best of each kind were exhibited. Australian cattle and horses are aristocrats compared to South African breeds.

Education for children living in the "back blocks," as distant parts of Australia are termed, is hauled on wagons. A government teacher travels about in a wagon covered with a tent and stops at the home of every settler who has children. The tent is lifted from the wagon to the ground, and school exercises are gone through. Would not the trouble and expense that the Commonwealth of Australia goes to for fitting its people to meet the struggles of life "warm the cockles of your heart" to such a government! This is called the "traveling school," and it would be a waste of time to dwell in detail on universities, colleges, technical and the lower-grade schools of the educational department of New South Wales.

The conditions of giving land to settlers by the State of New South Wales are liberal. If one is a white man, is willing to work, and wants a farm, he will get the land, and money to make a start with, too.

The English system of money is in use. That system is not on a decimal basis, which deficiency seems out of place in an advanced country like that of the Commonwealth. For this reason efforts are being put forth to change the system to a decimal basis. The kangaroo and emu are stamped on the face of some of the money coins in use, but these will not be accepted as legal tender in other British countries.

"Smoke, ho," is the term one might hear were he to pass a gang of men working on a railroad or at any work where a group of men are employed. The weather gets very hot in summer, and rests are taken at intervals. When the foreman of the gang says "Smoke, ho," that means a breathing spell, or quitting time.

The State of New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital, is the richest in the Commonwealth. The sheep industry is the greatest. Smokestacks from factory and mill are

thickly dotted not only about the city but far into the suburbs. Great quantities of butter, beef, mutton and wool, wheat and flour are exported from that State, besides ores and coal. The exports from Australia now are very large, but what will they be when the country becomes even one quarter settled?

Wages have increased from time to time in Sydney, until now bricklayers receive \$5 a day. That figure is good wages in Australia, for the climate permits of outside work the year round. The city is growing all the time, the demand for mechanics naturally increasing. Few mechanics receive less than \$3. The lowest wages laborers receive are \$2, but that figure is often exceeded. Printers on newspapers earn \$27 to \$30 a week, the working time not exceeding 36 hours. Good board can be had at \$4 to \$6 a week. No one works Saturday afternoons in the British colonies visited.

Excellent newspapers are published in Sydney — fully in keeping with the city. On looking over their pages, one must give much credit to the publishers for the cable dispatches printed, as the news rate must be high when sent from centers 6,000 to 13,000 miles away.

A thousand acres of splendid park area are located in and close to Sydney, divided into 37 parks. Within a radius of 25 miles are 70,000 acres of park land. Besides, there are half a dozen good bathing beaches within easy reach.

Over a hundred miles from Sydney, in the Blue Mountain range, is located a tract of stalactite and stalagmite caves. These are the property of the government, and known as Jenolan Caves. The caves cover a large area of land, and exploration is going on all the time. Over a dozen of these are now open to visitors, and the trip is well worth while taking. But while Jenolan Caves are much greater than those of Luray Caverns, Virginia, one will find in Luray better formations and a prettier grade of that mineral than can be seen in Jenolan. It is another case of Victoria Falls and Niagara. Jenolan Caves are much the greater, but Luray Caverns are the prettier. In caves of this character columns of stalactite and stalagmite a foot in diameter may be seen, and when it is remembered that,

in one instance at Jenolan, a stem of stalactite has grown but one-thirty-second part of an inch in 30 years, what a tremendous age the larger columns must have attained! The atmosphere in this section of the Blue Mountains is of a deep blue color. Mount Kosciusko is the highest peak of Australia, rising 7,308 feet.

In that section of country kangaroo may be seen hopping about the hills, feeding on grass and sprouts, or standing up on their hind legs to watch if any one is coming their way. Timidity starts them, at the slightest alarm, to holes in the mountain, and where rocks are located at the place of concealment these are as polished granite from their heavy tails passing over them on coming out and going in.

The difference in railroad gauges is proving a source of much inconvenience to transportation. In New South Wales the gauge is standard, 4 feet 8½ inches, and in Queensland the railroad is narrow-gauge, 3 feet 6 inches. So, going from Sydney to Brisbane, passengers, cars and freight must be changed; also in going from Sydney to Melbourne, when the Victoria border has been reached, a complete change has to be made, as the Victoria gauge is broad, 5 feet 3 inches. The width of South Australia railroads is 5 feet 3 inches and also 4 feet 8½ inches, but those of West Australia are again narrow-gauge.

One not familiar with the population of American cities would come to the conclusion that San Francisco, Cal., was the greatest in the United States, judged from the number of times it is mentioned by Australians. As a matter of fact, both Melbourne and Sydney have a greater population than the Californian metropolis. Seldom are New York, Philadelphia and Chicago mentioned. This is accounted for by San Francisco being nearer to Australia than any other American city.

"Two years before the fleet came," and "About a year after the fleet was here," are instances of how recent great events are referred to. Evidently the visit of the American battle-ships to Australia, when the fleet made its trip around the world, proved an epoch in this country.

Before leaving the "mainland," I want to acknowledge my gratitude to Australians for the many courtesies extended and kindnesses bestowed. I had been offered work in most of the places visited.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM Melbourne we sailed across Bass Straits up the Tamar River to Launceston, Tasmania, located at the northern part of the island. Abel J. Tasman, a Dutch navigator, discovered what is now Tasmania, in 1642, after whom the island is named. Van Diemen's Land, however, was the name given to Tasmania by its discoverer, but was changed later. The Dutch seemed to have been good navigators in early years in the Pacific and Indian oceans, but they proved poor land-grabbers. With Tasmania as a key to the mainland, it would seem the spirit of daring did not extend further than the decks of ships, for Tasman finally left Tasmania, and later on it fell into the hands of British navigators.

Tasmania is the smallest of the six States of which the Commonwealth is composed. It has its upper and lower legislative bodies, a governor from England — in all respects a self-constituted State. The length of the island from north to south is 150 miles.

Tasmania is known as "the sanatorium" of Australia on account of its good climate. At Launceston this was plainly borne out by the rosy cheeks of the people. The city itself, of 25,000 population, is attractive from its parks, its iron-latticed porches and verandas, a splendid stretch of natural scenery known as the Gorge, and the unassuming nature, plain but tidy appearance, and contentment of the people. Few smokestacks were in sight, and as a business center it does not hold kinship to the bustling cities of the mainland.

"This is the way it is all the time!" said a second-hand clothing dealer who had invited me to call at his store, he having gone from America to the Southland to make his fortune. The store was as empty of customers as a church is of worshippers at midnight.

The commendable custom of Sunday evening concerts in the colonies was in vogue in Launceston, only the one attended here was held in a beautiful park instead of in a town hall. As in other places, the concert did not begin until after church services. In the same park is a small zoo, very good for the size of this city.

The wages of workers are low, mechanics receiving from \$2 to \$2.50 a day. Calling on one of the daily newspapers to see how things looked, when it became known that I was from the United States most of the composing room force stopped work, gathered about me, questions coming eagerly concerning conditions in America from every angle. I was to leave the city a few hours later, when two of the force left their work and saw me on the train.

Hobart, 135 miles south of Launceston, was the next stop. This is the capital of Tasmania, and has double the population of Launceston. Hobart is situated at the delta of the Derwent River, and has a splendid harbor, with Mount Wellington behind the city, water in front, and a large domain or park at one side. While showing little life commercially, there is a charm about the Tasmania capital that sticks to one.

Three women to one man is Hobart's unequal population. The wages are so small that any young fellow with an ounce of pluck will cross Bass Straits to the mainland cities, where his labor sells for more than a bare living wage, with opportunities for amounting to something later that Tasmania does not offer. A preserve or jam factory in Hobart furnishes girls and women with employment.

Food and house rent are cheap, and for these reasons, together with the splendid climate all the year round, a considerable number of ex-British army officers, who have a pension, go there to spend their last days.

No stale fish is eaten in Hobart. At the wharfs many fish dealers are found, and their stock is kept in barges or scows containing enough water for the fish to swim in. A customer points out the fish he wants to buy, when it is speared and handed to the purchaser alive. One fish found in that locality

— the “trumpeter”— is as sweet as American shad, and it has fewer bones. Oysters do well also in Hobart waters, as that city is nearly as far south of the equator as New York is north of that line. Fish caught in a warm climate have not the same flavor as fish that inhabit the waters of a colder one. An angler is at home when lolling about the brooks and rivers that abound a short distance from the city.

A dollar a day was all I paid for accommodation at a tidy hotel. That sum included three meals and a room.

One will find here a good museum, creditable art gallery and splendid park system, also a good street car system, electric lights, gas and other utilities.

“Appleland” would be a suitable name for Tasmania, as upward of 3,000,000 bushels of apples are shipped from that island each year, and the shipments are increasing. The Huon district, some 20 miles from Hobart, is the great apple growing section of southern Tasmania. Apple trees grow in these parts where nothing else would thrive, and large tracts of orchards are seen on the sides of rocky hills. Trees are not allowed to grow over six feet high, which adds much to the convenience and cheapness of picking. They are trimmed each season, and the stumps are eight inches in diameter in some instances, but only the stump, which will not rise over six inches above the ground, is left. The sprouts grow from the stump, and these do not, as stated, exceed six feet tall. These apples do not hang only from the ends of the limbs, as they do from most apple trees in America. Blossoms bloom from the body of the limb, and the limb and trunks of the sprouts are entirely covered with apples. Apples grow from the limbs as freckles on an arm. Ten acres of apple land in southern Tasmania bring in a nice yearly income. The trees grow bushy, and as many as 20 bushels are often picked from one. Most of the apples shipped from Hobart go to England, the time of shipment being from February to June.

Fifty miles from Hobart stands the walls of the old Port Arthur Prison, as well as the walls of the church, cracked and ready to fall, covered with ivy vines, where the prison officers

worshiped; the nice avenues of trees where the freemen enjoyed the shade on a hot day are very pretty, and the cozy bay, with Point Peur jutting into still and attractive waters, suggest nothing, so far as nature is concerned, as to the place having been one of the most inaccessible, impenetrable prisons of the world. What was known as the hospital building is in good condition, and serves the small community of Carnarvon as a town hall and public school.

Port Arthur has been changed in name — to Carnarvon — as most of the places that have had anything to do with the early prison days of Van Diemen's Land. The prison was located on a strip of land, 12 miles in length, called Tasman Peninsula. Water naturally borders both sides of the peninsula, and the narrow neck of land at the head — Eagle Hawk Neck — of the peninsula is less than a quarter of a mile wide.

Just across the small bay from Port Arthur is Point Puer, on which for years there had been a boys' prison. Both men and boys sent to these prisons, located 13,000 miles from England, had committed alleged offenses in Great Britain. In addition to these two male prisons there was also one for women, but the latter was not located at Port Arthur. The ages of boys sent to the Point Puer ranged from 12 to 15 years. A number committed suicide, induced by homesickness and other causes. This inhuman state of affairs being brought to the late Queen Victoria's attention, she ordered the boys' prison razed to the ground.

The narrow neck of land referred to separates Norfolk Bay from the Pacific Ocean. To-day there are, or were recently, a row of posts standing across Eagle Hawk Neck — from Norfolk Bay to the ocean. To these posts dogs had been chained, the chains just long enough to allow a dog fastened to one post to meet the other. Some of these posts were driven in the bottom of Norfolk Bay, and on them was built a rest for the dogs to jump on when the tide was in. On each side of the narrow strip of land soldiers were stationed, the string of dogs between. Were a prisoner, in trying to escape the hardships of Port Arthur, to get beyond the sentries, and attempt to get by

the dogs, an uproar would be made by the canines, and the sentries on the other side would be on the alert if a prisoner chanced to get by the vicious dogs; so that any effort to escape by that route would be futile.

Norfolk Bay at that point is also narrow — not over a quarter of a mile wide — several prisoners making their escape by swimming across. To forestall further escapes by that means, sharks, which had been imported, were placed in the bay and fed. So, between the soldiers and the dogs on guard at Eagle Hawk Neck and Norfolk Bay full of sharks, once brought to Tasman Peninsula escape was impossible.

Masks were worn by prisoners when they attended church services, so that no recognition could take place. In addition to that precaution, the seats in the church had a board at the back as high as a man's head, and the prisoner was closed in by boards on each side. The preacher was the only man that could be seen when sitting in the box seat. From 1842-46 19,000 convicts were sent to Tasmania. Sometimes many died during the voyage. The only humane feature connected with the convict traffic was that the ship doctor received \$2.40 for every prisoner who landed in Tasmania. Naturally, the doctor would do his best to collect the fee. The last shipment of convicts took place in 1877. It is said some prisoners sent to Tasmania had committed minor offenses, such as shooting a rabbit on another's property, stealing chickens, inability to pay debts, and similar charges.

Eucalyptus trees are said to grow to a height of 350 feet in certain parts of Tasmania, and also in some other States.

Reading accounts of the products of the Commonwealth, its exports of wool, meat and ores, and being unfamiliar with the obverse side of the picture — droughts, deserts and the rabbit pest — one would little expect to hear the question asked, "Will the 5,000,000 industrious populace of Australia, a name that fascinates as does California, and having an area one-quarter that of the British Empire, ever increase to 25,000,000?"

Only a fringe of this continent is habitable, behind these fer-

tile tracts being expansive wastes, on portions of which rain does not fall, at times, for several years. No such river as the Nile or Mississippi flows through these salt deserts. Near the coast, visited by moderate rainfalls, are sections in which drought is ever feared, where wells have been bored to depths of thousands of feet, only to find, when a water vein has been pierced, that, in many instances, the flow proves to be salt water, unfit for drink or irrigation purposes. The two chief rivers of Australia — the Darling and the Murray — are small compared to waterways that course other countries. In dry seasons the water becomes low, and in drought periods the bottoms of these rivers offer little more moisture than is found on the plains.

Not more than one per cent. of the land of this great continent is under cultivation. In order to insure the harvesting of crops in favorable seasons, millions and millions of dollars have been expended by the government in building rabbit-proof fences; the quantity used would encircle the globe nearly half a dozen times. Added to this outlay, large sums have been expended in boring wells, building reservoirs and establishing water stations on cattle and sheep ranges. Buying land from landowners controlling large tracts, obtained by devious means in the early stages of the country's development, is still another heavy national expense. This land, when allotted to small farm settlers, is leased. Leasing the land, instead of granting the freehold, does not augur for a rapid increase in the rural population.

Quality, not quantity, seems to be the aim of the Commonwealth in regard to the immigrant entering its shores. "Assisted passages" apply chiefly to domestic help and agricultural workers of British birth or of British descent, and these must be in good health and of sound body. A strong sentiment seems to be prevalent for immigration, but those engaged at the various trades, and even the professions, do not encourage the coming of additional artisans to the respective vocations or an increase of names to the professional roster. Hence, the small volume of immigration to the Antipodes.

With a desert comprising a major portion of the continent, a temperature of 100 to 120 degrees prevailing over a large area, with but few rivers, pure water lakes or refreshing streams, and the bowels of the earth giving up brackish and salt water, thereby dispelling hope of the sandy wastes being reclaimed and the ravages of drought counteracted — meeting with failures in battling to overcome these natural barriers to development, we can picture running through the Australian's mind the paraphrased biblical quotation: "Paul may plant, Apollo may water, but God must give the increase."

LEG FOUR

CHAPTER I

OUR first stop in New Zealand was at Bluff, a small port nearly a thousand miles eastward across the Tasman Sea from Hobart. Though composed of only a few hundred people, this place, nevertheless, commands the attention of a traveler, as it is one of the most southerly outposts of civilization, there being no white habitation between Bluff and the South Pole. Tons of cheese and butter were here loaded into the ship, brought by rail from Invercargill, eighteen miles inland, the commercial center of a thrifty farming district.

Abel J. Tasman, in 1642, was the first white man to discover New Zealand. He was frightened away by a warlike and fearless race of natives, but mapped out the coast line roughly, and named the country Staaten Island, which Dutch officials altered later to New Zealand. Captain James Cook, in 1769, was the first to land on New Zealand soil, which he did after much dickering with the Maoris; it then became a British possession.

While traveling through Devereux Straits from Bluff to Dunedin, one of the three islands comprising New Zealand — Stewart Island — was to the south. It has an area of 665 square miles, a mild and pleasant climate, and was a favorite assembling place for American whaling ships twenty-five to thirty years ago. A Maori settlement, most of the natives being fishermen and oysterers, form the chief inhabitants. Oban, twenty miles from Bluff, is the principal town. The straits between South and Stewart Islands was red with prawns, and thousands of fowl were feeding off these crustaceans; the birds make their home on the latter island. Later we reached the Heads of Otaga harbor, passed Port Chalmers, and seven miles further the vessel docked at Dunedin, a stronghold of the Scotch.

In 1848, after a voyage of several months in sailing vessels, two ship loads of Scotch Presbyterians from Scotland sailed up Otaga harbor and disembarked at what is now known as Dunedin, where they formed a settlement. Scotch energy was at once put into action—some of the colonists building homes, others turning over the soil of this virgin country, then seeding the land, later harvesting their meager crops—all initial undertakings requiring more patience and persistence than afterward, when better supplied with tools and implements, and more familiar with natural requirements. From this small beginning—followed by periods of anxiety, disappointment and hardship, as settlers, with more courage than money, in most all new countries have endured in battling with the uncertain phases which confronted them—the pluck of these hardy pioneers is represented in Dunedin being the metropolis of southern New Zealand.

Losing time hunting for level land or gently sloping hills on which to establish a city was not the Scotch way of doing things. The hills are so high, steep and rugged where the citizens of this center live that electric power would fail to draw street cars up some of the inclines; hence steps are cut into the rocks, and walks, made of boards, lead up to many of the homes. Like the rocky hills within the municipality, Dunedin is solidly built. Dark graystone figures largely in building, and streets are good and well looked after. An electric street car system is another asset, and the railway station is one of the best government buildings in New Zealand. Numerous church steeples rising about the metropolis attest the well-known religious tendency of this race; an art gallery, museum, libraries, schools, colleges and other factors indicating intellectual advancement, are found here—14,000 miles from Scotland and the gateway to the Antarctic region—a credit to Scotland grit. Among the manufactures are woolen goods and farm machinery. Frozen meat exports from the Island Dominion, as this country is often termed, are large. This great industry had its inception here, the first cargo being shipped in a sailing vessel from this port in 1881. Burns' clubs, bagpipe bands—which thrill

a Scot wherever found — and Caledonian societies have flourished here since its settlement. The bands keep things lively, appearing frequently in complete regalia, the pipers holding their own with any in Scotland.

Sixty thousand people live in Dunedin, these being mainly Scotch. Some of the early colonists came from Dundee and others from Edinburgh, Scotland. While settlers from the former were bent on naming their new home Dundee, those from the latter wanted the place called Edinburgh. A compromise was finally reached by their taking the first syllable of Dundee (Dun) and the first and second syllables of Edinburgh (Edin), calling the place Dun-edin.

Ho! An American flag was flying from the mast of an old three-masted schooner in Otaga harbor. Though I had traveled nearly 22,000 miles since leaving New York and had been at the main ports of three continents, this was the only occasion the Stars and Stripes was observed flying from a vessel.

Little difference was observed here in the clothes worn or the general customs in vogue in America; but British names for certain business callings are the rule, such as ironmonger, fishmonger, mercer, draper, etc.

Everybody cuts their own bread in Dunedin. Sometimes resting on a wooden dish, and in other instances on an ordinary piece of board, the loaf is placed on the table, with a big knife alongside. Meat is served carved, however.

Splendid horses are noticeable — the big, heavy-bodied, hairy-legged Clydesdale breed.

Street cars do not run earlier than 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoons, when church services are over.

Liquor licenses are issued only to hotel-keepers; none to places where travelers are not accommodated. Hotel expenses were only \$1.50 a day.

South Pole expeditions sailing from Europe generally call and remain some time at Port Chalmers to refurnish their stores before piercing the icy reaches of the Antarctic division of the world, and this is the first port explorers reach upon emerging from that but partially known region. Dual names to

many seaports throughout the British Empire prove confusing to the ordinary person. A news cablegram may tell of a South Pole exploring vessel having reached "Port Chalmers, N. Z." Seafaring men would know at once by the name the message bore that the explorers were in Dunedin; but very few persons in America or Europe would know that Port Chalmers and Dunedin denote the same place. Durban, South Africa, is another instance of a place known by two names. A seafaring man would call Durban "Port Natal" instead of the name by which it is better known; and cables also give it as Port Natal. Instances could be cited of a captain saying he was sailing to a certain "port" which a passenger never heard of, but who would readily recognize the place if the name was mentioned as it is designated in books.

The apteryx — or kiwi, as this bird is generally called — is a native of New Zealand, and one of the strangest fowl in the world. Man, beast, animal and fowl have been provided with two arms and two legs, four legs, or two legs and two wings, respectively. The kiwi, as large as a hen and brown of color, however, has been furnished with two legs, but has no wings. Its feet are similar to those of other fowl; it has a long bill, and thin, scattering feathers grow straight from its head. The sides of the kiwi appear as free of wings as those of a cat. The habits of that strange bird are similar to the pheasants. Its call note, "ki-i-wi!" uttered during the early hours of the night, has great penetrating power, and ceases after midnight.

"Not far from here is a waterfall with a drop of 2,000 feet — the highest in the world," remarked a patriotic New Zealander. "Is it an uninterrupted waterfall?" was asked. "No, there are several breaks," was the answer. When reminded that Yosemite Falls, in California, has a sheer drop of 1,600 feet and a total descent of 2,400 feet, it occurred to him he may have used the word "world" inadvisedly. Not far from Dunedin is the natural scenic section of that country, with a splendid chain of lakes, glaciers, high mountains and attractive gorges. The highest mountain in Australia is 7,000 feet, and Mount Cook, not far from Dunedin, rises to 12,000

feet. Cold weather prevails in this section in winter, accompanied by ice, snow and blizzards.

No snakes or poisonous insects are said to be found in that country. One may lie down on the earth in any place and have no fear of being bitten or stung by anything that lives under or on the surface.

From Dunedin to Christchurch I had my first experience riding on New Zealand trains, owned by the government. Some of the passenger coaches are patterned after the American cars. The track is more than a foot narrower—3 feet 6 inches—which does not allow room for two persons on a seat on each side of the car aisles. One row of seats will seat two persons, but those on the other side accommodate but one person. Seats are upholstered, and the train schedule is 30 miles an hour. This was a first-class car, and the fare three cents a mile. Some of the second-class coaches are not as well equipped. Boards, secured to the sides, with only a thin cushion over them, run the length of the vehicle. It is merely a bench, no partition separating passengers, the side of the coach serving as a back rest. The corner seats are coveted ones, as a passenger can put his back to the end and stretch his legs. It is the worst accommodation I have seen in railroad coaches. The government charges its patrons two cents a mile; no reduction in fare is allowed for return tickets.

A hundred miles south of Christchurch the road passes through a rich farming country known as Canterbury Plains. Farm land in that district sells at \$200 to \$300 an acre. Great quantities of frozen mutton, wool and grain are shipped from Timaru, a seaport town in that section. As many as 6,000,000 carcasses of mutton and lamb are shipped from New Zealand each year. There are over 25,000,000 head of sheep in the Island Dominion.

One would never think it was possible to conduct a farm on an eight-hour basis, yet those are the hours worked by farm hands in New Zealand, with extra pay for overtime. Wages are good, also, as they run from \$30 to \$40 a month with board.

One would feel safer with hobnails in the soles of his shoes

while walking about some of the residential sections of Dunedin, so steep are the hills; but Christchurch is built on a level surface — on Canterbury Plains. Dunedin, as stated, was settled by the Scotch, but Christchurch was settled by the English in 1850, two years after the foundation of Dunedin was laid.

Instead of States, the Dominion of New Zealand is divided into provinces, and Christchurch is the metropolis of the Canterbury Provincial District. It has a population of 70,000 thrifty people, and the city is rich in beautiful flower gardens, fruit trees, and grassy lawns, while the River Avon, its water of a glassy clearness, and its grassy and tree-covered banks, uniting in forming a picture, winds attractively through the city.

Here may be seen splendid churches, colleges and schools. Seldom is a church the center or hub of a city, yet street cars stop and start from the Cathedral of Christchurch, and it is the point from which distances are measured. No skyscrapers, nor such grand buildings as Melbourne and Sydney can boast of are seen here, yet everything has a solid, attractive and complete appearance.

The homes of the people attract attention by the large space in front of them and at the sides. Each lot contains one-quarter of an acre — 66 feet in front and 136 feet in depth. Houses are mostly one story, and flowers, shrubs and grass in front and at the sides add much to their comfortable appearance. Most of these are owned by their occupants, and where rent is paid, which, as in Australia, is on a weekly basis, the rate is from \$3 to \$5. Every home has its own reservoir or water supply. Some thirty feet under the surface there is said to be a lake, and each householder bores in his yard until the water gushes up. The waste water running from these thousands of wells serves as a flushing system. Christchurch streets are of good width — 66 feet.

One could not expect to visit a prettier place than Hagley Park, through which the beautiful Avon River runs. Weeping willow trees grow on the banks, and the ends of their drooping limbs are constantly refreshed by the water in which they rest. Besides the general attractiveness of the park, there

is a splendid museum containing much of interest, built within the grounds.

"Wait Until Car Stops, Fine \$25," is a caution to passengers posted in street cars of that city. Were street car companies in some American cities fined \$25 every time a conductor forgot to signal a stop at places where he was requested to do so there would be more appointments kept, money saved passengers, and less wrangling.

Every one is his own bread carver here, as in Dunedin. The New Zealander, like his Australian brother, is a meat eater. Beef sold at 10 to 12 cents, mutton at 6 to 8 cents, and pork at 12 cents a pound.

Good newspapers are printed in this city. Wages are \$15 to \$16 a week. Laborers receive \$2 a day. An eight-hour day is universal in New Zealand.

The system of measurement in both New Zealand and Australia is that of the chain — 66 feet. A chain wide, two chains, two-and-a-half chains long, are the terms used.

Prohibition has a considerable hold on the people, as most of the smaller cities are "dry."

Double fare may be charged by cab drivers on holidays only, but in other countries cabbies collect excess fares any time patrons will pay them.

Theaters, bioscopes, amusements and sports of all sorts are found in the city, being freely patronized.

The kea bird of New Zealand is destructive to sheep, and for that reason the government pays a bounty of \$5 for every dead kea. This bird is of the parrot species, dark green in color, with a bill an inch and a half in length, curved like a parrot's beak. It will alight on a sheep's back, and at once attack the animal in the section of the kidneys with its sharp bill, as the only part the kea cares for is the fat growing about the kidneys. The animal naturally bleeds to death in a short time, when the bird gratifies its appetite at leisure. The desire for this food is an acquired one, as the kea first got its taste for sheep fat from skins hung on fences and other places to dry.

The islands of New Zealand are divided by Cook's Straits,

which are 40 miles wide. One section, lying south of Cook's Straits, is known as South Island, and the land north of the straits is termed North Island. We have been traveling in South Island, which is far richer.

Port Lyttleton, the port for Christchurch, is located nine miles from the metropolis. Boats run to Wellington daily, the sailing time being ten hours.

One man one vote, and one woman one vote, is the scope of franchise New Zealand offers. Parliament is composed of 70 members, elected for three years. Several political parties exist in the Dominion, and the one in power chooses from among the Assembly a successor for the Premiership. Although the Premier is the responsible head of the government, over him is an imperial official, a governor-general, from the British Isles, who is appointed by the King of England. New Zealand, in common with other colonies of the British Empire, pays the governor-general's salary. The Cook group of islands, located 1,800 miles northeast of Wellington in the Southern Pacific Ocean, is a dependency of New Zealand, and its affairs are administered by the Dominion Parliament.

Previous mention has been made of a good railway station in Dunedin, and that nearly completed the substantial government buildings seen when that country was visited. We also commented on the poor accommodation furnished second-class passengers on railway trains, though paying two cents a mile. A wooden building — if it has not since been replaced — “the largest wooden office building in the world,” is pointed out to visitors to Wellington. A government office building in the capital of a country — built of wood! The worst public building in the splendid city of Christchurch was the government railway station; the station at Wellington would not make a decent sheep shed. With passenger and freight rates sufficient, and a heavy import duty collected on most commodities entering the country, together with an annual tax on incomes of \$1,500 and over, the dearth of creditable public buildings, and the inferior railway accommodation afforded second-class passengers, would seem to suggest that government management

did not bear the mark of striking efficiency. On the other hand, the people are thrifty, courteous, kind, congenial and mostly in good circumstances.

The business portion of Wellington is built at the bottom of a chain of high hills, with a splendid harbor front. These hills are so steep that stairways and cable lines figure largely as utilities by which residents reach their homes. One misses the convenient squares and parks found in other centers in that part of the world, but the absence of these here is accounted for by lack of room, as the space between the butts of the hills and the docks is limited even for business purposes. Some distance from the business center, however, is a good botanical garden, and in another direction are creditable parks, with sports grounds included, which enable the capital to make a fair showing in this particular.

Most of the dwellings are of wood, and rents are, like the hills surrounding the city, high. The weekly system of paying bills is customary here. Some of these homes, for which \$25 and \$35 a month rent is paid, are difficult to reach, even after one has alighted from a cable car. Rents are higher in Wellington than in any city of Australasia. Wages, too, are comparatively low. Laborers receive no more than in cities where rent is much cheaper. Mechanics receive about \$3 a day.

One cannot but observe the trend of industrial advancement in almost every quarter of the globe visited. It is a very dull place, indeed, where houses or buildings of some sort are not under course of construction. In Wellington the sound of hammer and saw is heard in valleys and on hillsides miles away from the city. Landlords squeezed their tenants so hard that the government was finally induced to help the citizens by advancing money with which to build homes on sites some distance from the capital.

Arbitration courts fix wages, but that system of settling disputes between employer and employe works out better in theory than in practice, judging from the number of strikes that so frequently take place. Anyway, one clause of this law is very effective — if a man works for an employer for a less wage than

had been fixed by the court, both employer and employe are fined.

Double-decked street cars are in use in Wellington, as in cities of the South Island. A few cars run on Sunday up to 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The fare up to that hour being 12 cents, persons going to and from church might have reason to pinch on the contribution to make up for excessive street-car charges. The custom is hard to explain. Certainly, it is too far to walk from some of the valleys to the city, but, as a limited number of cars are run for the convenience of churchgoers, why this overcharge? It is possible church-going people have a Sunday commutation ticket; if so, non-churchgoers who patronize the cars would pay the freight.

Gas costs \$1.80 a thousand feet here. A private company controls this commodity.

Wellington, with a population of 75,000, is the chief seaport of New Zealand. In addition to being located in the center of the two islands, its good, land-locked harbor, deep enough to admit vessels of great draught, adds greatly to its commercial prestige. Big vessels plying between England and New Zealand dock and start from here.

Meat is no dearer than in other New Zealand cities — 6 to 12 cents a pound. Telegraph messages cost but 12 cents for 12 words.

The government pays pensions to citizens who have reached the age of 65 years and whose incomes do not exceed \$240 a year. This rate is the same as is paid in Australia — \$2.40 a week each to husband and wife.

The Town Hall, with other municipal and business buildings, is a creditable one, and its auditorium and balconies are packed with people who attend the Sunday evening concerts, furnished by the city, which do not begin until church services are over. A good museum is another attraction. Little in favor of the streets can be said, however, for they are poorly laid out and are not kept as tidy as those in other cities.

Newspapers are well up to the mark for the size of the city,

and had I been short of funds, I could have kept my head above water, as I was offered work here.

The standard of law and order maintained in the Island Dominion may be inferred when it is mentioned that there are no keys to doors in some hotels. When shown to a room at one place the absence of a key was brought to the attention of the clerk. "There are no keys to any of the rooms," he explained, in a matter-of-fact manner. Notwithstanding high rents and the high price of gas, hotel expenses were only \$1.20 a day.

Pelorus Jack, the pilot fish, lives on the other side of Cook's Straits from Wellington. Like the kea bird and the kiwi, he is in a class by himself — the most remarkable fish in the world. He is perhaps the only pilot that ever lived who knows nothing about the science of navigation. Pelorus Jack belongs to the dolphin family. His length is about 14 feet, and he is bluish-white in color. His home is in Pelorus Sound, and the channel from that body of water to Nelson is very tortuous. Where the channel becomes dangerous for ships, Jack will be found, waiting. When a vessel reaches the mouth of the channel, the dolphin sallies forth, faithfully following the curves of the route, and the ship is steered in accordance with his trail. Outgoing vessels are also met by this remarkable fish, who precedes the ship until it has reached safe water. The Maoris aver that Jack has lived in these parts for generations, and in their eyes he is an ocean god. An act of Parliament was passed in 1904 protecting all fish of that species in New Zealand waters. As Jack is probably the only fish of his sort living in Cook's Straits, he enjoys the exclusive protection of the legislative decree.

CHAPTER II

TRAVELING up a steep grade from Wellington, and then down the mountain on the other side of the range, the train pulled away from the coast and headed northward, speeding over the trunk line between the capital and Auckland. Passing through tidy towns, then over trestles spanning rippling streams, through bushy glens, ornamented with attractive fern trees — queen of flora here — which have no superior as a natural adornment, we entered stretches of lava wakes, covered with a bracken growth. To the right, Mount Ruapehu, 9,000 feet high, with its snow-capped summit, came to view; then Mounts Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, lower mountains than Ruapehu, appear. We next came to the King country — Maoriland; later a stop was made at Francton Junction, where a change of cars was made, and then headed for Rotorua, the main attraction of the thermal district of New Zealand.

Rotorua is a place where people come on crutches and leaning on walking sticks, and a great number of these, on taking their departure from the sulphur laden air of that district, leave their crutches and walking-sticks behind.

The New Zealand government owns this part of Geyserland, and too much credit cannot be given for the splendid place that has been made out of what was formerly a lava-bestrewn stretch of land on the shore of the blue waters of Lake Rotorua. Broad streets, shaded with beautiful avenues of trees; electric lights, gardens and parks, handsome bath buildings, grounds for light sports and free music every day, are some good things the government furnishes. Board can be had for from \$5 to \$7 a week, and sulphur baths — the water boiling out of the ground — cost only 12 cents, including a towel. The Rotorua wells have proved heaven-sent blessings to many an afflicted

soul. After taking a few baths the flesh assumes a velvety softness.

It was a pleasure to note the improvement in the condition of a crippled person who had reached Rotorua on crutches. In a few days one crutch sufficed; in a similar time that crutch had been discarded; a walking stick next answered the purpose of support, and, finally, with a beaming face and a buoyant heart, that same person, whose legs had been distorted for years from rheumatism or some other cause, could be seen walking about the pretty lawns or shaded streets, unsupported by either stick or crutch, with bright eyes and a radiant countenance, at peace with all mankind, and prepared to face the battle of life again with limber limbs and a grateful heart.

The geysers of Rotorua — real high spouters — cannot compare with those of Yellowstone Park. From the shore of the lake, for half a mile back, the ground was marked at close spaces with gurgling, bubbling and steaming wells, and a strong sulphurous smell is nearly always present. One feature of that section of Geyserland, however, surpasses any of Yellowstone — a large mud pool, called Tikitere. It is really a volcano, and the furious, boiling, bursting, smoking pond of sulphuric mud commands unusual attention.

Half a dozen lakes are linked together, each from five to twelve miles in length, the sides heavily verdured with an ever-green growth, and high hills rising in every direction, making the trip through the lakes very interesting. One of these, Rotomahana, is a boiling body of water. Launches travel through this steam-laden lake with as apparent safety and comfort as through normal waters. The shores contain numerous and deep fissures, steam coming from these openings in great clouds. Both lake and shores present a scene like that after a big fire, when nothing but smoke remains.

A small Pompeii is among the attractions of this thermal district. The place is known as Te Wairoa, and was overwhelmed in 1886 by heavy showers of mud and volcanic ash ejected from the volcano Tarawera. Over a hundred natives and four Europeans were buried under the mud and lava. The

ruins of the settlement — buildings, wagons and other evidences of habitation — are yet to be seen. Ashes and cinders ejected from the volcano at that time were carried for a distance of 60 miles.

At Whakarewarewa, a short distance from Rotorua, is where the greatest subterranean disturbance takes place. Quite a number of geysers are located at that center, but none of the high-spouters were "working." The "crack" or "show" geyser of that basin is Wairo. It seems to have imbibed the easy-going spirit of the Maoris, for it will "work" only on State occasions. For instance, if the governor-general of New Zealand were to visit Rotorua, and later "Whaka," as that long name is called for short, Wairo would be set to "working." The geyser is coaxed into action by throwing quantities of soap into the well. Visitors would willingly contribute money to buy soap to set Wairo working, but as the geyser is covered with heavy planks, a prison cell would be the reward of a person tampering with the pet "spouter." It is said that water is forced to a height of 100 feet when Wairo gets into harness.

Vegetation suffers when coming in contact with the outpourings of the Yellowstone geysers, while about Rotorua the steam and sulphuric atmosphere from the steaming wells does not seem to interfere with the growth of flora. Jewelry and silver and gold coins become black while visiting that district, the sulphur in the air having this effect on metal.

Guides showing visitors about that district are Maori women, the price for their services being fixed by the government, together with launch charges for sails on the lakes. It is a good system, for one then knows beforehand how much money a trip will cost.

New Zealand, unlike Australia, is rife with battle cries, war songs and narratives of native bravery. Most of the trouble had its inception from land-grabbing by white men, and they have succeeded well, although the natives' domain is still large. Like most natives, the Maori is not blessed with a great amount of ambition, and his needs are common and small, being favored

with a good climate, as the weather in the North Island is moderate the year round.

The Maori is not a native of New Zealand, but what race of people inhabited that country previous to his settlement history does not record. It is safe to presume he killed off the aborigines, as he would not brook much interference from an inferior race. The Maori is the Polynesian, and in 1350 he paddled and rowed in canoes across a stretch of sea for a distance of 1,700 miles—from the island of Raratonga, one of the Cook group, to New Zealand. From that time until New Zealand's gradual settlement he held undisputed sway. In color he is similar to an American Indian, and is inclined to fleshiness.

New Zealanders are very proud of the Maori. While of a warring race, he is not a criminal. He can be made a friend—can be trusted. Intermarriages take place frequently, and it is said the white party to the transaction meets with no social discrimination. Civilization has proved detrimental to them, as with most natives, however, and is diminishing their numbers from time to time. Consumption is decimating them fast.

It was interesting to watch Maori women, with their babes on their backs, cooking food and baking bread by the heat from boiling springs, so numerous about the shores of Lake Rotorua. A board box, large enough to admit a kettle, is placed in a well, and an iron grating put at the bottom to rest it on. Meat, fish, vegetables or anything to be cooked is put in the kettle. A blanket is placed over this to keep the steam from escaping. When the food is cooked, the kettle is taken out and the meal served. Dough is placed in them also, and the bread is well baked. Dried shark meat is much eaten by Maoris.

Like all South Sea Islanders, he is fond of the water, indulging in bathing, swimming and aquatic sports. The Maori still maintains the skill with large canoes that enabled his forefathers to paddle 1,700 miles over the Pacific, from Raratonga to New Zealand.

Tattooing is a very noticeable custom of these people. Women are tattooed more generally than men. It used to be the other way. When the custom began to die out with the men,

the women took it up, and it is they who keep it alive. The marks are made by a dark blue liquid — the sap of a certain tree. The forehead and chin are the places where the marks are mostly made. Tattooing does not improve the women's looks, but they will not allow old fashions to die out. The woman is generally the man's master.

Maoris are a proud and independent race, considering themselves on an equal with the white man. In order that their "equality" may be maintained, they will not act as servants of the white race. One could not induce a Maori girl to do housework for a European for any wage, neither would a Maori boy black a white man's shoes. They have a vote on any measure affecting their interest, but Dominion suffrage ends there. Four Maoris represent their race in Parliament. The immigration laws of this country practically prohibiting, by a high tax, Asiatic and all other black and colored races from entering, the Maori is the only colored inhabitant in New Zealand.

Any land Maoris sell must be sold to the government and disposed of as it sees fit. The government forwards to the natives the interest on the principal from these sales when they are in need of funds. They prefer to work in the sheep-shearing period, which lasts a month to six weeks, during which they can earn from \$8 to \$10 a day. As a rule, they do not want a steady job.

Native women wear a charm, called tiki—a flat, green stone, one to three inches in width and from two to four inches in length. It is a weird image, carved in the stone, having a big, lop-sided head and unevenly shaped body. This ornament is worn on their chest. A small hole is bored in the top of the tiki, through which a string is passed, and, when the ends are tied, the loop is placed around the neck.

Many Maori women smoke pipes. They are a religious race, and before entering a church they lift the pipes from their mouths and place them on a railing or a step outside. When the service is finished, each one, on leaving the building, stoops and picks up her pipe, lights it, and heads for her home.



MAORI WOMEN'S SALUTE—RUBBING NOSES
AND SHAKING HANDS.
NEW ZEALAND.

See page 195.



MAORI WOMEN COOKING BY BOILING SPRINGS.
NEW ZEALAND.

See page 193.

Homeless white babies and children need not be a charge on a municipality where there is a Maori settlement. Natives will take all the white foundlings that are offered them. As they are an honest race, white children are not only well looked after, but are taught good principles also.

Rubbing noses and shaking hands is the mode of greeting when Maori meets Maori, and their offspring learn that custom early. As a mother, carrying her child on her back, bends to "burnish" noses with a friend, the children seem to lean to one side and watch their mammas carry out this old Maori mode of greeting.

Pakeha is the native word for white people, and when white persons speak of native and white, pakeha and native are the distinguishing terms used.

Visitors to Rotorua are afforded much amusement by native dances and hakas. Women engage in the poi dance, which is a series of motions, gone through to the accompaniment of a concertina. In the hands of each woman is a ball of grass as large as a peach, with a grass string attached. Time is kept with these as they come in contact with the other hand, and when a dozen strike in unison a shuffling sound results. The grass or flax ball is termed the poi. Men only take part in the haka, which is a war dance, and a good one, too. An extended account of the Maori and his customs would make interesting reading. They number less than 50,000.

Kaikai is the name they give to food in New Zealand. Grub, scoff, tucker, and kaikai is the collection of food names to this point.

We now take leave of this pretty place, where crutches, walking-sticks, and invalid chairs are converted into kindling wood; where pain evaporates with the sulphurous odors, and men are made anew by bathing in that far-off pool of Siloam — where, as Langhorne so beautifully puts it,

"Affliction flies, and hope returns,"

and start for Auckland.

Auckland is the largest city in New Zealand, having a population of 85,000, and was the busiest we had visited. This is another leg-straining place, but not so hilly as Dunedin or Wellington. Ships from the South Sea Islands are arriving and departing continually, as Auckland has a big trade with these groups. Most of the shipping between Australia and New Zealand passes through Auckland; many large steamships from Europe also head for this port.

The rosy-cheeked women and children and the healthy appearance of New Zealanders generally is a feature one cannot fail to observe. Besides, there are few poor people — none wearing ragged clothes, certainly — every one tidy in appearance and well dressed. Few foreign-speaking people live in Auckland — 90 per cent. are Britishers — and all have a fair education. Schooling advantages are good.

The city is well supplied with parks; also a splendid museum and an art gallery are among the assets of that busy, far-off place. Auckland's street car system is the only one privately owned in New Zealand. Unlike Melbourne's, though, it is fast and modern.

The winter climate of Auckland proves a magnet to those living in colder parts of the Dominion. It is semi-tropical and has an invigorating atmosphere.

The dwellings are mostly frame-built, two stories high, and from \$15 to \$20 a month rent is charged. Wages do not exceed \$3 a day for mechanics and \$2 a day for laborers. Meat, on the other hand, is reasonable, ranging in price from 6 to 12 cents a pound.

Servant girls have a union in New Zealand, and their wages run from \$4 to \$5 a week. After quitting time, the lady of the house must finish any work that has not been completed. A smart New Zealand girl does the work of three African house servants.

The degrading occupation of barmaid was noticeable in New Zealand, as in most British colonies. But that kind of work for women will gradually come to an end in the Island Dominion, as an act was passed forbidding saloonkeepers hiring

barmaids. Those that were engaged at that work when the act was passed were allowed to remain, but when a barmaid leaves the proprietor must fill the vacancy with a man. As temperance has gained a strong foothold, it is not likely that, in the near future, there will be work of that sort for either women or men.

Punishment by lashes for certain offenses committed by men is a law of New Zealand, the number administered being from one to fifty.

All the inhabitants of Australasia are tea drinkers — tea for breakfast, tea for luncheon, and tea for dinner. Mutton and lamb chops are the meat standbys.

The government has sadly neglected Auckland in public buildings. For a lively business place, and the largest city in the Dominion, the railway station was a disgrace; it was little better than the one at Wellington, but this comparison adds nothing to the Auckland Station.

When the American fleet visited New Zealand, the sailors took a fancy to blankets made in that country, and before they left the hospitable shores of the Dominion every blanket in stock had been bought. The visit of the United States battle-ships here some years ago proved an epoch-making event.

New Zealanders are very patriotic, but often, when they have visited Australian cities and rested their eyes on the splendid buildings and grand parks there, and quaffed a few draughts of metropolitan air that pervades some centers of that country, they are in no hurry to return. New Zealand is the best place in the world until the New Zealander visits Australia.

Coastwise shipping, both in New Zealand and in Australia, is conducted on a similar basis to that of the United States. A steamer leaving New Zealand for Africa or Europe, or any foreign port, and stopping at an Australian port to take on over-sea cargo, is not allowed to carry either freight or passengers from New Zealand to Australia. The same rule applies to vessels coming from foreign ports that stop at Australian ports with their destination a New Zealand port. Sailors and firemen employed on coastwise ships are paid double the wages of

sailors on oversea ships, the same as paid sailors employed on American ships — \$40 and \$45 a month.

One steamship company has cornered almost all the shipping there is in that part of the world. It is a four days' sail from Auckland to Sydney, and the first-class fare is \$37. If a passenger received first-class accommodation there would be less fault to find with the high charge. A cabin contains six berths, and these are nearly always occupied, as travel is heavy between the two centers. What would any one paying first-class fare on a steamship plying between the United States and Europe think if shown a cabin containing six berths, all of them taken? One has no choice in Australasia. Second-class accommodation on the ships of that line is not so good as third-class on the European liners.

The duty on some American exports — grain binders, motor cars, manufactured and raw material for various uses — is 25 to 60 per cent. The duty on tobacco, most of it shipped from America, is 84 cents a pound.

Auckland is very attractive by reason of her good harbor and the elevated character of land, on which the greater portion of the city is built.

Gold is profitably mined in both the North and South Islands.

The newspaper industry is well represented in Auckland, and fully measures up to the place. One will find more news from the United States printed in Auckland papers than in any other newspapers in Australasia.

New Zealanders are to be commended for their fair treatment of strangers. Travelers, particularly those from foreign lands, pay no more for hotel accommodation and articles bought than is charged local tourists. Every one seems to be interested in a stranger's welfare, not for what money they can extort from him, but from a purely Christian spirit. No petty overcharges were imposed — no one seemed bent on getting more out of a visitor than was just. We wish them well.

CHAPTER III

AFTER a four days' sail over the Tasman Sea we reached Sydney, Australia, where, after several weeks' stay, we counted our money. Five dollars a day was our basis of expenses, but, as hotel rates had not exceeded \$1.50 a day in Australasia, we found ourselves with a surplus of over a hundred dollars, for our expenses had been only \$4 a day instead of \$5. A very enticing trip, taking several weeks, was advertised to Fiji, Samoa, and the Tonga Islands for \$125. We could spare \$100, but feared that the other \$25 might result in our being held in Australia at a time when we had promised to be in South Africa. However, we bought a ticket for the South Sea Islands trip, and took the chance of a shortage.

The ship was packed with passengers going to Fiji, as the sugar season had just begun. The first suggestion of the demoralization that accompanies living in the tropics was observed here. Whisky-and-soda, whisky-and-soda, all the day and a good part of the night, seemed to be the main "amusement" indulged in by many of the Islanders. This pronounced phase of tropical life does not apply to any particular white race — people of every nation travel the same road.

After six days' sail from Sydney the ship was angling about treacherous coral reefs, and before us were fields of bright green color — the sugar-cane; several buildings with smokestacks rising above — the sugar mill; one-story frame houses dotted here and there; the shores attractive with cocoanut palms, and just behind stretches of broad banana leaves, the tops of grass and leaf-built huts showing now and again through the foliage, were the unerring suggestions that the balmy tropics had been reached.

How savage these strange people, standing on the wharf at

Lautoka, looked! The stiff hair was pointing upward for six inches from their heads, some so bushy that the bottom of a washtub would be none too large to accommodate the mop-like, hairy spread. Tall, and of athletic build, their features flat and negroid, copper or black in color, with muscles standing out from legs and arms, their flesh shining from the frequent use of cocoanut-oil, and with a cloth about their waist extending to the knees, there stood the redeemed cannibals.

Their hair is black and kinky, but among groups of Fijis may be seen hair of a dark, reddish color, and, again, others are completely plastered with white mud. The plaster is coral lime, used to change the color, which accounts for the reddish-colored mops. Dyeing the hair is only a fad with a native, however, for he later on becomes tired of his reddish locks, when he will apply a black dye, the hair again becoming its natural color. In a few days the coral lime will change the hair from black to brown, or reddish. He rubs himself with cocoanut-oil every day, which gives his body and limbs a polished appearance. That daily massage largely accounts for his muscles standing out so prominently and also for his splendid build. Besides, he puts in a great deal of time bathing and swimming, which exercise will add strength to any one. In diving he excels perhaps any race in the world, for going to depths of from 35 to 40 feet is a common pastime with him.

The Fijis' mode of dealing with each other is communistic. A sailing boat may be seen tied to the trunk of a cocoanut palm. All the natives in that district having contributed to the building of the craft, when one wished to use the boat there was no protest from other members of the community. The same principle applies to money; when a Fiji has earned, say, \$5, he shares with others who may be in need.

One day a week is about all he cares to work, but he will make a sacrifice of his scruples occasionally by working two days, when, for instance, a ship is being loaded or unloaded. He receives 50 cents a day, with board, for that labor. On the wharf are portions of food — sandwiches, biscuits, meat, and other eatables — for each native employed by the ship's com-

pany. Sitting on their haunches, they devour their allotted portion at "Smoke, ho," time.

Numbers of them gather at a wharf of an evening when a ship is in port. Soon the tunes of "Shall We Gather at the River?" "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Hold the Fort," and other well-known hymns fall harmoniously on the balmy air, the English words having been translated into their language. No missionary, however, can be sure of his black and brawny followers, for they think nothing of severing their connection with one denomination and affiliating with any other they think will better serve them. But all are affiliated with some religious body. Cannibalism has not been practiced for forty years. Fijians are a docile and agreeable race.

Unlike his Zulu brother, a Fiji has but one wife, and families, as a rule, are small, not averaging more than three children. For some years the birth rate was on the decrease, but of recent years they have held their own. Some 90,000 natives, and 40,000 Indians, or Hindus, live in the Fiji group.

Their huts are built of reeds, bamboo poles and cocoanut trees, the roofs being covered with grass; they have two doors, but no windows. Not a nail is used in the construction. Mats, made of cocoanut leaves, are spread about the floor, giving the inside a neat appearance. Their food is turtle, fish, yams, taro, boiled green bananas, cocoanut and rice. A small yam looks like a beet; but some of them grow very large, being a load for a man to carry. The taro is the root of a plant like a lily, which grows in swamps. With these growing all around, combined with the turtles and fish, he is as independent as he was a thousand years ago. Then there are papaws, bread-fruit and other tropical fruits that furnish all the delicacies he may desire.

A large sugar mill is located at Lautoka, and the sugar shipment from the Fiji group is nearly 100,000 tons each season. The land is very rich, and some of the cane stalks are as large as a two-inch pipe. Working in the cane fields and mills being too hard for the Fijian, that work is done by Indian coolies. Narrow railways are built through the large cane fields, and

the stalks are brought to the mills on trucks from the surrounding plantations. Fiji is the richest of all South Pacific groups.

Free railroad travel is a luxury seldom enjoyed anywhere, but this is to be found in Fiji. The distance from Lautoka to Ba is 28 miles, and a railway connects the two points. There are sugar mills at both places. A concession was granted to the sugar companies to build a railway from Lautoka to Ba, with the stipulation that all passengers traveling to and from these points be carried free of charge. The track is two feet wide, and the locomotive is as broad as it is high. A small car, with seats placed across, heads the train, and to this is coupled several freight trucks. The schedule for the 28 miles is four hours, but five and six hours is more often the time consumed in making the journey.

Europeans carrying horse-hair fastened to a stick is the first odd thing one notices at Lautoka. Flies are very numerous and stick to one like mosquitoes. The fly-swish is used to keep "tormentors" from worrying one to death. Australia has the same breed of insect, but because of the absence of black servants and black help their hands are occupied with tools of industry instead of a hair swish with which to insure personal comfort.

Only 150 Europeans live in Lautoka, and these were engaged at clerical or managerial employment. Few fat men were seen, and every one had a bleached appearance.

Suva, capital of the Fiji Islands, is, with Lautoka, located on the island of Viti Levu, the largest of the group. Abel J. Tasman, the daring navigator who first set foot on Tasmania and first saw New Zealand, was also the first white man to come in touch with these islands, in 1643. They became British territory in 1874. A governor, appointed by the King of England, directs the affairs of the group, aided by a legislative council composed of eighteen members, twelve of whom are appointed and six elected. Two native representatives are included in the legislative council. Great Britain recently ceded the government of these islands to Australia. The Fiji grōup are composed of 200 islands, 80 of which are inhabited. The

other islands are small, but cocoanut palms grow on most of them.

One thousand Europeans live in Suva, and all of them dress in immaculate white. Business houses are located along the water-front, and the homes are built on rising hills. These dwellings rest on posts driven in the ground, are of wood and one story in height. Large verandas are built to the homes, and these are enclosed with reeds — this screen keeping out the hot sun and allowing the breeze to blow through at the same time.

Flowers grow everywhere, nature being liberal to Fiji both in quantity and variety. Leaves on vegetation range from the size of an ironing-board down to the finest fern-leaf. The sleeping tree, seen in Suva, is of interest. When the sun has hid behind the tropical hills the leaves begin to curl, and by dark they all close. At daylight, the leaves begin to wake, as it were, and a short time after sunrise they have unfolded to their full size. One weed or small bush that grows here is a marvel of the vegetable world. It is called the sensitive plant. If one looks at it, it seems to shrink away, and the slightest touch will cause its leaves to shrivel up, as if dead. On leaving the plant, the leaves slowly expand again. This plant goes to sleep, too, when the chill of evening falls, but opens at the first flush of the morning sun.

“The king of plants,” the hibiscus, a flower from three to six inches across, of a bright red and sometimes red and white color, grows in profusion. Hedges are often made of the hibiscus, and when in bloom it offers a superior floral scene. There is no end to flowers in Fiji.

“Oh, mamma! Look at the black bobbies!” (policemen) roared a young Britisher when he first saw the Fiji police. The guardians of peace in Fiji are termed constabulary, and natives compose the force. They wear a bushy head of hair, as does the civilian native, have bare feet and polished legs. Their uniform is a blue jacket, or tunic, and white sulu (a kilt), the latter scalloped or vandyked round the edges. Natives prefer police duty or soldiering to all other work. Unlike the Zulu,

he scorns domestic service, and field labor does not appeal to him. A bright red hibiscus, or another flower of flaring hue, may be seen sticking in his hair at the side. Thus the Suva policeman looks neat, and is certainly noticeable.

The best building in Suva is a library, donated by a Scotch philanthropist. It is built of cement. Little can be said of the government buildings; yet in this small place is a botanical garden large cities would be proud of.

Copra (dried cocoanut) is shipped in considerable quantities from Suva. Brought from adjacent islands in small sailing boats, it is loaded on vessels at the capital port. A cocoanut tree produces a dollar's worth of copra yearly. Forty trees is the number generally planted to the acre. Eight years' time is required from planting until bearing. The trees require very little care, and, if not blown down by storms, will yield for a hundred years.

It is marvelous to what uses the cocoanut tree and its fruit can be put. Besides being a staple food of natives, the pulp, together with cocanut oil, is made into cakes for cattle, particularly dairy cows. The pulp contains 40 per cent. nutriment, and both increased quantity and richness of milk result when a cow is fed with these cakes. There is a demand for this food in Australia. Soap is also made of the cocoanut, together with candies, and preparations for cooking purposes claim a large portion of the product. The coir, or fibers, and cocoanut leaves are used to make mats, baskets, scrub brushes, brooms, fans, pillows, for thatching houses, making rope and twine, and in many other ways the cocoanut tree and its product serve as articles of utility.

The Fijian believes that the food that tickles his palate should also be relished by the white man. When one stops at a native's home it would be better to forget for the time being that he is a white. Fijians are very hospitable, and share with a white visitor the best they have. It makes no difference how the native food may look, smell or taste, if a white man refuses to partake of the hospitality offered the native will be offended.

From 40,000 to 50,000 Indian coolies live in these rich islands, most of whom work in the sugar-cane fields. Then there are what is known as the Solomon Island "boys," in considerable numbers in Fiji, engaged at the same work. The Fijian will not do hard work if he has a chance to run away. Indians are brought to Fiji under the indenture system for a term of five years. At the end of the indentureship, though, they may remain in Fiji. Herein a similar blunder was made in Natal, South Africa. Indians will eventually own the sections of Fiji worth having; then natives, white men, and all others will have no chance to make a living.

Some 500 lepers are detained on one island; but there was no leprosy in Fiji, nor other bad diseases affecting the group before Indians were imported to work in the sugar fields. From six to ten Indians are hanged here every month; but there were very few hangings before Indians came. When sending out packs of indentured coolies the Indian government apportions one woman to three men; this may explain the monthly hangings.

"Everybody in town knows what's in the papers before they come out," remarked a resident when speaking of the Suva newspapers. Two are printed in the Fiji capital, each appearing three times a week. As editions appear on alternate days, Suva enjoys the luxury of a daily. Business men seem to be well satisfied with the publishers' efforts, for, out of 28 columns contained in each of the tri-weeklies, 20 columns were advertisements. Considering population, high cable charges, etc., Suva's newspapers outstrip anything we can recall; they sell at six cents a copy.

All natives go to church on Sunday morning. Each one has a Bible or hymn book carefully wrapped in a cloth or paper. Men and women are dressed in their best, the men mostly in white jackets and sulus (kilts), wearing vari-colored neckwear. Women wear cheap picture hats or go bareheaded. With the latter style go fronds of delicate ferns, artistically woven in the hair, or plaited together along with a pretty hibiscus or other flaring flower. The natives not only look attractive, but

their demeanor commands respect. Their singing is of fair quality, and they put their heart in their efforts.

The English money system — shillings and pounds — is the one in use in the Fiji group. Hotel expenses were \$2 to \$3 a day.

All barriers and shoals in the sea in that part of the world are termed coral reefs. Beautiful specimens are brought to the steamships by natives to sell to passengers. The natural color of the coral is brown, which becomes white when bleached in the sun. Then there are big shells that are beauties — some so large they could not go in a water pail. One variety of pearl shell — *cici* — found in the vicinity of Suva has developed into quite an industry. A ton weight of these sell from \$125 to \$150. They are as large as a goose egg. The Fijian dives for these among the reefs, a kind of work that suits him to a T. These shells are shipped to pearl merchants in China.

On the island of Mbau, situated not far from Suva, is the ancient capital of Fiji, where all who may be termed aristocratic in Fiji live. It was here the last king, Cakobau the Terrible, lived, died and was buried. Kandavu Levu, the greatest of the Fijian lords and the grandson of Cakobau, now lives in the old cannibal king's stronghold. He receives a pension from the British government. The Fijian princess, Andi Cakobau, the grand-daughter of King Cakobau, is also among the high-bred Fijian residents at Mbau.

Sixty miles further a stop was made at Levuka, on the island of Ovalau, as pretty a settlement as one could wish to see. Only 250 Europeans live in this place, but all seemed prosperous. These are mostly traders, and it would surprise one to see the varied assortment of goods in the stores. Roofs of houses are painted red, and the residences are surrounded by cocoanut palms, papaw trees, and bananas. There are flowers everywhere — even the shrubbery bears flowers.

A short distance from Levuka we came to a native village. Between the front rows of huts was a street, 150 feet wide, covered with grass. On visiting one of the huts, the husband pointed to a bed, which consisted of a dozen mats piled on the

floor, inviting me to sit down. A moment later he bethought himself of the baby sleeping in the part of the bed where he had invited me to sit. He pointed to a little mound under the mats, laughed, and indicated that I sit in another place. Scanning the tidy enclosure, to my surprise, a large picture of Jeffries, the ex-prizefighter, hung from one side. It pleased the native to see the interest I took in the poster, for he laughed aloud, and, pointing to it, said something that sounded like "Ugh!"

Visiting another hut, it was also found very neat, the floor being covered with cocoanut mats; the mat bed was the visitor's seat here also. This Fijian could speak no English, and we had not been long enough in the islands to acquire a speaking knowledge of the native language. At our approach the wife came to the center of the hut, but a few moments later, much to our surprise, she sat on the floor and began turning a handle to an American-made hand sewing machine that rested on a soap box.

It is possible for a Fijian to march 40 miles a day, heavily loaded, without food; but sometimes he takes twelve hours to travel only twelve miles, and eats half a dozen big meals during the journey. He is said to have a more pronounced weakness for yanggona, the native liquor, than have any other of the South Sea Islanders. This beverage is made from the root of a tree and, when drunk to excess, intoxicates. Each native must pay a yearly government tax of \$5.

So that the reader may gather some idea of the scope of the planet on which we live, it may be of interest to note, before leaving Levuka, that this small port is located 11 hours and 59 minutes east of Greenwich, England, from which point the time of the world is computed.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELING through still, blue-water channels, resembling wide esplanades, if the term be allowed, formed by heavily verdured tropical islands on each side, with curly coral reefs peeping out of the sea from time to time, we sailed for 150 miles through what may be termed an ocean park, when the ship entered the Koro Sea, and two days later reached the Samoan Islands. Sixty miles east of Levuka we crossed the line of the 180th meridian, where time changes 12 hours.

A red stream of lava, running from the mouth of a volcano down a mountain course 15 miles in length, and emptying into the sea, is a strange phenomenon. This volcano is located on the island of Savaii, the largest of the Samoan group. The distance from the shore to the mouth of the crater is seven miles, but the circuitous course of the stream is double the direct distance. The volcano burst into activity in 1905, and a foreshore of lava a quarter of a mile in extent bears evidence of the crater's outpourings since that time. In daytime the molten stream is white, and at night it resembles a great flaring serpent as it angles its way about rocky obstructions down the mountain-side to the sea. Not far from the shore the lava bored a tunnel through a hillock that interfered for a time with its flow, and day and night the stream is red when passing through that opening. The cloud of steam that rises as the lava enters the water resembles a great volume of spray from a large waterfall. It is said the sea is a mile deep where this lava stream empties into the Pacific Ocean. Ships stop opposite the crater to allow passengers to view this unusual spectacle.

Passing through a coral reef channel, we arrived in the harbor of Apia, capital of the Samoan Islands. The little town stretches along the bay, cocoanut palms lining the shore at places, the trees and heavily verdured hills in the foreground

giving the Samoan capital a high position in the list of pretty places. The ship was soon surrounded by natives, who offered for sale fans, shells, corals, beads and flowers.

The Samoan is the native aristocrat of all peoples. In bearing, looks, manners, tidiness, hospitality and pride he leads the world. He is the Polynesian, together with the Maori, the Tongan (Friendly Islander), the Kanaka (of Hawaii), and other tribes living on some of the South Pacific islands. The Samoans number 40,000, about 500 Europeans living in the group.

If one should reach Apia on Sunday he would be apt to find the hair on the heads of a majority of men a yellow and reddish color; and were one to stop at the same port on a Tuesday or Wednesday the hair would be black, the natural color. Coral lime will change the color of hair in two or three days, when he puts on his best lava-lava (kilt; sulu in Fiji), the light-colored hair indicating he is dressed up. The hair is straight, and worn brushed back. The lava-lava is often a bath towel with red stripes. From his waist up he is bare, and he wears no shoes. From waist-line to the cap of the knee he is tattooed. His skin is a gold-bronze color, and he walks with a princely step, but not a swagger stride. Natives are of good size, but not so strongly built as the Zulus.

Samoan women are noted for their beauty, and their comeliness measures up to this coveted distinction not only among the South Sea Islands races, but of native races of the world. They wear the lava-lava, as the men, together with a loose-fitting waist, with short, loose sleeves. Wrappers, however, are sometimes worn. The clothing worn on the islands is made with the object of affording comfort. The hair generally presents a tidy appearance. Flowers, ferns or leaves are often seen deftly placed in the folds of the thick black hair of Samoan women, which usually shines from a liberal application of cocoa-nut oil. Garlands, worn about the neck, also play a part in their dress. These are sometimes composed of orange blossoms, buds of other flowers, berry-like seeds from trees, small sea-shells, pits from certain fruits, or of pieces of bone resembling

teeth of wild beasts. As a rule, their expressions are pleasing, and they have a healthy appearance. Some wear sandals, but most natives are in their bare feet. As with the wearing apparel of most races, the lava-lavas and waists are not all of the same color, but vary according to the fancy of the wearer; and the seed of fancy and caprice seems to be implanted in the hearts of women of all races, as manifested not only by the different colors of the lava-lava, but also by the patterns of silks, sealskins, feathers, and precious stones, as the case may be.

These natives are too proud to unload ships, so Nieu "boys," natives from the Savage Islands, are carried from port to port to do the work. Each Samoan owns a small piece of land, and the copra, cocoa, bananas and other tropical products from this amply supply his needs.

When eating in a Samoan's hut a mat is spread for the visitor to sit on. Another mat is placed before the visitor, which might be termed a tablecloth. A banana-leaf plate, placed on the second mat, may contain a baked fish or perhaps a pigeon. Still another dinner mat, with a banana-leaf plate, contains greens, the taro leaf, and cocoanut cream; then there may be a third course, with mat and "plate," containing a native delicacy. The native beverage, kava, is served in a cocoanut shell by one of the daughters. All the while chatting is going on and compliments paid the visitor by the family through an interpreter, if one cannot speak their language. Sipping liquid is not a custom in Samoa; but swallowing whatever is offered in the nature of drink at one gulp, and then sending the cup spinning back across the mat to the person who served it, is proper. One is supposed to sit cross-legged on a mat during the meal.

Most of the natives seemed to own a horse and buggy, and no signs of poverty are apparent. People are in no hurry in Samoa, which may account for the term, "The land of delicious idleness." The weather is hot, never below 90 degrees in the shade, and hovers about the 100 mark. The temperature does not vary 10 degrees all the year round.

For miles around Apia is a great botanical garden. It is said the best cocoanut palms grow in Samoa; bananas grow as

prolific as weeds; the broad-leafed cocoa tree, with its large, purple-covered pods, covers large areas; the papaw, or mummy apple, is seen at every turn; coffee bushes are a luxurious growth; pineapples, mango trees, breadfruit trees, with broad leaves and rough skin — any tree or plant that grows in the tropics may be found in Samoa. The exports from that port are chiefly copra and cocoa. Samoa is the only place in the South Sea Islands where cocoa trees will thrive.

Nobody locks doors at night, and nothing is ever taken from huts. Calling on an acquaintance who kept a general store, we found the place filled with Samoans — not room enough to move. He had occasion to step to the rear for some article called for, leaving the goods, which were piled up on the counters, to the mercy of the natives, and much floor space was taken up with merchandise, too. After the customers had left the store, the storekeeper was asked if he did not fear that his goods would be taken while he was at the rear of the building. "If I had turned around while walking from the front to the rear of the store," he explained, "something would have been missing, for I would have offended their sense of honesty, but by giving no sign of suspicion — trusting them — had I remained away an hour everything in the place would be, on my return, as it was when I went away."

Samoans are a religious race. On Sundays the streets are crowded with natives dressed in highly-colored lava-lavas, each carrying a Bible and hymn book. They are good singers.

Only a few miles from Apia, Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, lived and died. On Mount Vaca, rising a thousand feet above Apia, his remains lie, and a portion of the tomb may be seen through the thick foliage when sailing into the harbor. His home, "Vailima," is now the residence of the Governor-General.

"Talofa" is the passing salute in Samoa, which, translated, is "My love to you." "Tofa" is the parting word on leaving a Samoan home, meaning "good-by."

Foreign labor is imported to work on plantations, as the natives cannot be depended upon; Chinamen are generally em-

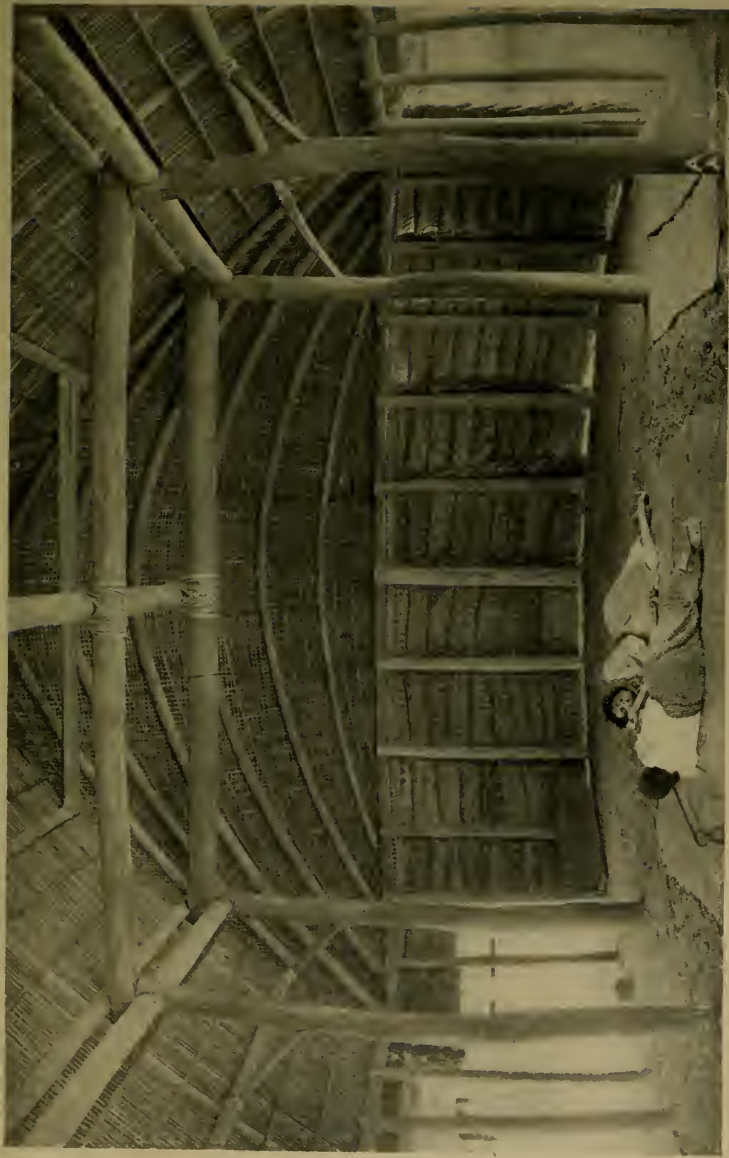
ployed. And what an improvement the Chinaman is on the Indian coolie!

The Samoan is a fatalist. If the idea comes into his head that he is going to die no power on earth will keep him alive. He gives right up, lies down on the ground, in a boat, or wherever he may be — just makes up his mind that his time has come.

A Samoan chief dressed in war regalia is an object of interest. His well shaped head, covered with a heavy growth of black hair brushed back and glossy from applications of coconut oil, rests on a stocky neck. The face is round, complexion bronze, and he generally wears a mustache. In addition to a necklace, thickly studded with polished, round, sharp-pointed pieces of bone, several inches in length, which encircles the neck, a loop of stout cord, ornamented with larger and rougher pieces of bone, resting on the shoulders and extending to below the chest, is worn. Save for the necklace and loop, the warrior is bare to his waist. From waistline to between knee and ankle he is covered with a bulky kilt — often made of bark cloth — this being embellished with fringe, tassels and ribbon woven from tropical fibers. Plump, but not fat, he stands about 5 feet 6 inches. A rifle is a fighting feature of the chief's equipment, and, like most Samoans, is in bare feet.

Elephantiasis makes its appearance in Samoa, and natives with legs swollen to the proportion of an elephant's may be seen walking any time at a slow, shuffling gait, about the islands. This disease occurs more often in tropical sea sections, and is believed to be caused by a blood parasite. The legs become enormously enlarged, due to inflammation of the skin and obstructed circulation of the blood.

America has adopted a good system of looking after natives' copra produced on the islands of Manua and Tutuila, United States territory. An officer in charge at Pago-Pago receives the goods, weighs it, gives a receipt for the product, and sells when the market offers the best price. In the meantime, if the native needs money, he can, by applying to the proper officer, have



INTERIOR OF SAMOAN HOME, BUILT OF BREADFRUIT TREE, SECURED BY COIR; NO NAILS USED.
SAMOA.



funds advanced to him. When his copra is sold, he is paid the full price.

The huts or homes of the Samoans, circular in form, are the best built of those of any native races. From a heavy center upright beam, 12 to 16 feet in length, scantlings extend to a circular support, which rests on posts three feet high. The roof, composed of cocoanut palm leaves, is secured to breadfruit wood scantlings. Palm-leaf curtains, the width of the space from post to post, are attached to the circular timber. During the day the shades are raised all round, allowing air to pass through, and at night they are lowered. As an additional means of cooling the home, a strip of pebbles, two feet wide, extends around the hut, mats covering the floor space each side of the circle of small stones. The bed is composed of half a dozen to a dozen cocoanut-leaf mats, four feet wide and six feet in length, and white cotton sheets, laid on the floor. In the morning the bedding is rolled together, placed on poles above, and taken down at bedtime. As chairs do not figure in the furnishing of a Samoan home, a leaf mat is used as a seat.

Though Samoans will not unload ships, they have no objection to washing clothes. They board vessels in the harbor and solicit laundry work, charging eight cents apiece. For a white suit of drill they charge only eight cents, a pair of socks or a collar costing the same.

On a sailing ship, and on a naval cutter plying between Pago-Pago and Apia (both seen here), also on a schooner at Dunedin, N. Z., were the only instances since leaving New York when the Stars and Stripes was observed flying from vessels.

Upolu Island, on which Apia is located, is second in area to Savaii, being 38 miles long and 12 wide. Samoa is one place in the Southern Pacific Ocean that Abel Tasman was not the first to set eyes on, this group being discovered by Captain Roggeville, in 1721.

We reached Apia on a Sydney Sunday (Eastern time), which was Saturday in Apia (Western time). Naturally, Sydney's Monday was Apia's Sunday, so we had two Saturdays and

two Sundays that week. It is difficult for the layman to understand how twelve hours can make a day, as we appeared to lose one after crossing the line of the 180th meridian from east to west.

A weekly newspaper of 48 columns, 25 of these advertisements, is published in Apia. Only 200 Europeans live in the town, yet a newspaper of that size appears to flourish.

The American consul called at the ship one evening in tropical evening dress to have a chat with the American passengers — four in number. He asked the captain of the vessel, who was a Britisher, to blow his whistle three times on sailing out of the harbor, when he would acknowledge the salute by lowering the flag on the staff at the consulate. The captain kept his word, the following day, but the flag did not move. There is nothing strange about such forgetfulness, however, for the consulate is located in "The Land of Delicious Idleness."

CHAPTER V

WE will now say "Tofa" to that splendid race and their pretty islands and make a start for Tonga, when the day "lost" will be reclaimed, as we recross the 180th meridian. The captain did not turn back the ship's clock here, but kept the Sydney time.

Passing between two prominent stone walls, we entered the harbor of Vavau, Tonga, another group of the South Sea Islands. This group appears on some maps as the Friendly Islands. Abel Tasman, who discovered so many countries before any one else, but allowed others to claim what he first saw, discovered the Tongan group in 1643. Over a hundred years later Captain James Cook, the explorer, made three visits to these islands, before and after he had planted the British flag on Australia and New Zealand. The Tongans have always had self-government, but the group is under the protection of the British. The native ruling power is King George Tubou II. Parliament consists of 32 elected representatives and an equal number of hereditary chiefs, all of native birth. The islands also boast a Prime Minister, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Chief Justice and other high officials.

King George Tubou II., at the opening of Parliament, wears a European court suit, a gold and jeweled crown, and a long mantle of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, which is supported by two boys attired in tights, trunks, and feathered caps, while the king's soldiers line the highway along which the royal procession marches. To maintain that standard of royalty the natives are taxed \$10 each a year, with maturity age at 16. The native head tax in Fiji is \$5, and in Samoa \$3, so the Tongan pays highly for the royal atmosphere he breathes.

The harbor of Vavau is the prettiest we have seen, but it

would not be advisable to make that statement in Sydney, Australia. While the striking panorama offered by Sydney's is absent here, Nature's lavish tropical adornment offsets that feature, wrought mainly by the hand of man, in the former. For seven miles, from the imposing Heads to the small town at the other end, the shores are studded with cocoanut palms, and the bay is beautifully bedecked with small and pretty islands, thickly verdured with a moistened growth, the fronds of the cocoanut palm and leaves of the banana bush growing on these dipping their points into the still, mirror-like blue water from every side. Smaller vegetation grows upward for a time, but later yields to the seductiveness of the clear, calm, coral-reflected water, when the bright, tender tips of these become fondled, as it were, by the gentle ripples, adding more attractiveness to this unusual scene of natural beauty. These islands would remind one of a flower-pot overgrown with drooping ferns. The vessel is pointed straight, then veers, when the foliage of one of these green barriers seems almost to brush the water-line of the ship. After a turn in another direction, the course is straight again for a short distance. Another of these pretty islands is seen just ahead, when the vessel slants and seem to barely miss caressing the foliage drooping into the water. All the while the palm-studded shore maintains its most pronounced beauty. Traveling through Vavau harbor is like sailing through an enchanted botanical garden.

"Malolelei," the word a visitor first hears from a Tongan, is "Good day" in the native language. One soon asks another who knows how to pronounce the word to teach him the vernacular, for the salute is supposed to be returned. Every one says "Malolelei."

The Tongan is very friendly to the whites, which explains how the name "Friendly Islands" came to be applied to the Tongan group. Mariners, in early days, when shipwrecked on the shores of these islands, were killed, cut up, and made stew of. But nowadays they would be fed, housed and receive any and every attention that would make their misfortune easier to bear. Were a white man known to be in need, every native

would feel it his duty to help relieve him. Each would bring with him food, and if the hungry man could eat all that was brought to him he might live to be as old as Methuselah without worrying about money to pay his board bill.

"The Sun is dead!" was the term used by the natives to describe a total eclipse of the sun that took place while traveling through the South Sea section of the journey. The words were spoken in a solemn tone, and it was amusing to note the difference in their voices and faces when, the eclipse being over, they shouted, "The Sun is alive again!"

Little of interest is to be seen at Vavau, as only 60 white persons live here, most of them traders. Native meat is scarce, as practically no grain or potatoes grow in tropical countries, so European food staples have to be imported to the islands of the South Seas. As an offset for these importations, bananas, copra and pineapples are exported to either Auckland or Sydney.

"Good-by to chops and juicy steaks — canned meat for you henceforth" — were the parting words an Australian received who left the ship at a Tongan port. He had decided to make his home in Tonga, and no person would feel the loss of a mutton chop more keenly than an Australian.

We again sail through Vavau's botanical harbor, and next stop at Haapai, a port on another island of the group. Traveling from South Sea ports, the deck of a ship is crowded with natives, whose bodies shine with cocoanut oil, and all have cocoanut palm leaf baskets and banana-leaf plates. Sometimes a piece of purple-colored taro is bitten off and eaten, or a dozen cocoanuts are tilted and natives drink the liquid; then a whole orange may be forced inside the mouth, when a series of prying with the fingers takes place, causing contortions of the face, in the effort to squeeze out the juice, when the caved-in orange will be withdrawn and thrown away. All are bareheaded, wearing vari-colored kilts and waists, and everybody happy and seemingly well fed. A feature of the Tongan's "luggage" is the great quantity of food each brings with him. They have good faces, but are not up to the general appearance of the Samoan.

The shore on which the little town of Haapai is built is a picture. Lined with an unbroken row of cocoanut palms, as far as one could see over the tops of these there was no other growth. Coral reefs are very pretty here, and tiny bright blue fish dart like butterflies from caves in the reefs and in turquoise-blue pools. At some places the bottom of the sea is like a garden, as growing therefrom is peculiar colored seaweed, striped and spotted shells being numerous.

Tonga homes cannot compare with those of Samoa. They are hayrick shaped, seldom have a window, and two doors generally lead to the inside. The floors are covered with cocoanut-leaf mats, and the beds are of mats of the same material. A lantern is used to light their huts at night; the oil burned in these comes from the United States. A big circular wooden bowl, with legs cut from the heart of a large tree, used to mix the native drink in, is another important utensil in the Tongan home; the bottom is of a slaty-blue color. Cocoanut-shell cups figure prominently in native utensils. Some Tongans, however, live in frame houses, roofed with iron.

A native drink, known as kava, is universally used throughout the islands of the South Pacific Ocean. The drink is made from the root of a shrub, which is sometimes pounded into small pieces with stones, but of late years graters have been used; and coffee-grinders serve the purpose still better. Gratings from the root are placed in the wooden bowl, and water is poured on these. The coarser grounds are strained from the kava by grass or fibers from the bark of certain shrubs or trees. A European would have to acquire a liking for this native drink, as at first it tastes like a mixture of soapsuds and ginger. When drunk to excess it does not affect the head, but the legs become paralyzed for a few hours; blindness also follows its abuse. Kava is served in cocanut cups.

Tongans number but 21,000, and all belong to some religious denomination. Church collections are taken only once a year. The "basket" is never passed for contributions. A wooden bowl or a galvanized kettle is placed under the pulpit, and each goes forward and puts his contribution in the "box." A ma-

jority, 18,000 out of the 21,000, are identified with the Wesleyan Church, and this number contributes the sum of \$25,000 a year. They build their own churches and give their services free. Few nails are used in these buildings, the timbers being secured by coir, or cinnet. If the wood be dark, the brown fibers of the cocoanut are dyed the color of the wood that is to be lashed. The cinnet lashing seen in the church buildings is splendidly done, and often resembles carving. The Tongans hold their churches in much reverence. At some frame houses in the towns is seen a round galvanized tank to hold rain water running from the roof. However, they consider it sacrilege to conserve the water running from the roof of a church.

A traveling acquaintance who had lived in Tonga for years was asked if white people locked their doors at night. "Yes," he replied, "the kitchen door — to keep the cats out."

Poverty is unknown here, as are jails. Each Tongan has $8\frac{1}{4}$ acres of land, and the copra from that area not only furnishes sufficient money to buy what is needed but allows a small surplus besides.

Not one murder has taken place in the group in over 20 years, and then a white man was mixed up in it. This will seem more remarkable when it is remembered that almost every native carries a big knife, with which to shuck cocoanuts and cut the stems of bananas. But two races live in Tonga — 300 whites and the balance Tongans.

One hundred islands compose this group, Tongatabu, on which the capital is built, being the largest and most important. That island is 20 miles long and 12 miles wide.

Nukualofa, the capital, our next stop, is 1,100 miles from Auckland, New Zealand. Europeans there do not exceed 75 persons, but the native population is comparatively large. The King's palace and the Chapel Royal are the most conspicuous buildings in the town. A royal guard, consisting of half a dozen brown-skinned soldiers, dressed in scarlet coats, see that their king nor his property are molested. The king is a man of striking appearance, six feet four inches in height, very stout,

and in the forties. The line of succession in Tonga passes through the mother, not the father. King George Tubou II.'s salary is \$10,000 a year. The Tonga group is the only independent kingdom now left in the Pacific.

Grass grows everywhere in Nukualofa, including the streets. A buggy, drawn by a small, woolly horse, may pass half a dozen times a day along the main streets, or a native on horseback, with a flaring-colored shirt, may create a little temporary excitement occasionally dashing along a thoroughfare as fast as the horse's legs can carry him. Children do not appear to quarrel, roosters seemed to be imbued with the spirit of peace, and the weather is generally too hot for dogs to have a fall out; so one going to Nukualofa with distracted nerves is apt to feel stronger after a stay in the Tongan capital. To borrow from Samoa, it is another "land of delicious idleness."

It is in places of this character where one comes across British ne'er-do-wells, or "remittance men," as they are termed. These are sent from Great Britain by wealthy parents to isolated places like Tonga and Fiji, and a certain sum of money is sent them each month — enough to pay their board and a little over for spending money. They are too far away to disgrace the family, and it is cheaper to pay their expenses in far-off countries than it would be to support them at home. They are virtually prisoners in these out-of-the-way places, for they soon get in debt, and no one owing money can leave the islands. These men generally marry a native woman, drink all the whisky and soda they can get, and the wife's income from her cocoanut farm provides for the home.

Consumption is making inroads among this splendid race of natives. Some discard their native clothes and wear European apparel; they then live in a house instead of a hut, which is unnatural; but, worst of all, they cease to rub themselves with cocoanut oil, and in other ways neglect the customs of their ancestors. The native mode of living is much the better for the native. European customs do not seem to agree with colored races. It is the same with all native races — when they

come in contact with the white man they generally go down hill.

Some of the prettiest trees in the world are to be seen in Nukualofa. They do not grow high, but their spread is so wide and the outlines of the limbs so regular that one never forgets them.

Flying foxes — large bats, or vampires — are sacred animals to the Tongan. Some distance from Nukualofa is a grove of large trees, and in the daytime thousands of the bats will be hanging from the limbs by their claws, heads down. At sunset they all wake up and fly over the island and make raids on fruit plantations. At sunrise they will return to the same grove and hang downward all day. These bats are as large as cats, with furry bodies, and the native believes something terrible would happen were he to kill one.

Tongans are more advanced, intellectually, than any of the South Sea races, not excepting the Maori, who is of the same race. A college in Nukualofa is well attended by natives.

Kaikai is the name of food in the South Sea Islands, as it is also in New Zealand.

Tongan women do not work like those of other South Sea Islands races. The men say it makes women ugly to work all day in the sun, and they prefer their wives to be good-looking and good-natured. Men even do the larger share of the housework.

White drill clothes are worn by all Europeans in Tonga, and every man has a tropical evening dress suit. The suit shows a wide spread of white shirt, generally starched, and high collar. Vests and trousers are white. The coat is a jacket, however, that stops a trifle below the waist line. At the back the jacket comes to a point. It is like a ship steward's jacket.

"Teddy Bears" are as universal as American oil and American sewing-machines. In any part of the world one may observe European children with "Teddies" in their hands.

Europeans living in the tropics become so enervated that

such a thing as failing to keep an appointment is thought nothing of. The blood becomes thin, and the easy life they live practically unfits them for work they would be called on to do in a cooler climate. Then, again, they are looked up to in the sparsely settled white communities, and when they return to the Northland and practically become nonentities they painfully miss the pampering they received from natives. Most of these would prefer to live a sickly life in the tropics to a healthful one, contingent on hard work, in their native land. It is hard to rise above the pressure of environment.

We are about to start on Leg Five, but before doing so we wish to explain our divergence of travel in Australasia. On reaching Melbourne from Perth a day's time was all that was spent in the city at that time. We went to Tasmania, New Zealand, and then to Sydney. From New South Wales we started on the South Sea Islands trip. From Nukualofa we journeyed to Auckland, our second time in that city. Recrossing the Tasman Sea to Sydney, we journeyed to Melbourne by rail, the second time also we were in that city. Stopping there but a few hours, a start was made for Adelaide; then from Adelaide to Ballarat, and back to Melbourne, where some time was spent, from which port we sailed on our return trip to South Africa, and from which place we start Leg Five.

LEG FIVE

CHAPTER I

FOR the first time in my travels I had to be content with third-class steamship accommodation. I knew the South Sea Islands trip would shrivel my pocketbook, and would not have been disappointed had I not enough money to buy even a third-class ticket to South Africa. We took a chance on the South Sea Islands trip — and won. “Steerage,” in big red type, was stamped on the steamship ticket that carried me from Melbourne to South Africa, but all passengers were on an equality, as there was but one grade of accommodation — third.

Supper was the first meal on board, but no tea or coffee was served. The absence of these “luxuries” was explained later, passengers being informed that tea or coffee was provided only once daily — at breakfast time. At the first morning meal a hubbub took place among mothers with babes. Something was wrong with the milk, and when that matter had also been explained we learned that sea water — salt water — had been used, instead of fresh water, to dilute the condensed milk.

The cabins contained from two to ten berths, and as almost every one prefers privacy a few dollars more were paid for a two-berth cabin, as little sleep could be anticipated were interests pooled with nine snoring mates. The two-berth cabin had no margin to boast of, as, in order for one to get a handkerchief from his hip pocket, it was necessary to vacate it and seek arm-turning space in the hallway. I had a good cabin mate, and we soon came to an understanding as to what time each of us would visit our quarters. Two could sleep in the cabin, but there was not room enough for two to turn in it. The pillow — we would not be so rash as to say the slip covered a chunk of cement; it may have been tan bark. The door had no lock, neither was there a button to ring up the steward.

The ship stopped at Hobart, took on 30,000 cases of apples,

and headed for Albany, West Australia. The tea merchants in the Tasmania capital did a good business for the time being, as passengers who, before starting, knew nothing of the rules of the ship concerning tea and coffee allowances laid in here a good supply, together with preserves, crackers, Chinese napkins and other necessities the ship did not furnish.

Ninety dollars for eight weeks' travel is surely giving passengers a cheap journey. The vessel sailed from Sydney the first week in June, reaching her destination, London, England, about the first of August, after a voyage of 14,000 miles. Three hundred persons had booked passage on the liner, and of that number there was not one foreign-speaking passenger aboard. This will seem strange when it is borne in mind that the most cosmopolitan place in the world is a passenger steamship. Seven preachers were included, which, sea tradition says, generally augurs for bad weather; but, as there are exceptions to almost every rule, we had smooth sailing after clearing the Bight and Cape Leeuwin. The "animal" classification of the cargo included birds — canaries, magpies, parrots and cockatoos; also a joey, as a young kangaroo is called. This animal was bought at Albany by an American, the tariff on the joey to London being \$10. The freight charge for a canary was 60 cents, and rates for larger birds were from 75 cents to \$1.25.

Fruit — generally confined to apples or oranges — was served at supper. The apples often seemed nearly as hard as billiard balls and as tasteless as frozen turnips. A prosperous Irishman, of a ripe age, who had gone to Australia in early days, when six months' time was required to make the voyage, was, with his aged wife, returning to the Emerald Isle. One evening, when we had oranges for supper, after he had bitten into one, the Celt was observed going through a series of facial contortions, with shoulder movements — something after the fashion of an agitated Frenchman. "Are the oranges sweet to-night, Mr. O'Gorman?" he was asked. "Sweet?" whipped back the old Roman, as water dripped from the tear-ducts of his eyes and fire snapped from the corners — "Sweet? They're so sharup they'd cut your t'roat!"

Cake was served Sunday afternoons, and milk, sugar and hot water were at the pleasure of passengers, but they had to furnish their own tea or coffee. The tea and teapot, for instance, would be given to the table steward, and he would make the tea and serve it at mealtime. A piano added greatly to the entertainment of the passengers, as concerts were held twice a week. Besides, various athletic sports were indulged in.

The preachers took turns officiating at Sunday services. As there were seven of them — the voyage embracing as many Sabbaths — each one had an opportunity to keep in practice. One of their number, a Scotch Presbyterian, was on his way from Australia to his native country for a "holiday." Except at mealtime, he could generally be found sitting in a corner of the smoking saloon burning up black cigars, as he was a confirmed smoker; he was also a devotee of, and an expert at, the game of checkers, or draughts, as that amusement is termed in British territory. While no one on the ship had a chance to beat him, during the course of a game he would buoy, from time to time, the hope entertained by a presumptuous rival of lowering the parson's colors with clerical flattery — pretending that his opponent had nearly caught him napping on certain moves and that the skill of the player was worthy any foeman's steel. An Irish Presbyterian also was among the clergymen, and he sometimes sat at a table for hours with another passenger, in tomb-like stillness — playing a game of chess. Chess players, as a rule, have a poor opinion of checkers — calling it a child's game. The Irish dominie was asked if much skill was required to play checkers. "No," was the reply. "Any one can learn that game in a week." A short time later, when the Scotch preacher was engaged at checkers, and won, as usual, he congratulated his opponent on the splendid game he had played. "There's a great deal of superfluous talk about checkers — one would think that only persons of superior intellect could play that game," remarked a passenger to the Scotchman. A sneer came over the preacher's face. "I've been playing draughts for 30 years and don't know the game yet," he tartly answered. "Why," returned the passenger, "a man on this ship said

there was nothing to it — that any one could learn the game in a week.” “Who’s the man that said he could learn the game of draughts in a week!” he exclaimed, in eloquent tones. “Who’s the man! Point him out!” He lost control of a strong cigar, and every one laughed but the padre.

Durban was reached 26 days after leaving Melbourne, and here I found myself left with only \$2 of the \$750 with which I started for the Antipodes. (Reference to the last paragraph of Leg Two and the Itinerary printed at the end of the book will explain conditions.)

On a German ship we took final leave of Durban and South Africa, the route being along what is known as the East Coast of Africa and across the western end of the Indian Ocean, to Bombay, India. Every berth was engaged. New scenes ahead bespoke an interesting voyage. America was well represented among the passengers, as there were eight — five missionaries, two theatrical men and a printer.

A day’s sail along the flat coast of Zululand and Tongaland and southern Portuguese-East Africa found us in Lourenço Marques, the capital of Portuguese-East Africa. Seldom is the name Lourenço Marques heard in this part of the world. “Delagoa Bay” is used 99 times out of 100 when speaking of that East Coast capital. Mention was made in the few Lisbon notes of the white and gray paving used in that city, and the same kind of pavement in Lourenço Marques brings one’s mind back to the Portuguese capital, particularly “Rolling Motion Square.” The white population of Portuguese-East Africa is small considering the large territory embraced in that colony, Europeans numbering only 3,000. Public buildings do not make much of a showing, a good harbor and docks being the city’s chief assets. Street car and electric light systems, a sea-side resort and high prices are some of the characteristics of Lourenço Marques. Natives are very numerous, and African fever — a notorious feature of this place — is so prevalent that all the white residents have a veiny, sickly appearance.

Fever trees, so called from their sallow appearance, grow not

far from here. The leaves droop, are small, thin and lifeless, while the bark on the stunted trunks and limbs is scaly.

Lourenzo Marques, located on Delagoa Bay, is the nearest port for the Transvaal, through which most of the machinery and supplies for the great mines passed until the consolidation of the South African provinces. It was, in short, the chief Boer port of South Africa. Were the deaths that occurred while building the railroad from here to Pretoria made public it would make sad reading. During the stretch of 400 miles separating Johannesburg and Lourenzo Marques some of the territory traversed is through the worst fever zones in the world — even the trees contracting “fever.”

Cruising along to the next port, Inhambane — also Portuguese territory — where the stately cocoanut palm raises its bushy head to an admiring distance from the earth, we again reach the tropics. Four of the missionaries disembarked — a bishop and his wife, and one other couple, who were located at a mission station a short distance from this port.

Three hundred whites live in this treacherous place and 30 per cent. die each year. The permanent missionary and his wife had both been fever victims, and if they fail soon to get out of the Inhambane district they will never come out alive. The husband is a powerfully built man, and his wife's skin as fair as a lily. She would be called pretty. They both had a good education, and both were hard workers. The missionary's predecessor had become “salted,” but the bodies of three wives were resting under African soil. Black-water fever is nearly always certain death. Until a few years ago death was as certain after having contracted that form of fever as to one who stepped in front of a locomotive traveling at a speed of a mile a minute. All liquids drunk by a victim turn black.

A native was induced to scale a cocoanut tree and knock nuts off. Eight tumbled down, and we were charged two cents each for them. The cocoanut tree has no season — it blossoms and bears the year round.

Native women loaded and unloaded the ship, and looked

stronger than the men. Sugar, copra and peanuts were put on at that port.

The anchor chain winds round the drum, and off we start on another run, bringing us to Beira, also in Portuguese territory, the port for Rhodesia. The best route to reach Salisbury or Bulawayo is from Beira. To the former place it is some 300 miles, and to Bulawayo nearly 700 miles.

Venice, Italy, is unique in canals and in the absence of vehicular traffic; and Beira may claim some resemblance to the Italian city, notably in the absence of carriages, automobiles, wagons, motorcycles and street cars. Beira is built on a sandbar, and the means of travel in that place is by vehicles called "trolleys," four-wheeled conveyances. The frame is of iron, and a foot-rest, seat, back and hood are built on this. It is a small carriage on low wheels. The track on which the trolley runs is two feet wide, and the rails are one-inch thick. Ties or sleepers support these. The "power" to move the "trolley" is two natives, who push the vehicle, and push it on the run. These natives are dressed in white cotton shirts, with short sleeves, and with a lava-lava or kilt made of calico, with big spots, which reaches to the knees. Their hat is a red fez with tassels, which suggests we have reached the influence of the Arab. The "trolley" pusher never runs between the rails — always on the one-inch rail. One would think there are grooves in his feet to fit in these. The streets are intersected by "trolley" tracks, switches being made at places, where "trolleys" branch to certain streets. On the main street are three tracks, and turntables have been built here and there on which to turn the cars around when ready for the return trip. They are comfortable to ride in, and most of them are privately owned.

With the exception of a good sea wall, there is little of the substantial about Beira — only a few frame buildings, and others of corrugated iron. Arab merchants are numerous, and where they have become established there is very little money for the white man, few modern customs being in evidence.

One of my cabin mates was a Trappist priest. Born in Ohio,

he went to Africa in his early years, and had been teaching natives for a quarter of a century. He was a chaplain in the Boer War, and his intimate knowledge of that interesting country was so general as to break set rules for bedtime when listening to his experiences.

The ship's whistle blows and we are off again, traveling through what is known as the Mozambique Channel, that stretch of water separating Madagascar, a French possession, from Portuguese-East Africa. The latter country is 750 miles in length and 200 miles wide. The seashore all along is as free of ruggedness as the shores of a lake located in a level plain.

Negro melodies and popular airs were reeled off their musical instruments by the two Americans at intervals of a few nights between. We had a congenial lot of passengers, and every one was enjoying the voyage.

Three more stops were made in Portuguese-East Africa, but no enterprise was apparent. Few white people were to be seen, while Indians, Arabs and natives were as thick as flies. At Ibo, the last stop, the cargo was brought from shore to the ship in what are called dhows, with ragged sails, scaly hulks, chipped masts, frazzled ropes—the sort of vessels that have been used in Asia for 2,000 years. Rubber trees grow in that section and, together with copra, comprise the exports.

CHAPTER II

DAR-ES-SALAAM, the capital of German-East Africa, was, after leaving Ibo, the next place where the vessel put in. What a difference is observable in the make-up and general appearance of this German town to those in Portuguese-East Africa! Some very imposing stone and cement buildings, with others under construction; good streets, clean surroundings, and a sprinkling of white people, were a very welcome change from the poorly built and almost totally black-populated places we had left behind.

The railway station, freight cars and locomotives, good wharves and paved streets brought to mind old scenes. For nearly 800 miles the railroad pierces westward through a black-populated and wild-beast inhabited country to the shore of Lake Tanganyika, this body of water, 420 miles long and 10 to 60 miles wide, being the boundary of this German possession and the Belgian Congo. Rubber and coffee plantations have been laid out, particularly at the western end of the railroad line; and from the great native passenger traffic, and bringing of supplies to these and to races far beyond the western terminus, good returns are assured. The area of this German possession is 384,000 square miles.

Unlike Beira, motor cars and bicycles were in evidence in Dar-es-Salaam, but no horses were to be seen, as in Beira. In the South African notes mention was made of the miserable breed of horse in Durban, also of horses being unable to live in some parts of that country. So, on the East Coast of Africa, where horses cannot live, and the life of Europeans is measured by but a short number of years, there must be something radically wrong with the climate.

Numerous fresh earth mounds may be seen in graveyards in

woman with ornaments in her nostrils, on her ears, arms, hands and toes, and the gewgaws worn by native women, are seen at every turn. The Parsi, with his cuff-like cap; the Singhalese with his long, oily hair and amber haircomb; the Hindu, in his big, cloth head-covering; the bewhiskered Arab, wearing a fez, and the black, woolly bare head of the native, form an unusual scene on entering the city of Zanzibar. The Waswahili are the natives, and the native language of the island, German-East Africa, and British-East Africa is the Kiswahili.

Zanzibar, comprising the island of Pemba, 40 miles to the north, is a British possession. The island of Zanzibar is 50 miles in length and 20 miles wide. These islands are presided over by a Sultan, Seyid Khalifa bin Harub, but his ruling has to be approved by a British governor-general. He is sultan in name only, but his salary is \$60,000 a year. The national flag is of a plain red color. The Sultan received his education in England.

The streets of the city are so narrow in some instances that both sides can almost be touched by the hands extended. Houses are built of brick and cement, and one to three stories in height. A couple of goats are usually found tied in front of buildings, and often a donkey may be seen munching a whisk of grass while standing on the steps of a home. A stranger able to find his way about Zanzibar must have a pretty level head. On entering a street, one has no assurance that the street has an opening, for they often end in a solid building across — a "blind alley." Doors to the buildings are heavy enough for a jail, and the alleys, veiled women, black and suspicious-looking men, wearing sandals and strange head-coverings, bespeak Asia. Europeans live in another section.

A very good hospital is pointed out to the visitor, which indicates in that part of the world a very large graveyard, Zanzibar being regularly visited with smallpox, while malarial fever is prevalent and bubonic plague and leprosy common.

Up to 1897 Zanzibar was one of the most noted slave-trading centers in the world. Slaves shipped from that place numbered from 6,000 to 10,000 a year. The best building in

the city is the Sultan's palace, but this has recently been converted into an office building for Protectorate officials; the Sultan's harem building, located in a city park, is now used as a place of amusement; but, as Arabs own most of the land, and also the property in the city, Zanzibar will always remain as it is.

A distance of seven miles, from the city to Bu-bu-bu, comprises the railway system of Zanzibar. The fare is 32 cents first-class and 16 cents second-class, the run taking 45 minutes. Passing through a street where almost everything is sold — an Indian bazaar — one may reach out of the window of the railway coach and pull off wearing apparel, shoes, etc., that are displayed on rope lines outside of the buildings on the narrow street. Through such places the train seems to be walled in by blacks on both sides.

The rupee is in use in Zanzibar, along the coast places, and in the interior in that section of the African continent. The value of the rupee in American money is 32 cents, and the anna two cents. The anna piece is nickel, with a hole in the center, and almost every one carries these on a string. It is certainly odd to see a man pull from his pocket a string about a foot or eighteen inches in length and take from it one to half a dozen annas with bored-out centers.

America was the first country to establish a consulate in Zanzibar, in 1836. The natives then took a fancy to our bright-colored calico, which they wear to-day, though close competition for that trade has taken place through other nations importing a similar class of goods.

The sun is very hot here, and flowers are temporarily faded by 10 o'clock in the morning. Should a white person walk a few feet in the sun bare-headed he would be very apt to fall from sunstroke.

The date palm, a tree 20 to 30 feet high, with a bare trunk, as the cocoanut palm, but with smaller limbs and a more spreading top, grows here. It produces its fruit in bunches, similar to the banana plant. Some of the clusters of dates depending

from the top will half fill a barrel. A wide leaf grows from the stem, to which the dates grow, and in time, the leaf dies and then bends. It happens, though, that when it bends it covers and thus protects the large cluster of fruit. Zanzibar oranges are said to be the sweetest that grow.

One may hear a few taps on a drum at a corner of an alley in the native quarter any time — the signal that there will be a dance that evening.

Automobiles are seen about the city, and an electric light plant and a wireless station are among the limited public utilities.

Clove and cocoanut plantations are the principal industries of Zanzibar. The clove tree is of the myrtle family, and the older it grows the greater the yield. Practically all the cloves used in the world come from the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar. There are sent to the United States from these islands from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 pounds of cloves each year. The output for a year is from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds. It requires 10 years' time from planting before the clove tree blossoms. The Island of Pemba produces 75 per cent. of a year's crop. A hurricane blew down the trees growing on Zanzibar island in 1872, while those on Pemba island were not disturbed. The Pemba trees are 100 years old, those of Zanzibar island only 50 years old. They are planted 24 feet apart each way, and 100 grow on an acre.

The clove of commerce is the bud of the clove tree, picked before the petals open. The clove we use would be the seed of the clove tree were the petals allowed to expand. The buds are picked by natives, whose carelessness often destroys bearing limbs. When picked, the buds are placed on matting, and remain exposed to the sun for three days, when they become dried. A clove tree buds for three months, so this is the clove-bud picking period. The tree grows to a height of 30 feet, is bushy, with small limbs, on all of which buds grow. The leaf of the clove tree resembles that of the English poplar. The buds are more numerous on the limbs at intervals of four and five years than during the years between. A tree produces from

five to seven pounds a year, and the price of cloves range from 16 to 20 cents a pound. Growers have to pay a tax to the government of 25 per cent. of their yield.

When leaving Durban I provided myself with a draft for \$900 on a bank in Bombay, India, and \$50 in cash. From the passengers I heard so many interesting things about British East Africa that I decided to go inland from Mombasa, if I could raise the necessary money on the Bombay draft. Taking my passport for identification, I learned from a banker in Zanzibar that he could not advance money on the draft, but that by cancelling the Durban draft and issuing a new one on the same bank in Bombay he could provide me with any funds needed. I agreed to that. On receiving the new draft I learned that \$15 had been taken for exchange.

Tanga, German East Africa, a sea junction for that part of Africa, was our next stop. Passengers going to Europe from Durban and other points along the East coast trans-ship to the European liners going through the Suez Canal and Port Said.

A railway from this place pushes westward over 200 miles to the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, which rises to a height of over 19,000 feet. Tanga is another place that puts one in mind of a snake charming a bird and then devouring it. Coconut palms grow everywhere, and the pretty trees, frangi-pangi and flowers are enough to lure any one there. Yet a walk to the graveyard, after observing the large number of unsodded mounds for a population of 500, would soon alter one's opinion. The native population is 12,000.

One of the passengers made up his mind not to shave during the voyage from Durban to London. The Indian barber is the most useful tradesman the world over. He carries his kit with him, and is always prowling about for work. He will shave a man standing up or lying down; in the rain or in the sun; in bed or on the roof of a house — any time, any way, or any place an Indian barber will do his work. We no sooner stepped on shore than the unshaven passenger was picked out as a possible "job," and was shadowed by the black knights of the razor until he returned to the ship.

Rubber plantations are numerous in this section of the colony, and copra is another of the exports.

The horse of the East Coast of Africa is really the negro. Everything is moved on two-wheeled trucks, pushed or pulled with ropes by natives. No cattle or oxen were seen, so it is fair to conclude that neither cattle nor horses can live along this section of the coast. Any one can form an idea of what a sickly country it must be for human beings where cattle and horses cannot exist. Fever runs down the natives, also, but not in the same proportion as the whites.

"The last time we were in Tanga," the ship's doctor remarked on sailing, "I suffered terribly from jumping toothache. Fortunate in being in a port where there was a dentist, I called at his office and had it pulled. Asking him his charge, the dentist replied, 'Seventy-five rupees' (\$25)." When my eyes again settled in their sockets, having bulged at mention of such a fee for pulling a tooth, the doctor, in answer to a question if he did not consider the dentist's charge exorbitant, said he was under that impression at the time, but was not so sure of it now. "Only a handful of Europeans live here," he philosophically went on to explain why he changed his impression from a positive to an uncertain one, "and fever is bad. The dentist — the only one within hundreds of miles — as most persons who come to the tropics, aims at making enough money in a few years, before fever robs him of his health, to take things easy for a while afterward in a good climate. Life, with a thumping tooth and a pumpkin-like face, was misery to me; I could not pull my tooth, and antidotes failed to assuage the pain it caused. So, considering the fee from various angles, I would not feel quite justified in charging the dentist with unprofessional conduct." Notwithstanding the doctor's reconciliation to the dentist's charge, it would seem he "paid for it through the nose," to use a British term for "stung," the standard rate in Africa for placing a tooth in a plate, whether one or sixteen, being only \$5 each.

CHAPTER III

MOMBASA, British-East Africa, was not reached until 19 days after sailing from Durban, although we traveled but 2,000 miles. It was a very interesting trip, though, along the East Coast, as the ship stopped so often to unload and take on cargo, that passengers obtained a fair idea of that part of the world.

Back in the early '80's England and Germany resorted to every diplomatic device to acquire that great tract of country now known as German East Africa and British East Africa. The Sultan of Zanzibar exercised control of a strip of the coastline, ten miles deep, north of Portuguese East Africa to Italian Somaliland, which naturally blocked the development of the interior. The claims of the two great countries were finally settled by Germany getting the southern part of the domain and England the northern part. The Sultan of Zanzibar still claims sovereignty of the ten-mile shore strip of the Indian Ocean, but in reality it is gone from him. The authentic history of East Africa commences in 1498, when Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, anchored off Mombasa.

Mombasa, located on Mombasa Island, is the chief seaport on the East Coast north of Durban and Lourenzo Marques. It has had a checkered career, being held at various times by Persians, Arabs, Egyptians, Portuguese and British. To-day the blacks number 30,000 and the whites about 500. Like most tropical places, the surroundings are naturally attractive, but fever is always present, and bubonic plague or smallpox may break out at any moment.

Three years is the limit of residence here for a European. Some part of the human system is bound to give way if one does not leave before the three-year period expires. Two and a half years' residence and six months' vacation in Europe is the

usual custom. The tropical climate seems to center its force on the muscles of the stomach, and this is one reason why every one wears flannel bands. Most of the business men are Asiatics. Natives take the place of horses here also, goods being moved on trucks pushed and pulled by black men. England's solid system of doing things is in evidence at every turn — notably in the good, clean streets, parks and docks.

Before the railroad was pushed to the eastern shore of Victoria Nyanza the daring Europeans of early days had to travel four months before the western terminus was reached. Nowadays two days' travel by rail will take one into the heart of Africa. The country then, as it is more or less to-day, was alive with ferocious beasts, and some of the native tribes were warlike. During the winter season there is no rain for a period of from four to six months. Only men of iron would tackle such a journey. The Arabs, however, had preceded the whites.

On the Uganda Railway we boarded a train for Nairobi. For some distance the road passed through a tropical growth, when we entered the Taru Desert. Small trees of dense and thorny spreading limbs grow on this land. The lower limbs are brashy and bare of bark, and the ones above are leafless and gnarled, although alive. The Taru Desert is a leafless jungle. No bird life was apparent save vultures, whose repulsive appearance seemed in keeping with the growth on which they rested. Fever trees were mentioned earlier in this Leg, and those growing here suggested the possibility of their exuding something noxious — if not odors leading to some form of fever, then, perhaps, to stomach trouble.

A lone native, and often groups, were seen, with only a clout about the loins, carrying a long pole with a spear fixed to the end, at the station or traversing a native path leading somewhere, as there were no signs of habitation near the railway. Erect, slender, bareheaded and barefooted, he looked every inch the savage warrior one reads about.

The track is meter gauge, three feet six inches, and the railway coaches, of two compartments, are small, each compart-

ment accommodating six persons, 12 in all. The South African system — the best in the world — of providing free sleeping berths for passengers, has been adopted by the Uganda Railway Company. Four berths are provided in each compartment, but no bedding is furnished. Breakfast costs 32 cents, and luncheon and dinner 50 cents. Railway fare is only two cents a mile, and the speed 14 miles an hour.

“Dak bungalow” proved a new building term to us, and another was the “godown.” The dak bungalow serves the purpose of a hotel and is located at stations. These were built by the railway company for the convenience of passengers living in isolated places who used a certain station when traveling. The bungalow, which may be used one night free of charge, is provided with spring beds, but no bedding. The godown is a freight shed — any building where goods or cargo are stored is called a godown. Both terms are Asiatic. It would be a risky undertaking to start through some parts of that country at night, as many sections are infested with wild beasts. The agents at the stations were Indians.

We were traveling over a section of country that had not been refreshed with rain for months. The soil being reddish, passengers' clothes resembled those worn by workers in a red brickyard. Conversations that had taken place between travelers during the voyage along the East Coast, of big game being seen within easy view of the railway in these parts, which swayed me from my original route at Zanzibar, were foremost in my mind at this point. Skeptical of feasting the eye on herds of zebra, gazelle, wildebeeste, even giraffe, and other game, my doubts were dispelled when a passenger remarked:

“This is Makindu, where nature's zoo starts.” “Do you think the game will be close enough to see from the train?” “They're on the veld all the time — see the zebra to the right?” he replied. Turning quickly in that direction, there they were, a solid foreground of striped beasts, not more than half a mile off the railway. The marvelous sight of thousands of zebra within easy view extended to the horizon. “You'll always find zebras huddled closely together,” he interestingly went on,

"as they have an eternal fear of lions, who are partial to zebra flesh," he explained. "The hardest animal in Africa to tame is the zebra," he continued. "This animal can be ridden, and is sometimes attached to a light vehicle, but it cannot be trusted. The fear of lions has for ages been so firmly bred in the bone of this attractive beast that, no matter how kindly handled, its wildness is always evident.

"Giraffes are generally seen browsing in the brush," kept on my companion. "They're sometimes called camelopards, owing to being spotted like a leopard and having a long neck like a camel. See!" he exclaimed, pointing, "there's five of them and a calf." One could scarcely believe his own eyes. Sure enough, there stood five long-necked, brown and white spotted, stubby-horned, slant-backed giraffes and a calf, standing in brush lower than their bodies, 100 feet from the railway track. As the train was passing they turned around and ambled clumsily further into the brush.

"All that game you see to the right are hartebeeste and gazelles," my companion went on. "Keep watching to the left, though, as we may see more giraffes, for that stretch of brush will soon be passed, when there'll be no more chance to see that big game. He's a browser, you know, not a grazer. There are two more — a nice pair!" he added. Sure as you're born, there stood two noble giraffes. Like the group of five with a calf, they turned and hobbled further into the undergrowth. "We're about out of the brush now, so I don't think we'll see more of them," he said. What I had already seen amply offset the \$15 exchange charged me at the Zanzibar bank.

Simba was the name of a station as we entered the game fields; the meaning of the word "simba" is lion in the native tongue. More than a score of persons were killed by the king of beasts at this place, it is said, while building the railroad.

"Those smaller animals you see together yonder are a pack of hyena," continued my traveling mate. "There are more zebra to the left. The animals further along are blue wildebeeste (gnu), larger than the South African breed. See the

ostrich?" (pointing). There they were, big black and white birds, with wings flopping, running over the plains, not a fence within hundreds of miles — as wild as wild could be.

"We may see a lion before we reach Nairobi; I've seen them on several occasions while traveling over this stretch of country," he added. A lion did not show himself, but, as my companion said, they are frequently seen prowling over the treeless plains from the railroad.

For over a hundred miles the traveler looks out upon great herds of game feeding on both sides of the railway track. Gazelles have become so tame that they sometimes keep grazing as the train passes by; and the hartebeeste, or kongonie, much larger than the gazelle, with a wedge-shaped head and an outline of body resembling the giraffe, is nearly as numerous as the clean-cut, nimble gazelle. The wildebeeste is seen feeding and swishing his tail as contentedly as a cow in a pasture. Ostriches and zebras are on their native heath. Tigers, and other game also, may be seen while traveling through this most interesting stretch of country.

These plains, like an American prairie, are free of timber; and as far as the eye can see, from 50 feet off the railway track — to the horizon, in fact,—from Makindu to Nairobi, over a hundred miles, the eye feasts on a sportsman's paradise.

We reached Nairobi 23 hours after leaving Mombasa, 327 miles separating the chief port and the capital. What a terrible mixture of blacks was congregated on the platform and about the railway station! They were as numerous and black as flies around a barrel of molasses on a hot day. We were certainly in Darkest Africa. The ricksha is the hack of Nairobi. One starts for his hotel, with a native in the shafts and another pushing, a jingle-jangle taking place all the while. The pullers, while less fantastic and grotesque than their Zulu brothers in Durban, still have distinctiveness, namely, in wearing small bells about ankles and arms; the tinkle from these is constantly heard about the streets. For some distance from the station one is drawn along a level road, bordered with eucalyptus trees, to the business center. Wood and iron build-

ings — corrugated iron — are mostly used in both dwelling houses and business places. There is no paving on the streets, no sidewalks, nothing inviting, about the capital of the British-East Africa Protectorate; but there is no grass growing on the streets, every one seemingly infused with a "boom" spirit. One finds, however, in this place a good, stone-built post office, a stone-built Treasury building, and structures of the same material under course of construction.

Nairobi was the blackest town visited. Though considerable building was being done, a white man — such as carpenter, mason, plasterer or bricklayer — was not seen engaged at that class of work, all labor being done by Indians; most of the contractors also were Indians. The wages paid these blacks are from \$1 to \$1.25 a day. Natives carrying the hod, or bucket, rather, are paid from 6 to 12 cents a day.

Mention was made in Leg Four of Suva, Fiji, having a daily newspaper, by reason of two tri-weeklies appearing on alternate days. In Nairobi, however, two daily newspapers appear on six mornings of the week, and besides these there are also weekly and monthly publications issued. Together with local news, brief cable dispatches are printed, enough to keep one in touch with important events taking place over the world. Even linotype machines are found in that sparsely settled, out-of-the-way place. The Indian here, as everywhere, when he gets a foothold, has the printing trade killed in so far as a white man getting good wages is concerned. He sets type after a fashion for \$15 to \$18 a month.

In order that the reader may draw an accurate conclusion as to the meaning of the term "Darkest Africa," Nairobi, with only 1,200 whites, has the largest European population of any city north of Salisbury and Bulawayo (Rhodesia) as far as Cairo, (Egypt), or in the full length of Africa to the west and northwest.

The negro is not the horse of Nairobi. While few horses are seen, native oxen, with humps on their shoulders almost as large as a dromedary's, lumber through the streets yoked to wagons loaded with merchandise.

As the Zulu language is the key to the tribal dialects of South Africa, the Kiswahili language is likewise the key to the many native dialects in this section of Africa. The word "Wa" is plural in the Kiswahili language, and is prefixed to the name of a person or a tribe; "M" prefixed means man or individual; "U," in the same way, means place or locality, and "Ki" prefixed indicates the language. As an example, the Masai tribe would be Wamasai, Mmasai would be a Masai man, Umasai would be Masailand, and Kimasai would mean the Masai dialect or language.

Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, an exponent of the philosophy of clothes, held that a majority of the people of the world devoted too much attention to the matter of unnecessary dress, a failing that militated against their moral and spiritual welfare. The men of this tribe, gaunt and gawky, wear nothing but a sort of shirt — a piece of cloth, with a hole in the center large enough to admit a head through, secured by neither string, band, nor suspenders. The original color of the shirt might once have been a mongrel brown, similar to unbleached muslin, but, as the Wakikuyu observe few wash days, the "garment" is usually many shades darker. Shoes and head covering, like the breeches, are also tabooed.

The Wakikuyu was the worst native tribe we had seen. The men looked half-starved, and it was tiresome to see them work. Excavation was being made for the foundation of a building, the dirt being carried out in small pans; sometimes these would not contain more than a cupful of earth. When coming up the incline from the excavation to the street their gait was that of a crippled snail. They receive from 6 to 12 cents a day, and possibly may earn it.

The women of the Wakikuyu tribe, on the other hand, are hard workers. They till the land, and raise flocks of goats, sheep, and cattle. They wear more clothing than the men, their principal covering being a tanned sheep or goat skin that has been soaked with grease. Dust and dirt coming in contact with the greased skin naturally give the garment an untidy appearance. What seems a cruel fashion among the women of this

tribe is the mutilation of their ears. The lobes are slit, and thick chunks of sugar-cane, bamboo, calabashes, or other round articles, from the size of a thread spool to the circumference of a teacup, are pressed through. The plug and "ear bands" resemble an elastic band a quarter of an inch in width placed around a drinking glass. The plug is short, from two to three inches in length. These are forced between the "ear bands" so snugly that they will not fall out while the wearer is moving about. The woman wearing the largest plug is the best dressed, according to Wakikuyu fashion, and is envied by those of her sisters whose ear-lobes will not accommodate the larger "ornament." In many instances the punctured lobe is so extended that it becomes a loop, the ends of which sometimes rest on the shoulders. When not in use, so to speak, the ear loop is hung up on the top of the ear and seems to be secured by a knot made in that extended and flexible member. She carries her babe inside her goatskin covering in front, and a heavy basket of wood, potatoes, or other things on her back. A strap passes across her forehead, the ends secured to the basket. The great weights carried in the baskets make in time an indentation in the forehead the width of the strap.

A native of that tribe would prefer to be killed rather than touch anything dead—even a rat. If one of their number should suddenly die in the hut, every one would immediately move out and leave the dead member behind. Before taking final leave of the old home, however, time is taken to dig a hole under the side of the hut large enough to admit either a jackal or hyena, when the body would be left to be devoured by these beasts later. The Mkikuyu, though, in order to retain his abode, takes care that few deaths take place in the hut. When a member of a family becomes sick he is taken out of and led some distance away from the home and laid on the ground. Those accompanying the sick native may, with a short stick of wood, the ends resting in two crotches made of four shorter pieces held by a grass band, lay his head on the native "pillow," close to a lone thorn bush, with a short piece of goatskin covering the body. If the negro recovers he is taken back to the hut.

While thus holding vigil on the veld, a vulture may be seen soaring above where the native is lying, with others appearing to view in the distance, and in the background the forms of jackals and the outline of slinking hyenas may also be apparent, for these vultures and beasts seem to know, not alone through instinct, but from former similar settings, that the body of the native, when life has left it, will not be put underground nor be removed by the superstitious tribesmen.

Many of the natives are smeared with reddish, greasy clay from head to foot. The hair, worn long by some, is plastered and shaped to resemble a turtle, with head jutting out and tail extended. They wear no shoes, and seldom a hat. One sees the native in British East Africa little different than he lived a thousand years ago.

Men wearing two soft, broad-brimmed felt hats strikes one as out of the ordinary. Nairobi is but 80 miles south of the Equator, and heavy head-covering must be worn to guard against sunstroke. Helmets are worn by a great many, but the two hats, the top one over the under one, are worn as commonly as the helmet.

A library is one of the features of the town. An electric light plant was seen here; also bioscope theaters. One thing Nairobi did not have—colored postcards that were of any interest. Motor cars spin about the streets. Food, clothes and living expenses are cheaper in Nairobi than in South Africa. Hotel accommodation was but \$1.60 a day.

Coffee growing is a promising industry of that section of the Protectorate. A French mission is located a few miles from Nairobi, and the fathers, some fifteen years ago, experimented with the coffee bush. It proved a success, and several large plantations have since been established. An exorbitant price is asked for land in this district.

Irish potatoes grow in these parts, but not along the coast. The altitude of Nairobi is 5,000 feet, and, while the sun is hot in the daytime, the nights are cool.

Most of the big-game hunting parties are equipped in Nairobi. The guides are about the town every few days, and a lion is



VIGIL ON THE VELD (top).

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

"TROLLEY" PUSHERS (bottom).

BEIRA, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

guaranteed to be killed or no charge required. Eight lions were killed not far from here during our stay. One may stroll a mile from the center of the town, sit on a hill, and watch herds of gazelle grazing not a half mile away. The black-and-white monkey comes from this section of Africa.

"Boy! boy! boy!" is heard from nearly every room in a hotel in the morning. Everybody has a boy to black his shoes, lace his shoes, put away his clothes after dusting, get his shaving outfit — the sort of waiting on that spoils the white man. The hallways of the hotel are crowded with the guests' black servants. No one thinks of carrying a valise or bundle of any kind. The "boy" is expected to be in the hallway morning, noon and night waiting to serve his master.

Mount Kenia, 18,000 feet high, located directly under the Equator and 80 miles from Nairobi, may be seen from the town any clear day; also Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,000 feet high, about the same distance south of this place.

The Uganda Railway headquarters is located at Nairobi. Some of the locomotives used on this road are of American manufacture, easily distinguishable from English-built engines, for American-built locomotives are the only ones which carry a bell. The locomotive engineers are nearly all Indians. The Uganda Railway is a paying concern, for dividends of 33 per cent. are declared nearly every year. Passenger fare is reasonable, but freight charges are said to be very high. It cost \$50,000 a mile to build the Uganda Railway, which is 584 miles in length.

The various native tribes have peculiar marks by which they are distinguished. One tribe may have a certain tooth missing; another the end of their teeth filed to a sharp point; still another may have their teeth nicked, like a saw, done with a stone; or by other marks, easily distinguished.

Horse racing, football, cricket, and other English sports are indulged in. Saturday afternoon is devoted to recreation, as the Saturday half-holiday is observed. Government employees form a considerable proportion of the population.

CHAPTER IV

NAIROBI was as far as we intended going when leaving the ship at Mombasa, but, finding the country so new and interesting, with traveling and living expenses reasonable, we decided to press on to the shores of Victoria Nyanza. From Nairobi going westward we rose to an elevation of 7,000 feet. Among the limbs of the trees, while traveling over that part of the railway line, can be seen crude, small barrels made of pieces of wood; these have been put in the trees by natives to intercept itinerant swarms of bees. The stations and surroundings were literally covered with blacks — natives and Indians. With the Mkikuyu woman, in her greased goatskin and plugged ear lobes, and some of the men covered with the greasy, red clay from head to foot, with hair fixed to resemble the turtle; with the Indian wearing his cloth headgear, and the Indian woman with her ankle and wrist bangles; with no Europeans in sight save as passengers — British-East Africa to-day offers more of interest, more for native study, than even interesting South Africa.

At Escarpment a splendid view was afforded, for the railway descends from a high point down the steep mountainside into what is known as the Great Meridional Rift, or Rift Valley, a depression in the earth that is said to extend to Egypt. As the train travels down a woody mountain, to the left and in front is the Rift Valley and Lake Naivasha. Traveling along we come to another game preserve, where gazelles, hartebeestes, wildebeestes, ostriches and zebras are grazing upon and scampering over the great valley, unaware of the pleasure their presence affords passengers while traveling through that stretch of country.

No evidence of habitation is seen from the railway, yet people

get off at stations — only stations — and often persons are seen waiting at those lonesome spots in that wild land for the train to take them beyond. The same took place when coming up the coast — passengers got off and others got on the ship, though no white settlements were in sight. It is marvelous how white people settle in such untrodden sections in which to make a living, surrounded as they are on every side by the wildest and most uncertain phases of life.

Strange-looking berries were served at an eating station, and on inquiry as to the nature of the fruit, we were informed that an American had crossed two bushes — a strawberry and a raspberry — and the result, half-strawberry and half-raspberry, growing in that far-off land, we were now sampling.

We passed through Masailand, a native preserve, occupied by what was formerly a troublesome tribe. They live on the plains, and are said to own a quarter of a million head of cattle. Passing through attractive mountainous country, from Mau Summit, over 8,000 feet above sea level, we descended to Kavirondo Valley, a flat country.

Naked natives, free from civilization's binding customs, hoeing corn, weeding land, and watching sheep and goats, were seen working in the fields. These were the Wakavirondo, a tribe noted for its industriousness. They are chiefly engaged in farming and gardening, and their products are carried to Port Florence to be sold. Some of them have on a slight covering when they go to town, but it is discarded a short distance from where they left their produce.

Labor agents engage "boys" of the Wakavirondo tribe to work for a certain length of time away from their district. Of course, the men must wear some clothes. Returning in from three to six months, they have become accustomed to wearing covering and wish to continue doing so. Like the Maori women, though, the women of this African tribe insist on maintaining the custom of their ancestors, so the men have to discard the clothes they had become used to and resume their former clothesless existence. It is very warm where the Wakavirondo live — under the Equator.

Port Florence — or Kisumu, as that place is more often called — was now reached, and before us spread the blue, calm, green-island dotted water of Victoria Nyanza. We were at the western terminus of the Uganda Railway — the last railroad piercing Africa in that direction. A railway station, a dak bungalow — the only place at which to stop — and perhaps a dozen houses built on raised ground, with good wharves, a godown and a marketplace, almost completed the “attractions” of Port Florence. Fever is very bad in Kisumu, and smallpox and bubonic plague were holding a levee at the time we visited the place. Bubonic plague is so common here that no one pays much attention to it. Blacks are taken off with the plague in large numbers, but few Europeans die from that pestilence.

Trains run but twice a week from Mombasa to Port Florence, and the lake boats connect with the trains; so if I remained in Kisumu it would necessarily be for three days, and people die in less than that time after having been bitten by the bubonic flea. I did not relish the idea of possibly breathing my last just then, nor at that place. The blue water was alluring, the green islands bewitching, and in fancy we caught an echo of a call from Uganda's shore, inviting us to cross the great African lake and tarry a short while in the land of the Waganda. So, when the vessel moved from the wharf on her voyage across Victoria Nyanza, we were among the passengers.

The boats traversing that sheet of water are from 500 to 1,000 tons' displacement, lighted by electricity and of modern design. Every available sleeping place was occupied, and the vessel's water-line was concealed by the weight of her cargo.

A stranger would not know when he had reached the body of the lake, as the course is through blue-water avenues, bordered with tropical green islands, for a large part of the journey. The distance across is 175 miles, and 24 hours was taken in making the journey. The boats on Victoria Nyanza do not travel at night, which accounts for the slow time. The Equator was crossed and recrossed during the 24-hours' journey, but the game of “Neptune” was not played. The lake is nearly

4,000 feet above sea-level, 240 miles in length, and its area 26,000 square miles.

Although very fertile, none of the islands was inhabited. For centuries most of these had been under cultivation, but the sleeping-sickness plague made such havoc among the natives that the British government some years ago forced them to the mainland.

Entebbe, on the western shore of Victoria Nyanza, is the Imperial capital of Uganda, but Kampala, 23 miles north, is the native capital. The British government officials are located at the former place, while the native legislature convenes in the latter. Most of the land of Uganda is owned by natives, but no concessions are granted without the approval of British officials. If one wishes to buy land, he must apply for it through the native legislature. Uganda is a rich country, but little land is under cultivation. Indians and Arabs would quickly buy large tracts, but they are not wanted there, as no one profits from Asiatic holdings but Asiatics; besides they would ill-treat the natives. Uganda was made a British Protectorate in 1894. It has an area of 300,000 square miles, that of British-East Africa 200,000 square miles. Europeans in the Uganda Protectorate number only about 2,000.

Built on a high point of land, with two blue-water bays on each side and a wide sweep of Victoria Nyanza spreading out to the horizon; evergreen landscape beyond the mainland borders of the bays; trees smothered with vari-colored flowers, and the streets carpeted with a floral covering which falls from them; bright and pretty-colored birds enhancing the picture, with their sweet carols "at early morn and dewy eve;" bulky banana bushes and papaw, or mummy-apple, trees growing at every turn; the gardens to the homes of the dwellers glowing with flowers — there, away off in Uganda, on the peninsula overlooking the great lake, at Entebbe, we found one of the grandest settings of both land and water scenery the eye could feast on.

This was the first place we observed natives seeking work. When coming from the wharf to the town, tidy, well-developed Waganda would timidly approach, holding in their hands a

small book or piece of paper. In the book or on the paper was written their records, good or otherwise, the wages they had received, and the length of time worked at various places. The applicant may be a houseboy, cook or land worker. It is customary, in fact a standard rule, when servants leave employment, to give them a note, which is their reference. None of them know a letter of the alphabet, so have no idea of the nature of the writing.

Mention has been made of the uninviting appearance of the Mkikuyu at Nairobi and the naked Mkavirondo living on the eastern shore of the lake. Here, over 400 miles west of Nairobi and 175 west of Port Florence, we found the splendidly-built, tidily-dressed, clean Waganda. The women of this tribe are almost as well developed as the Zulu women. The Maganda also carries loads on her head. It is hard to understand why these natives, so far away from civilization, are so neatly dressed. The Maganda is a good native.

We were but three miles north of the Equator, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and the comfortable climate, instead of an almost unbearable one one would expect to encounter here, is a surprise. In the evening the air became so cool that the veranda was vacated for a seat inside.

Less than 150 white persons live in Entebbe, but with the Arabs, Indians, and many natives, the population reaches 20,000. Were government employees to leave, very few Europeans would be left in the capital.

This was one place in which the moving picture was not to be seen, and one is getting pretty well out of the world, so to speak, when he has out-trod the sphere of that common means of amusement. But there was a phonograph, owned by an Indian, who lived across the road from where I slept. Indian music is weird with a vengeance. The scale is cast in high C, and the flats and sharps and other "harmonics" that went with the music seemed to be like a clashing of rasps, files and grating iron. At 2 o'clock in the morning the "tormentor" was started, and its weird notes unmercifully pierced the equatorial air until daylight. The police sometimes stopped the music

for a couple of nights, but it was soon heard again. I became well known at the police station through lodging complaints against the owner of that infamous phonograph.

The wharf at the lake was piled high with merchandise and cotton bales. Some of the imports were to be moved into the interior as far as the Belgian Congo. The means of conveyance was the heads of natives — porters, as they are called. From 300 to 600 porters, all looking half-starved, assembled in front of a shipping agent's office and waited for orders to start on the trip. Horses cannot live in Uganda, so natives take the horses' place. Sixty pounds is the standard load for a porter to carry. The goods are packed and shipped in quantities conforming to that weight, when it is possible to do so. The articles carried may be grubhoes, chairs, a box containing canned vegetables or food, a bed spring, bedding, a table, five-gallon cans of oil — anything in the nature of food, clothing, or household furnishings. When the article exceeds 60 pounds, two, three, and even four porters, with bamboo poles, are assigned to the load. The small army of porters — the African freight train — start, with a stick in their hand and 60 pounds of freight on their heads. The destination is Toro, 200 miles further into Africa. White men are in charge of the "freight train." Each porter takes with him a portion of rice or cornmeal. His meat is furnished by the white men in charge, who carry rifles, and by that means game is shot en route. Thirty days is the time required to travel the 200 miles, and for carrying 60 pounds of goods that distance a porter receives \$3. A new "freight train" will take up the goods at Toro and advance the cargo further into the wild country. Certain packs of natives will not go further than the sub-stopping place, as natives beyond are generally hostile to tribes stopping at that point. In that way traders living in remote parts are supplied with goods.

We were right in the heart of the sleeping-sickness zone. It has been estimated that 300,000 natives have been swept away by this strange and fatal disease. Remains of huts and other mute evidences of tribal existence at certain parts of the lake

districts indicate the wiping out of whole tribes by this pestilence, which accounts for the British government forcing the natives from the lake islands to live on the mainland. Some of these ejected natives try to return to their old home, and it was said to be a pathetic sight when they were forced to change their abode. The islands are infested with the fly whose bite injects the death virus. A strip of territory two miles from the shore of the lake is prohibited ground, and legal punishment is provided for any one found over the fly-infested lines.

Sleeping sickness is caused from a bite of the tsetse fly. It is as large as a horse-fly, and when it bites a victim it usually draws blood. The poison injected infects the blood, and is thought to be extracted from crocodiles by the fly while resting on that beast. It may be weeks, and even months, before the poison affects the victim. Anyway, mopiness will become noticeable, then drowsiness, accompanied by loss of appetite; then an overpowering desire to sleep overtakes the victim. All the time he is becoming emaciated from lack of food. This condition continues for months in some instances, and there are cases where victims have moped and drowsed for years. Some of the deaths are very painful, while others apparently die in their sleep. Three flies, with Latin names, carry the sleeping sickness virus—the *Glossina palpalis*, the *Glossina morsitans*, and the *Glossina fusca*. They are generally termed “morsitans,” “palpalis” and “fusca.” The most advanced medical scientists may be found in this part of the world trying to find out something definite about the virus and devising means for its eradication, but are as yet in the dark concerning how to combat the suffering and fatalities that follow in the wake of this strange disease. Sleeping sickness is prevalent in some parts of Rhodesia, Central Africa and in other interior sections of the Dark Continent.

The means employed to eradicate the fly is by cutting the brush from the shore of the lake. A fly will not remain in the sun long, so when the brush has been cut and a fly's resting place, the shade, is removed, he leaves the brush-barren district

and seeks shady fields. A grass — lemon grass, it is called — with a leaf a quarter of an inch wide, which grows to two feet high, is often planted on the land from which the brush has been cleared. The grass has an oily, lemon taste, which the tsetse fly does not fancy, and he leaves the cleared section.

In the early days Stanley and those that came later to these parts crossed the lake in canoes, rowed by natives. That was a dangerous undertaking, as the lake then, as to-day, was inhabited by hippopotami and crocodiles. As stated in *Leg Two*, the "hippo" will not harm a person in the water, but he may overturn a boat that attempts to ride over him, when the crocodile would devour those cast overboard.

Most of the wild animals in that part of the world are protected from hunters by government laws, but the hippopotamus and the crocodile are left to the mercy of any who wish to kill them. The big water-cows are very destructive to growing grain and vegetables. They come out at night to forage, when they destroy gardens, corn fields and grain. These animals travel a mile or more from the shore for food. The only time when a "hippo" will attack a person is if the latter should be between the water and the beast.

Coffee and rubber plantations have been laid out and promise large returns in the future. The natives raise a great deal of cotton, and cotton gins are located at many of the lake ports. So much cotton is produced that the lake boats cannot keep the wharves and godowns from being overloaded.

Three years' growth is required before the rubber tree is tapped. Several diagonal circles are cut in the bark. A piece of wood, with sharp nails, similar to a hair comb, is pressed against the tender bark. White sap then oozes from the tree and runs down a gutter cut in the bark. At the end of the gutter a tin spout connects, down which the latex runs into a tin cup on the ground. An ounce of sap is produced from a tapping. A tree is tapped every day for a month, then allowed to rest for a month. Sap will run from a tree but half an hour a day. Natives gather the cups from each tree, emptying each ounce in a larger vessel. The latex collected is put in tanks

five feet long and six inches wide. The next day the sap is taken out, when it will have become a white strip, like a piece of fat pork. The slab or sheet of raw rubber is next put through a press twice, which squeezes out water and impurities. The sheet of raw rubber remains unbroken, and its thickness is reduced to a quarter of an inch. It is then rolled together, like belting, put into a drying place, where it remains for a month, after which it is shipped North for refining. Before tapping a tree the bark is cleansed with a carbolic acid wash. The sap is white as milk, and sticky, and remains that color until refined. An average of one pound of rubber a month from a tree is a good yield, and the price ranges from \$2 to \$3 a pound in the raw state. The trees will produce sap for about ten years, and are from two to eight inches in diameter. Some rubber plantations contain hundreds of thousands of trees, and from 200 to 1,000 natives are employed. The wages paid latex gatherers in Uganda are from \$1 to \$1.50 a month.

At the market place little cleaning-up was necessary, as vultures pick meat blocks and keep the floors white after the day's business.

A good botanical garden that any city of half a million population would be proud of is found in Entebbe. Often groups of monkeys may be seen jumping from limb to limb and from tree to tree in the garden, each following the same route that the first one traveled.

Missions and missionaries are quite numerous in that section of Africa, almost every religious denomination being represented.

A ricksha is the usual means of traveling. When going from place to place, three natives are assigned to a ricksha, two pushing, with one between the shafts. These have bells tied around their ankles, and they sing from the time they start until they have reached the end of their stage. Each team runs about five miles, when three fresh pullers take charge of the vehicle; then the passenger will again spin along the road at a speed of five miles an hour, cheered by the tunes of the natives.

“Safari” is a word much used in the Protectorates. When one camps out, or goes on a country journey, he will be on “safari.” Often a man’s standing is gauged by the number of natives that accompany him. In the eyes of the natives the man with the largest safari is the bigger man. For that reason a vain man will have a larger force of natives serving him than would be necessary were his position not gauged on that basis. In that and in other ways white men become slaves to the caprice of native opinion.

Natives living in that part of Uganda are ant-eaters. The white ant, another African scourge, builds, unseen, large chocolate-colored mounds of dirt, some of them eight feet in height and from six to eight feet across the base. After reaching a certain age wings grow on the ants, when they emerge from the hill. The natives, aware of the time the exodus is to take place, build a frame of sticks over the cone of the mound, over which is placed a bark cloth. The cone is covered down the sides to a place below which the ants will not break through the dirt. Between the bottom of the upright frame sticks and the mound will be placed a banana leaf, the center pressed down, forming a trench. The ants, on emerging from the mound, fly upward, when they strike the cloth covering and drop into the banana leaf trench. Once their flight is interrupted they cannot fly again. An hour’s time is consumed while migrating from the mound — from the time the ants begin to come out until all have left their old home — during which the natives are busy eating the insects that creep out between the leaf cracks. They gather these by the wings, which are an inch in length, and put the live ants into their mouths, wings and all. The swarm of ants is later scooped from the trench, put into baskets made of leaves, taken to the hut, where the wings are plucked, and are then put into a pan and fried. In keeping with the secret and interesting nature of that insect, they do not begin to leave the mound before sunset, and often not until dark. Also, in keeping with the generosity of the Mganda, a member of this tribe, holding a number of ants by their wings in one hand and putting these in his

mouth — having an equal number in the other hand — offered to share the winged delicacies with his white spectator.

A variety of grass, from 6 to 12 feet high, called elephant grass, grows in that country. Some ivory hunters have met their death owing to wounded elephants secreting themselves in the tall reeds. A hunter would naturally follow the tracks of the great beast, though, being close to his quarry, he could not see him; but the elephant could see the hunter. Before he could protect himself or escape, the powerful trunk would come down on the hunter and deal him a death blow. Ivory from the tusks of the female elephant is the better grade. Ivory smuggling is said to be practiced in that part of the world, as opium smuggling is in some parts of America. While the tusks of some elephants weigh 25 pounds, the average is 15 pounds. Export and import duty on ivory is very high, which accounts for alleged smuggling in that product. Elephants take 30 years to attain their full growth.

The two most dangerous animals in Africa are the buffalo and the rhinoceros. Most animals will run from man, but a buffalo may be just inside tall grass or a brush thicket, unseen, when he will charge a hunter. The rhinoceros is almost blind, but what he lacks in sight is made up for by his keen scent. As soon as he scents anything he wishes to impale on his horn, he starts in the direction from which he got his lead. When closely pursued by a "rhino," the hunter will stand still until the big beast is immediately in front; then he will side-step. A man can turn much quicker than a "rhino," and in that way one has a chance to get away, or to keep dodging the animal until help comes.

Plural marriage is the custom with these natives, but a wife in Uganda is one-half cheaper than in Zululand, from four to six head of cattle being the standard price of a helpmate.

Bananas and sweet potatoes grow very bountifully, and these two vegetables comprise the principal food of the natives. The banana is boiled when green and eaten. The soil is rich and a chocolate color.

This was the only place in our tour of Africa where pretty birds were seen and also were heard singing. Birds in South Africa seldom sing. Parrots are on their native heath here.

The sun in that part of the world shines 12 hours a day the year round.

Automobiles, motor trucks, motorcycles and bicycles may be seen spinning along good roads.

My time had been overstayed in Entebbe, so we took our departure for Kampala, the native capital. The lake stopping-place is called Port Bell. Seven miles from the little port is located Kampala, the ancient capital of Uganda, and that distance is traveled in a government motor car. Rubber trees and banana groves line the roadway for the distance. About 75,000 natives live in Kampala, but the huts are so scattered and buried under banana bushes that one would not think there were one-third that number. It is another Rome, so far as hills are concerned. The government buildings are seen on one hill, the King's house and Ministers' houses on another, and a monastery and a mission stand on other hills. Four hundred Europeans comprise the population.

Our next landing from Kampala was Jinja, another port of Victoria Nyanza, and the most interesting of the lake stops, as we had reached the outlet of that body of water, Ripon Falls, where one looks at the starting point of the historical river Nile, the magnet that figured largely in my giving way to the witchery of the foreground when standing on the shore of the lake at Kisumu some weeks before.

J. H. Speke, an Englishman, in 1858, discovered Victoria Nyanza, but its outlet, hidden by green banks on each side, was not reached until four years later, on his second visit to that section of Africa. He named that neck of water Napoleon Gulf. Speke was the first to reveal the source of the river Nile, which had long been sought by the Egyptians, who had for ages been in the dark concerning the fountain-head of the river that meant so much to them in providing water to grow crops — their life, in fact. When it is recalled that rain has

not fallen for thousands of years in some sections of the African continent through which the Nile flows, it is little wonder that the Egyptians were eager to learn of the river's source.

Ripon Falls, named by Speke after the president of the geographical society that financed his explorations, is located a mile from Jinja, and is only 12 feet high and 400 feet wide, but when that plunge has been taken the water becomes the river Nile. From Ripon Falls to Albert Nyanza the river is known as the Victoria Nile. On, on it flows through countries inhabited by savage tribes — by elephants, rhinoceroses, lions and hippopotami — through lakes and great swamps; still on and on through the Soudan, and even further northward, where it is halted for a time by the great Assouan Dam. It next passes through the desert to Alexandria, Egypt, where it becomes lost in the salted ocean, nearly 4,000 miles from its source.

Until a few years ago visitors to Ripon Falls were forbidden to go close to the section where the water makes its plunge from Victoria Nyanza to the River Nile, as the brush growing on both sides was infested with tsetse flies. The brush was finally cleared and lemon grass planted. One is not quite safe from being bitten even now, as on the opposite side the brush is dense, and the distance across the river would be none too far for a fly to journey. No one enters that brush unless their hands are covered, and face and neck protected with a heavy veil, to thwart any attack by that winged messenger of death.

From Jinja a railroad, the only one in Uganda, extends northward 59 miles.

Returning by boat to Port Florence, then by train over the mountains to Nairobi, we again feasted our eyes on big game while traveling through the great preserve; next through the Taru Desert, where the leafless trees grow; and finally we rumbled over the trestle spanning the water channel separating Mombasa Island from the mainland.

LEG SIX

CHAPTER I

WE now take final leave of Africa, the land of fever and fascination, and start for India. The boat from which I disembarked at Mombasa weeks before had sailed to Bombay, returned to Africa, and was now again on her voyage to the Pearl of the Orient. Only two Europeans were traveling second-class — the only white passengers aboard — the others being black. We had been at sea but a few hours when the captain invited us to quarters in the first-class section without additional charge. Seldom are passengers favored with such kindness. The ship headed for the Island of Mahé, the largest of the Seychelles group.

Before leaving Mombasa passengers had to be vaccinated, as smallpox had broken out in that place. The port doctor snagged my arm with an inoculation needle in three different places, giving as a reason for doing so that he was sure none of them would "take." Later, it became painfully evident his opinion could not be depended upon in a matter of that nature, as three flaming-like eyes appeared on my arm — all three vaccinations had "taken."

A ship may enter the port of Bombay, India, though bubonic plague and smallpox is ravaging the passengers, but if what is known as a jigger is found on the feet or hands of a passenger a vessel would be quarantined for eight days. The jigger is a small insect that crawls under the toenail, deposits eggs if allowed to remain, and then dies; its eggs, however, cause a sore, which spreads over feet and legs, and the hands and body eventually become scaly, somewhat like eczema. African natives are very clever at digging out the jigger. The ship's doctor examines every toe and hand of passengers booked for India. He places a box on deck, when, one at a time, each

passenger puts first one foot on the box, when the doctor inspects each toe, and then the other, for jigger indications. Several days are devoted to this examination.

"A complete quarantine" was the order of the port doctor when we reached Port Victoria, on the island of Mahé, Seychelles group, the Mombasa clearance papers announcing small-pox prevalent in the African town.

The coco-de-mer — a double cocoanut — is perhaps one of the strangest products in the world; only in the Seychelles group will the nut grow, and there on but two islands. After the shuck has been removed the double nut is found, black as ebony. A striking feature of the coco-de-mer is its resemblance to the torso of a black person. The tree on which it grows is like the cocoanut palm, and the nut is used for decorating homes and clubs. The palm grows in sexes, male and female, only the female tree bearing.

This group is composed of 29 islands, with an area of 153 square miles, and is located in the Western Indian Ocean about a thousand miles east of Zanzibar. The French settled these in 1742, which remained their territory for 50 years, when England added them to her possessions. The 30,000 inhabitants of the islands speak the French tongue. Unlike most sections of Africa, the climate here is healthful, the group being often referred to as the Garden of Eden. Cocoa oil and vanilla are the principal exports; tea, coffee, banana, cocoanut and other tropical growths also flourish. The natives are yellow in color, but not negroid. American five-gallon oil tins are in evidence in that isolated "oasis" of the world.

We traveled northwest from Seychelles, when we recrossed the equator, leaving behind the towering palms of Rio; the circling albatross and pretty Cape pigeons, the whales, flambeau trees, Zulu ricksha pullers, gold and diamond mines, Victoria Falls, and shapely mountains of South Africa; Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands; the interesting East Coast of Africa and Zanzibar; leafless trees, game preserves, green-island dotted Victoria Nyanza, nimble monkeys disporting in treetops, ant-eating natives, pretty birds, Ripon Falls, the tsetse

fly — mindful only of the interesting and fascinating — and, lastly, the Southern Cross, as we say a final good-by to attractive Southland and the kind people living in that division of the world.

“The anchor rattles down on stranger shores.” We had stopped at Morumgoa, Portuguese-India, where most of the black passengers left the ship. Goa is the name of this Portuguese colony, which embraces an area of 1,500 square miles, and has been ruled by Portugal since the fifteenth century. Half a million Portuguese subjects live in Goa, and from that place comes the Goanese. They consider themselves Europeans, dress like Europeans, but are as black as an Indian. Stewards on passenger steamships in the East are generally Goanese, as they make better servants than Indians. The passengers were returning from Africa, where they had earned from \$20 to \$30 a month, very good wages for them. They had saved enough in Africa to live in ease at home for a long time, and would send friends across the Indian Ocean to take their places.

Another day's travel within sight of the Indian shore, and we sailed into the east bay of Bombay harbor, when a splendid panorama — the city on our left, the bay in front, and green hills and islands to the right — spread out before us. We had reached Asia — Leg Six.

The Parsi (a Persian) is the financial power in Bombay, coming to India a long time ago, when his empire was destroyed by the Mohammedans. Persecuted by Indians for centuries, his progress is entirely due to the protection he has received under England's strong arm. Bombay has been an English possession for 300 years.

The Parsi is lighter in color than the Indian, dresses differently, thinks he is better than the native, will not eat food prepared by others, and does not marry outside his own race. A majority of Parsis wear spectacles — possibly one of the results of tribal intermarriage.

One is surprised, on visiting this Parsi stronghold, at the splendid buildings, rising bulky and high, about the city. The streets in the business section are good and the walks in fair

condition. A good system of stone and cement docks impresses the visitor. Ships are so numerous at this port that some of the vessels have to remain in harbor for days, and even weeks, before docking room is available. A large dry dock was under course of construction at this time, and other important improvements were in evidence all along the water front.

Trucking is done by oxen; horses are never seen drawing heavy loads. The Bombay truck is a two-wheeled cart, thousands of these, loaded with cotton bales and various merchandise, slowly moving about the city all the while. When drivers wish to speed their oxen they twist their tails. From this method of forcing the animals, the pronounced corrugated nature of their tails suggests that the joints had been wrenched apart numerous times.

Bombay cotton mills number about a hundred and furnish employment for over 200,000. Indian cotton is not so good as that grown in the United States, and for this reason hundreds of thousands of bales are imported from America each year to mix with the native product. Cotton is worn mainly by the natives, and, as the Indian woman has a weakness for colors, groups of these make a picturesque showing.

Indian women work side by side with men and receive the same wages. The work engaged in may be carrying earth from an excavation, loading dirt into carts, shoveling coal, or lifting bales of cotton. These are known as coolies, and no distinction is made between male and female. English rule has given some workers in India a short day, but others work 10 and 12 hours. The wages paid coolies in Bombay are from six to eight cents a day. A woman may be carrying material to masons working on a wall of a building and her babe be sleeping behind a pile of bricks. When the child requires its mother's attention the hod-carrier walks over to the infant, remains a short while, then leaves, loads her basket with brick, lifts it to her head, and starts up the ladder with the material.

Thousands of people in Bombay sleep on the sidewalk at night. They completely cover their head and face, placing a piece of old cloth under them — if so fortunate as to have some-

thing of that sort — lie down, and sleep until morning. One wonders they do not die of suffocation.

Usually the temperature is cooler at night than by day, but such is not the case in Bombay, the weather being hotter at night during the summer season than in the daytime, when a breeze generally blows, and ceases at sundown. Then perspiration seems just to boil out of one's body. Bombay being built on an island, with water on all sides, one would naturally think air would be noticeably stirring at night, but instead the bays at this time of year are usually as calm as a mill pond. We reached this country the end of September, and for three weeks following the weather would not permit of even a sheet covering at night. The weather is indeed hot in India.

The monsoons, or rains, begin the latter end of May, and continue until the first of September. The rain comes in showers, the sun shining between, when steam continually rises from the ground. White women go to the mountains before the monsoons, on account of the trying nature of the weather, and also after the monsoons have ceased. The weather in India is very depressing to white women.

Were one to walk about with bare arms on a cloudy day they would become blistered. If one walked ten feet without head covering, he would be apt to fall from sunstroke as quickly as if felled by a blow.

Bombay, the fourth city of the British Empire, has a population of a million, 15,000 of whom are said to be Europeans, but it is doubtful if there be that number of full-blooded whites in the city. Of this population, it would be interesting to know what percentage wear shoes. Some Parsis do so, others wear sandals; but no Hindus or Mohammedans wear shoes, and but a small minority are seen with sandals. These are worn only while walking, for it is the custom to leave their sandals outside the entrance of a building or home and enter in bare feet. No matter where they may be, the sandals are discarded at all times when they are not actually walking, and when sitting down their feet are partly concealed under them.

Hindus and Mohammedans do not eat pork, as they consider

the meat unclean; neither is beef eaten by Hindus. This is the reason why beef sells for five cents a pound. A cow is considered a sacred animal by the Hindu, and therefore not to be eaten. A shoemaker or saddler, or any one working with leather, is of very low caste, according to Hindu social rating.

In the Five Towers of Silence, located on Malabar Hill, the Parsi dead are disposed of, the method employed being one of the strangest customs practiced. A long, stone stairway leads to where the bodies are placed on an iron grating, which takes four men to carry it. Here are five cylinders, of three compartments each, 276 feet around and 25 feet high, resembling a circular gridiron, with a depression toward the center. Under the depressed portion of the cylinder is a well. Bodies are laid on the grating naked — adult males on the outside compartment, women on the center, and children near the well. Bald-headed vultures being numerous in the trees growing about the Towers, half an hour after a corpse has been placed on the gridiron every particle of flesh will be stripped from the bones by these vultures. The skeleton remains on the grating, exposed to sun and wind, until it has become dry; then the body-carriers, with tongs, remove the bones into the well. This method of disposing of bodies, instead of by cremation, is due to the Parsis regarding fire as too sacred to be polluted by burning the dead, and water and earth are equally revered. The bones and dust going into the same well is in keeping with one of the tenets of their religion — namely, that rich and poor must meet in death. The Parsis are followers of Zoroaster, who is said to have brought sacred fire from heaven, which is still kept burning in consecrated spots, while some of the temples are built over subterranean furnaces.

The Parsi has a marked weakness for seeing his name engraved on brass plates or shields or cut in polished granite. In order that this whim be gratified, he donates large sums of money to worthy benefactions. Their wealth and power may be inferred when it is stated that the control of the city of Bombay is in the hands of 80,000 out of a population of a million. The poor are well looked after, and a high standard



BHISTI (Water-Carrier).
INDIA.

See page 293.



PARSI.
BOMBAY, INDIA.

See page 271.

of morality is their boast. The adoption of European customs becomes more noticeable from year to year. The children of that race attend the public schools.

One style of hat or cap worn by the Parsi is of pasteboard, covered with dotted white and red silk cloth, in the shape of a horse's hoof. In the center of the cap a conical piece of the frame points upward, but not so high as the top of the "hoof." That feature of the cap suggests the frog in the horse's foot. No rim, string or tassel goes with this odd headgear. Occasionally a small feather may be seen at one side. Another hat having a high crown, is made of cloth, without a rim, save for what might be called a cuff around the bottom. His "coat" is a long, loose garment reaching to the knees. The Parsi horse-hoof hat, with adornment, will yet be well known beyond the borders of India and Persia, for milliners will induce their customers to adopt that style of headdress.

The city is well provided with parks. On the west side is a large strip of land, on which English sports, including polo games, are common; this park is used also for other forms of recreation. Music is provided in this part of the city every evening. In another section is located Victoria Gardens, a very pretty place, containing a good museum and a creditable zoo. Music is furnished in these grounds several times a week.

An interesting type of the varied nationalities of Bombay is the fisherwomen, who carry their catch in a basket on their heads. They are a different race to the Hindu or Parsi, dress differently, wear no head covering, and a sort of skirt they wear stops at the knees, the center being caught up by a piece of cloth brought between and fastened in front, giving the skirt a baggy, trouser-like appearance; from their knees down their legs are bare, including the feet. While their occupation would suggest untidiness, yet no people in the world are superior, in neatness of step and admirable carriage, to the Bombay fisherwomen.

It may be of interest to note that Bombay "duck," appearing on menus in the Far East, is really fish caught in the Arabian

Sea, which, after being dried, is shipped to many parts of the world.

Bombay curry and rice is another food seen on menus in cities a long distance from the place whose name it bears. A gherkin is always eaten with this, the chief food of India. Curry and rice is seen on menus all over the country, and it is well for one to acquire a taste for it while in India, as it is said to be good, and there is always plenty of it.

“Lac” is used in India to denote large amounts, as a “thousand” is used in our country. There is a much larger difference in the amount, however, as a lac is 100,000. Five lacs of rupees, or three lacs of cotton bales, is the way the term is used.

A garrywaller is a cabdriver, but “garry” is the general term used when speaking of that class. The term “waller” is used in the place of the word “smith” in the United States. It would be tinwaller for a tinsmith, woodwaller for a cabinet-maker, saddlewaller for a saddler, and so on.

Cab fare is cheap in Bombay. The charge for the first hour is 25 to 30 cents, and 16 to 20 cents an hour after the first. Short trips cost from 10 to 16 cents. One engaging a “garry” should know the exact fare before starting, for a driver may demand double the regular fare when the journey is finished. The cab horses are a hungry-looking lot — like those of Paris, France.

Jewelry and copper wallers form a considerable proportion of skilled workers. Copper cups and vases are much used in connection with religious customs, and Indian women will starve themselves to save money to buy silver ornaments. As many as six or eight ankle, wrist, and arm bangles are worn by these women, besides heavy pieces of jewelry depending from the ears, and flat ornaments covering the mouth. These last are attached to a pin that has been pierced through the nose. Mothers even have bangles on the arms and ankles of their babies.

An Indian woman’s dress is often composed of but one piece of cloth — cotton or silk, as the case may be. On the amount

of money a woman has at her disposal depends the bulk of the dress she wears. The strips of material are sometimes 20 feet in length; they are caught up by deft hands and made into a full fold, a half fold, or a V-shaped hook design, until a covering of what seems an inch of cloth is around the figure, worked out in shapes and designs to suit her fancy. None of the women wear shoes or hats, the head covering being made of the bolt of cloth composing her dress. The brighter the color of the material the better she is pleased.

Several English daily newspapers are published in Bombay; the leading one sells at six cents a copy. Employed in that particular office are 1,100 persons, and out of that large force were only nine Europeans working in the mechanical departments, these directing the work of the several divisions. Here were linotype machines and other modern appliances that mark the advancement which has taken place in the printing industry during the past 25 years. The "aristocratic" workers of that office were the linotype operators, their wages varying from \$14 to \$18 a month — big salaries for India. A typist or linotype operator would not hold a job long in America were he to bump down and up the keys of these machines with but one hand; yet that is the way the Indian linotype operator manipulates a keyboard. Unlike coolies' hours, the working day in a publishing house is but eight hours. The wages of other Indian skilled mechanics in that office ran from \$3 to \$8 a month.

Modern machinery in any branch of industry in India, however, is often run at a loss. In a large publishing house a modern paper-folding machine had been installed at considerable expense. After the machine had been in operation for several weeks it occurred to the management there was little, if any, financial gain noticed by the results. When the original cost, wear and tear and ultimate replacement had been figured out, the figures proved that the work could be done 600 per cent. cheaper by hand. The folding machine was immediately abandoned and the work again done by boys receiving from 4 to 6 cents a day.

The Bombay policeman's hat is yellow in color and resem-

bles a thick pancake, with a firm rim. He carries a club, and a small stick is another symbol of authority. He wears sandals, and is not officious. If he be on a day assignment, his time on duty is eight hours. The night policeman has much shorter hours — two hours on and two hours off. This unusual practice is maintained owing to an officer being very apt to go to sleep while on duty. Mention has been made of the weather being hotter at night than in the daytime, which may explain the night policeman's tendency to become sleepy. These protectors of the law receive \$3.25 a month.

Electric street railways run to every part of the city, but few Europeans ride in them. Not long since a white person seen riding on a street car would be thought little of, but social restrictions in this respect have relaxed to a noticeable degree. Formerly Europeans were expected to maintain their position by riding in a carriage. Street railway fare is cheaper in Bombay than in Sydney, Australia — from 2 to 3 cents for a long ride. The city is lighted by gas, but it does not reflect much credit on the lighting department.

Every European living in India must be identified with the local militia. It matters not whether one be a Britisher, a German, a Frenchman, or an American — all white male residents must be instructed in the use of arms. It is the fear of native uprisings that demand the training of each European, to be able to give the best account of his ability if confronted by hordes of blacks intent on the most cruel forms of massacre. A large garrison of British soldiers is stationed in Bombay, and even a larger number at Poona, 100 miles east.

The food is nearly the same variety as one gets in other parts of the world. One would expect to come across different vegetables, but, with a few exceptions, potatoes, beans, peas, tomatoes, onions and pumpkins rule the day. One does not fare so well with eggs, however, as these are one-third less in size than European or American eggs. The Indian breed of chickens have long legs and a wide breast, so there is more white meat than dark to the Indian fowl.

Elephanta Caves, located seven miles from Bombay, on the

opposite shore of the eastern bay, is one of the attractions of that city. Caves of this character are numerous in Southern India, and most of them are worth a visit. The caves are underground temples, and the sculpture, as seen in the gods carved out of solid rock; pulpits, shrines, and images symbolic of their faith, speak well for the people's skill in that art. The roofs of these caves are supported by large stone columns. Nothing has been overlooked to make these large underground places of worship emblematic of their religion, no work or expense having been too great to bring about that end. Elephanta and other wonderful subterranean temples bespeak the Buddhist faith. They were chiseled out in the eighth century. Thousands of Buddhists visit and worship in the caves to-day. The Caves of Ellora, however, are the greatest and most notable.

One would not expect to find away off in Bombay the prettiest railroad station, perhaps, in the world; yet Victoria Station, the western terminus of the Great India Peninsula Railroad, in architectural beauty, will withstand critical examination. The style is Italian Gothic, with Oriental designs. The building is elaborately ornamented with sculpture and surrounded by a large central dome. The station was built in 1888, and cost \$1,500,000. We know of a number of larger railroad stations, but have seen none to compare with its rich architectural appearance. Though Victoria Station is the prettiest structure in Bombay, other splendid buildings would surprise a visitor on his visit to the Parsi city.

A flat or an apartment for Europeans costs \$30 a month. Office rent is nearly as high in Bombay as it is in New York.

Good hotel accommodation can be had from \$2 to \$3 a day. Usually a room is composed of three "compartments"—a sitting room, dressing room, and bath room, but no running water. Hot water for the bath is brought in copper kettles and emptied into a wooden tub. It requires three Indians to look after a room—a room "boy," bath "boy," and "sweeper." The room "boy" is of higher caste than the bath "boy," and the bath "boy" of higher caste than the "sweeper"; neither will do work out of their caste position. Ceilings are high, and

many hotels are lighted by electricity. At sundown the room "boy" sees that the bed is enclosed with mosquito netting, supported on a frame. Most of the beds are of iron, with modern springs.

One will not be in this city long before the large number of black crows, with steel gray backs, flying about comes under observation. At daylight their presence is forcibly brought home, the medley of "caws" coming from these Indian scavengers preventing further sleep of a newcomer.

America was prominently represented here in a sewing-machine office, a cash register office, and the ever-present American five-gallon oil can.

The native quarters is a black and busy place. Bombay is perhaps more cosmopolitan than other Indian cities. Here are seen the Arab, Afghan, Zanzibar negro, Persian, Beluchi, Chinaman, Japanese, Malay, and representatives of other countries and other sections of India. Bright-colored clothes appear occasionally, but the denizens of the native quarters are more naked than dressed. The bazaars are located here — the brass workers, coppersmiths, and jewelers; and here everything native-made may be purchased. Candy makers are among the "wallers" of India, and the smell from these shops and the native cooking-places — well, if one were blind, and at all used to Indian life, he would know he were in the bazaar by the odors.

India is the home of the rupee. As stated earlier, its value is 32 cents in United States money. Then there is the half rupee, 16 cents; the anna, two cents; the pice, one-half a cent, and the pie, one-sixth of a cent. Millions of people in India have never had a rupee in their hands, being more familiar with the pice and pie coins and cowrie shells, the latter being legal currency in some parts of India. The value of cowrie shells varies from 80 to 85 to the pie, or 500 to the American cent.

European data in connection with Bombay and southwestern India is taken from the year 1498, when Vasco da Gama, the daring Portuguese explorer, sailed around Cape of Good Hope to Calicut. Portugal then assumed control of this section for twelve years, when it was wrested from her, again coming into

her possession twenty-four years later. In 1608 England appeared on the scene, and in 1661 Bombay was ceded to Britain as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. A few years later the East India Company established itself here, and it has remained a British possession ever since.

CHAPTER II

OUR next move was by rail to Baroda, 248 miles north of Bombay. The railroad coach was of the compartment type, but wide, the road gauge being $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet. Fare in India is cheap, first-class being three cents a mile, second-class a cent and a half a mile for short journeys and a cent and a quarter for 300 miles or more, and third-class fare one-sixth of a cent, or a pie, a mile. To learn what heavy passenger travel is one must go to India and note the jammed condition of the third-class cars. Natives seemed to travel on railway trains to show their friends they had money to spend on luxuries. At certain towns a sub-station is located near the regular station, where third-class passengers cook their food and sleep until the train arrives. If they oversleep, it matters little, as they camp out until the next train stops. Some of the coaches are equipped with shower baths and luxuriously furnished; all of the through trains are lighted by electricity and provided with electric fans. To add to the comfort of passengers, ice is carried to cool the drinks. The schedule time of some trains is 40 miles an hour. Coaches are provided with free sleeping berths, as in South Africa.

My compartment companion was a sepoy (soldier) and a Mohammedan, who had seen 24 years' military service, and spoke fairly good English. He had laid in a supply of food before leaving Bombay, and, when eating small cakes, offered to share them with his European traveling companion; next a cigar was proffered, and, not being a smoker, this kindness was also declined. Indians are vain concerning scented water, and this sepoy had saturated himself so thoroughly with lavender or rose-water that the compartment smelled like a perfume factory. He next offered fragrant water to put on my handkerchief, but I did not take kindly to his taste. He carried two pillows, and

was disposed to divide these with his companion. Some interesting facts concerning Mohammedan customs were gathered from him during the journey, and when Baroda was reached the sepoy asked, apologetically, if his presence had been objectionable. In answer, he was handed a picture of one of the high buildings in New York City.

One-third of the area of India is composed of what are termed native States, the State of Baroda being among these. The Gaekwar of Baroda rules over 2,000,000 subjects, and is reputed to be the second wealthiest man in India. The richest native ruler is the Nizam of the State of Hyderabad (Decan).

A much better appearance was offered by the Gaekwar's subjects than by the natives seen in Bombay. Baroda has a population of 100,000, and a street-car line is among the city's attractions, the cars being drawn by horses. Away from the bazaar, or business center, Baroda is provided with good streets, with trees growing on each side. A creditable park is located near the city, the grounds containing a museum, an art gallery, and a zoo.

A visit was made to the palace, in which is included the legislative halls. We had been through palaces in Europe, but the Gaekwar's bed was the most costly seen anywhere. It is of solid silver, the posts being two inches in diameter, and everything else connected with this democratic ruler's bed was fully in keeping with the silver frame. Electric fans are placed throughout the palace; while mosaic-tiled floors, mahogany furniture, most expensive rugs, and drapings were also seen about this Indian ruler's dwelling-place. The palace is surrounded by attractive grounds.

Native rulers may govern their States, but England really holds the reins of power. The ruler of the State of Mysore, for instance, had his domain taken from him, but it was afterwards returned. That will serve as an indication of what is likely to take place if a maharaja opposes England's idea of how to conduct her dependencies. The Gaekwar himself was scotched by the British whip for turning the wrong way in the

presence of the King of England at the Durbar held in Delhi several years since. Previously the Gaekwar's standing had been recognized by a royal salute of 21 guns, and seven of these were cut off. He now receives but a 14-gun salute for his unfortunate turn at the Durbar.

Dak bungalows take the place of hotels in the smaller cities of India, but even these are absent in remote towns. In order that European visitors to Baroda may not be put to any inconvenience concerning accommodation the Gaekwar has built a special hotel, called the Rest House. Financially it is a loss, but the Gaekwar is too big-hearted to allow his European friends to undergo any discomfort while staying at his capital.

Large monkeys, two feet high, inhabit the trees here. They are sacred animals to the Hindu, and, although destroying garden and flower plants, no Hindu would venture even to strike one of the tricky animals. If one of them was killed by a European, that person, probably, would not get out of the place alive.

The next stop was at Ahmedabad, where some of the best temple and mosque architecture in India is to be seen. The city has a quarter of a million inhabitants, and is noted for its goldsmiths, jewelers, ivory carvers, lacquer workers, cotton-cloth factories, calico printing, gold and silver lace, and other industries that require high skill.

Feeding-places for birds — boxes on posts — ornamented with carving and sometimes brightly painted, naturally arouse the curiosity of visitors to Ahmedabad. A sect of the Hindu faith in this city is known as the Jains; they erected the feeding-places and supply food for the birds. This Buddhist sect believes all inorganic matter has a soul, and that a man's soul may pass into stone; but it is their concern for animal life, more than their other beliefs, that interests. They will not kill an animal, bird or insect. To maintain life in flies, bedbugs, mosquitoes, fowl, dogs, and monkeys is a strict tenet of their religion; they also believe bodily penance is necessary to salvation. This sect numbers a million and a half.

The Jain temple — Hathi Singh Temple — is one of the

prettiest church buildings we have seen. Though it has not the imposing appearance of the Cathedral of Milan, Italy, a view of the Jain temple of Ahmedabad will long remain in one's mind. The church, built of white marble, surmounted by 53 domes, will bring to mind, as a poor illustration, the handsomely ornamented Christmas or wedding cakes seen in bakers' windows. Woolen slippers must be worn on entering. The interior is in keeping with the richness of the exterior. The gods in the temple where the Jains worship seem to be made of gold, although they may be of brass; they are two feet high, and some are ornamented with what looks like precious stones.

In a mosque of that city there is a marble window, with delicate tracery on stone of stems and branches. This beautiful craftsmanship is in every detail equal to what one would expect if the same design was worked by a deft hand lace-worker. The window is six or seven feet across, and of the same height. The tracery was executed nearly 300 hundred years ago. Formerly there were two, but one was removed from the mosque and taken to London, and is now in the British Museum.

In all the larger centers of India a garrison, or cantonment, is located just outside the city, some of them composed largely of native soldiers, with European officers in charge. Europeans living in these centers occupy homes near the cantonments.

Ahmedabad streets are well shaded, and some of the houses, though none too tidy in appearance, are beautifully ornamented on the outside with wood carving. Beggars are numerous. A wall, in some sections 40 feet high, with 12 entrances, surrounds the old city. A good park is another feature, and the old wells are an example of art in a high degree in the past. The necessity for these wells will be understood when it is stated that rain does not fall from the termination of the monsoons until rain is again due, a period of eight months; but the sacred tamarind trees do not die. All the cities of India put one in mind of a rosy apple rotten in the center: the outskirts are beautified with nice parks, good roads, and shady trees, but the inside is always spoiled by a dirty, bad-smelling bazaar.

Packs of big monkeys and homeless dogs — pariah dogs, they are called — stand on the roads in the suburbs until a horse almost steps on them. They are waiting for the Jains to come with food. The pariah dog is generally mangy, scaly, starved, and half mad when he is not actually snapping. Though a menace to human life, if a European were to kill one it might lead to an uprising in India. The mortality from rabies is appalling.

Lizards were seen sliding about the walls, crickets were piping from the corners, and frogs were hopping about the floor of the room I occupied in Ahmedabad. No one of this sect will kill a lizard, as he is a house scavenger — puts in all his time catching flies and mosquitoes. The lizard is evidently not a Jain.

A 24-hour ride was ahead of us before Agra could be reached. The country passed through was as level as a table, with patches of rice growing on each side of the railway track. Now and again an irrigation trench is seen, and trees in cultivated fields, while often separated by considerable space, give the landscape a timbered appearance. Four poles, from eight to ten feet above the ground, may be seen standing in fields where grain is growing, on top of which a shaky platform has been built. An Indian is assigned to this "look-out," to protect the growing and ripening crops from invasions of destructive fowl and animals. Rice will grow only in from three to twelve inches of water. If the monsoons be limited, there will not be enough water to grow the rice, and the dreaded famine results. Though the monsoons had been good, the people looked half starved; so we have no desire to travel through India in a famine year. The Indian plough is perhaps an improvement on what was in use 5,000 years ago, as it has a pointed iron bolt in a stick of wood, but in the murky past the point of the plough might have been wood. Oxen, with big humps on their shoulders, draw the stick and bolt, and two Indians — generally a woman and a man — seem to be required to work the device. A long pole sticking in the air, with half a dozen to a dozen Indians around — each woman with a baby astraddle her

hip — is scaled by two or three men, a cloth no larger than a pocket handkerchief about their loins, the top of the pole bending to the ground as the men approach the end of it. A sort of bucket — generally of earthenware, but sometimes an American five-gallon tin oil can — is seen appearing on the surface with water dripping from it. This is the windmill of India. When the monsoons fail them, this is their only hope of getting water from the wells to nourish the rice "paddies," and it is borne on the head for long distances for the purpose of maintaining life.

Very few people drink water in India, as in most rivers it is polluted by dead bodies, is used by "dobeys" (washermen), and in other ways made unfit to drink, all of which causes typhoid fever. For this reason much whisky, also soda water, is drunk. Soda water on trains sells at four cents a bottle to a second-class passenger and eight cents to a first-class passenger. In this country one pays according to his position for any and everything he buys.

Stations are not announced in India, and noticing "Agra" on a board, in large letters, that place being a Mecca for travelers, we fell in line with custom and left the train.

The chief attraction of Agra is the Taj Mahal, the greatest tomb ever erected to the memory of a woman, and this in a country where women are looked upon as merely servants of men. The monument was erected by Shah Jahan, Emperor of Delhi, to one of his wives, Mumtaz Mahal, "the pride of the palace," as she was termed. Work began on the monument in 1630, which was completed in 1652, 22 years being required to finish the grand pile of marble. The sum of money expended on its erection was \$10,000,000.

The grounds in which the tomb stands are entered by an imposing gate that would be a creditable monument in itself to any great personage. When inside, the visitor is confronted with a beautiful garden. A marble walk, in black and white, leads to the noted monument at the other end, on the bank of the Jumna River, where it rises in striking beauty, its stately marble dome, marble walls, and marble minarets demonstrating the grandeur in architecture for which the Taj Mahal is famed.

The marble platform on which the tomb stands is 313 feet square, and the top of the dome rises to a height of 213 feet. At each corner of the tomb is a minaret of white marble, 137 feet high, delineated by black lines. Some parts of the tomb are inlaid with precious stones. Trellis work also plays a conspicuous part in this magnificent monument.

The fort of Agra, built of red sandstone and nearly 70 feet high, with a circumference of a mile, contains some magnificent buildings of the Moguls, although portions have been demolished. It was behind these walls 6,000 Britishers took refuge during the Mutiny of 1857. The walls of the fort and the buildings were erected between 1550 and 1640. Shah Jahan, the Emperor of Delhi, who built the Taj Mahal, also erected the greater number of fine buildings here within the great sandstone walls. Among the material used in the erection of the palaces is white marble with blue and gray veins worked in with black marble, and white marble inlaid with mosaic and valuable stones, rich reliefs enhancing the design. As in Nero's day, there was an enclosure built, in which wild beasts tore each other to pieces for the amusement of the Mogul. Artificial flowers, made of valuable red gems, inlaid in white marble; marble lattice work, treble marble domes, marble fountains, walls embossed with gold — practically all marble — beautified with red sandstone pillars and splendid vistas, with green parakeets flitting about the surroundings all the day, may also be seen in this grand scheme of architecture. Such elegance, and the vast amount of money spent in erecting these handsome buildings, contrasted strongly with the dirty, squalid living quarters of the poor, low-caste Indian, certainly indicates a striking disregard of their interests.

Here one finds a creditable park, good driveways, shade trees and large lawns in front of Europeans' homes. These dwellings are bungalows, one storied, high roofed, with wide verandas, and often covered with grass or reeds. The kitchen is not inside, but a building in the rear is used for that purpose. Nearly every one owns a horse and trap of some sort, and there is a

stable included in the buildings. A fence generally surrounds the grounds, and the inclosure is called a "compound."

Agra has a population of 200,000, and the articles manufactured are gold and silver embroidery, carving in soapstone and imitation of old inlay work on white marble.

The Mohammedan place of worship is a mosque, and the Hindu place of worship is a temple.

A Mohammedan may have four wives, besides concubine slaves. The celebration of a Mohammedan marriage costs the father of the bridegroom about \$150, which is used to buy presents for the bride and to furnish a feast for friends. Any prospective father-in-law attempting to shave that sum would be thought little of by the bridegroom's acquaintances. Mohammedans bury their dead, but use no coffin. They place the corpse on the bottom of the grave, build over a frame, which is covered with timber, cloth or stone, and then fill in earth. Prayers are offered five times a day — at sunset, nightfall, day-break, noon, and afternoon. All work is abandoned at time for prayers. Mohammedan priests use their voices to summon worshipers to prayers, because Jews and Christians use bells and trumpets for the same purpose. Mohammedans believe in a resurrection, heaven, and hell, but also believe there is a separate heaven for women. The Koran forbids the drinking of wine or eating of pork. This sect wash their hands, mouth, and nose before eating or praying. Mohammed, the prophet of Allah, was born in Mecca, Arabia, 570 A. D., his father being a poor merchant. Sixty-three million of the population of India are Mohammedans, and the Mogul dynasties prevailed from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

Unlike Mohammed and the mountain, if one does not go to the Indian bazaar the bazaar is brought to him. On a visitor leaving his room, there will be spread before his door on the wide veranda silk shawls, silk dress goods, and souvenirs of the place; also waiting are snake charmers, jugglers, photographers, "dobeys," tailors, shoemakers, barbers, guides, hackmen, fellows offering themselves as servants — all making salaams —

speaking in a low voice, but persistently following their business instincts. One never finds himself at a loss for some one to do whatever he wants done. An Indian may not be within sight or sound, yet if one should make his wants known, the man he requires will immediately appear as if having come out of the ground. It is said that no secret can be kept from the native — he seems to have the power of extracting any treasured thought from the mind of a European.

Since leaving Bombay we had not seen a sidewalk.

We now head northward for Delhi, the country continuing flat, with the same scenes, save for a deer appearing from grain fields on several occasions as the train rolled along. Every time the train stopped a native approached a coach that contained high-class Indians or Europeans. He was a "boy" servant, waiting to learn if his master needed his services. Nearly every one traveling in India takes a "boy" with him, as it gives a person a better standing with both natives and Europeans. The wages for these servants range from \$5 to \$7 a month. If one rides first-class, the servant rides free in the third-class cars. His duties are to wait incessantly on his employer, look after the baggage, and act as interpreter for a European who cannot speak the native language. When in a city the "boy" is no expense to his master, as he provides himself with both food and lodging.

Delhi, the old walled capital of the Moguls, is under course of rebuilding for the ninth time in its history. Calcutta was the capital of India until 1911, when the seat of government was changed to Delhi. Seven years was the time allotted in which to build the government offices. Owing to the prevalence of malarial fever, and the intense heat of the plains, two capitals are maintained. Delhi is the official city for five winter months of the year, and Simla, in the Himalayas to the north, the summer capital for seven months. In one of the burnings and sackings of this city, in 1756, Nadir Shah carried away with him treasure amounting in value to half a billion of dollars, including the Koh-i-Noor diamond. For a distance of six to eight miles south of the city, pillars, earth depressions, and

crumbled walls attest the onetime greatness of the new capital. Delhi was founded by the Aryans more than a thousand years before the Christian era, but modern history dates from the year 1200. This city became British territory in 1803, and a quarter of a million people live within its lines.

The financial year of married Europeans in India is nearer eighteen months than twelve. Owing to one's business, a city home must be maintained, and another, in addition, in the hills—as the mountains of India are termed—for the wife and children, for six months of the year, thus supporting a city home twelve and a mountain home six months. The heat of the plains is so trying to European women and children during the summer that they must go to a cooler climate. Seldom are white children over 10 years of age seen; they are generally taken to Europe at that age to receive schooling and to acquire a sound constitution, thus burdening the husband with more expense. Few Europeans become wealthy in India.

From eight to twelve servants are required for a European's household. The servant custom is maintained, even though there is only a Sahib and Memsahib in a family, and one finds what seems a surplus of servants about each home. In addition to the head servant, there is a cook and dishwasher; the husband and wife each have their separate "boy"; also a gardener, and the "sice," who looks after the horse; a servant to cut grass for the horse, that not being the work of a "sice"; a water-carrier, and a night watchman, or "chokeedar." Each child in a household would have a nurse. The wages of these servants range from \$2.50 to \$5 a month. One Indian will not do the work of another—he will do only certain things he was engaged to do. One often hears of tyranny of labor unions in America, but the system in vogue in India of getting work places labor unions in the United States in the light of philanthropists by comparison.

An acquaintance who had been many years in India told of his traveling by stage through a district inhabited by highwaymen. The friend he had left assured him he need have no fear of danger, as one of the gang of outlaws would be on the

seat with the driver. While passing through the highwaymen's lair the vehicle was stopped by the bandits a number of times on plunder bent, when the member of the gang who had been engaged to accompany the vehicle would say the word, and travelers were allowed to proceed. That is another way Indians have of getting work.

It would be hard to find more attractive surroundings to any city than the section of Delhi north of the walls. Parks, good roads, monuments, and shade trees are in evidence. Among the interesting features of Delhi is the monument to John Nicholson, the Mutiny hero. It is a fine shaft of red granite, with a bronze bust of the great soldier. The inscription, striking in its simplicity, is: "John Nicholson." Four thousand brave white men were lost in the siege of that city.

Shah Jahan, the Mogul Emperor who built most of the rich buildings in the Agra Fort and palace, and also the Taj Mahal, built the Mogul Fort and Palace in Delhi between the years 1638-48. He was every inch a king, so far as spending money lavishly goes, as another building in the Fort, 90 by 60 feet, built wholly of white marble, was inlaid with precious stones, and the ceiling was of silver. One flooring a building with \$20 gold pieces in Shah Jahan's day evidently would be looked upon as a cheap imitator. The great value of some of these buildings is still in evidence, several being preserved; but despoilers, during the mutiny, ruined much of the beauty of the palace which Nadir Shah left after he had carried away the Koh-i-Noor diamond and half a billion dollars in treasure. Some of these palaces are used to-day as messrooms and for other purposes by British troops.

Some of the splendid mosques here swarm with beggars. If a guide takes a visitor to these he is allowed to go no further than the entrance. At some of the churches shoes must be taken off in order to enter, and at all of them the shoes must be covered, generally with canvas slippers. Money has to be given to the fellow who puts on and ties the slippers. The first usher takes the visitor to one portion of the church, and when he has reached the end of his territory another usher takes his

place. At these boundary lines a fee is expected. When one reaches the outside he has paid six fees, and even there he comes in contact with sundry professional beggars. The guide, in the meantime, must be paid, and the garrywaller as well. But such fees in India are not heavy, and hack fare is only from 15 to 30 cents an hour.

A prayer offered in a mosque is equal to 500 offered elsewhere, and one prayer offered at Mecca is equal to 100,000 in other sections.

The Kutab Minar, one of the grandest monuments in the world—a tower of victory—is located seven miles from Delhi—where the capital once stood. It is another of those wonderful works of the Moguls. Its height is nearly 350 feet, and the width of the tower at its zenith is nine feet. The diameter of the base is 47 feet, and it tapers perfectly from that measurement to the top. The first three stories are of red sandstone, with semi-circular and angular flutings. The noble monument has five stories, the two upper ones being faced with white marble. Balconies are built at the base of each story of the tower, from which a good view may be had.

As in Italy, holidays are numerous in India, and no work is done on a holiday. It is on these occasions that the curtain is raised and a broader insight of the people is obtained. Were one to collect all the brightest colored cloth manufactured, and specially arrange these to give the most gorgeous effect, the kaleidoscope would not surpass what is seen in Delhi—in all India, in fact—in raiment worn by the people on holiday occasions.

I stood on the Chandi Chauk, the principal street of Delhi, while a holiday procession passed. It took many hours—days, on certain occasions—for the hundreds of thousands of people from that section to squeeze their way through the street, and every coping, balcony, roof and window above the street contained as many human beings as the space would admit, all dressed in gaudy cloth. High-caste Indians, dressed in silks and velvets, rode in handsome carriages, drawn, in some instances, by snow-white horses; lower-caste citizens rode in

traps, with seating space on the sides, and drawn by donkeys and oxen; throngs of barefooted, serious-faced natives mingled among these, walking; further down the emblazoned street could be seen a brown head appearing above the people, oxen and horses — a camel, between high shafts, drawing a high-wheeled wagon, the occupants being concealed by a large closed box, like a van; this contained Mohammedan women. Hundreds of low palanquins, their dark curtains extending from the roof down the four sides, borne on poles, between which were two men at each end, flitted in and out of the narrow streets; these also contained Mohammedan women. The big Afghan, or Kabuli, with his baggy apparel and full beard, also mingled in the procession. Taboots, a fantastic design of mosque and pagoda, the framework made of poles and covered with bright-colored paper, lavishly decorated with tinsel and gaudy ornaments, passed by, drawn by devotees of the Moslem faith. Blare, grotesqueness, weird music from strange instruments, together with the air of melancholy, induced by the beating of the Oriental tomtoms — all very strange indeed. Holidays often last a week, and some even extend to ten days.

Army officers relate interesting stories of that country. For nearly a century elephants had been used to move army transports. The food of the elephants was large cakes made of wheat, and a dozen was a meal. The mahout, or cook, might take a portion of the flour from the apportioned quantity and keep it for his own use. Before eating the cakes, the elephant lifted this food on his trunk; if the cakes were short of his regular portion, he would set the food down and would not touch it. A white officer, inspecting the animals at feeding-time, seeing that the elephant did not look sick, would weigh the food, and in every instance the scales verified the elephant's refusing to eat because he had been cheated.

Indian women often cooked the cakes for elephants in a mud fireplace, and the big beast would sidle to where his food was being prepared. The basket for the woman's baby to rest in was made of twigs, and a bent bamboo pole served as a handle to the Indian "cradle." The Indian mother would slip the



THE SIKH.

See page 311.



TYPES OF INDIAN SOLDIERS.

THE GOORKHA.

handle over the elephant's trunk, and the to-and-fro motion of the beast would rock, or lull, the baby to sleep while the mother cooked the elephant's meal.

House rent in Delhi is higher than in New York City. The rents were increased a hundred per cent. when it was decided to remove the capital from Calcutta.

A number of European stores were found in the capital. Drug stores do the best business in India, as well as in Africa.

CHAPTER III

WE did not go farther north at this time, but traveled easterly to Aligarh. A college is located here, some 1,200 students being in attendance. This seat of education was erected and is maintained by a wealthy Indian. It is non-sectarian, and Mohammed, Hindu, Jain and all other sects take advantage of the liberality of the benefactor. Strange as it may seem, the educators are Europeans, and the language of the institution is English.

An American mission is located several miles from Aligarh, and the Europeans living in that city and district get their bread from the mission. Few people take kindly to eating bread made by Indians, as they have so many skin and constitutional diseases and untidy habits that one does not know what ailment he may contract from eating native-made bread. A creamery is located near the city also, owned by a Swede. Like the bread, Europeans prefer European-made butter, and as a result there seems room for another white-conducted creamery.

Living in this section is a remnant of a former wild tribe, who existed from plundering and were being hunted by the authorities most of the time. The Salvation Army obtained permission to use an old fort as a mission, and most of these highwaymen have found peace within its walls, being industriously engaged in weaving silk. This section of India is termed the Doab.

All white men in India own an evening-dress suit, generally worn at dinner in their own homes.

Every one carries a lantern at night. Snakes are so numerous and so poisonous that one's life is in danger. Some of the Indian snakes are small, are very dangerous at night, and their

bite is almost certain death. The fatality from bubonic plague, cholera, typhoid fever and rabies is appalling, yet it is said more people die from snakebite in India during the year than from any other single cause.

The most commendable feature of India that came under observation was the free service of the *bhisti* (bee-ste), or water-carrier. Men engaged in that occupation have a guild, or union, and the rules of the organization forbid them making a charge for water. The carrier's water-bag is made of leather, in the shape of an inverted pig, and contains from six to eight gallons. A strap is tied to both the hind and front of the pig-shaped bag, which stretches across his right shoulder, the bag being on the left side. A stopper is placed in the mouth of the bag, which the carrier holds with his left hand. A cloth is worn about the loins, and his legs are bare to the ground. He usually wears a shirt, with short sleeves, and his head is covered with a bulky piece of cloth wound round and round. Most of the *bhistis* are bent forward and lean to the left, which is accounted for by their carrying the bag on that side. He is a poor man, but will serve water to either man or beast in need. He is generally found about railway stations and other places where large numbers of people congregate. Thirsty children may be seen running to the *bhisti*, with empty cups in their hands, for water, when he withdraws the stopper, places the spout above the cup, and releases the thumb of his left hand at the mouth of the bag, filling it. The happy child drinks and walks away. A mother, with a water vessel in her hand, calls him, when he pauses until the woman catches up with him, and then supplies her need. The Indian mother might leave with him a pie (one-sixth of a cent). As stated earlier, rain does not fall in India at certain seasons of the year for periods of from five to nine months, and water is water during most of that time. Should the water-carrier pass an ox, a goat, a dog, or a horse — anything in need of water — he at once eases his thumb on the spout of the bag and relieves the suffering. He might call at a compound with his bag full, and the master of the bungalow would direct him to sprinkle the parched garden. After doing

so he walks away unless called to receive pay. The bhisti, in short, practices what Red Cross societies aim to accomplish, and what churches profess to do. He is the one star that shines brightly through the dark, traditional sky of India — a messenger of life in a land of suffering and death.

Clay cups, saucers, plates, bowls, and buckets are made in the college city, the smaller vessels containing oil, with a cloth dip added. Cities are aflame with these on certain holidays, and from remote sections millions of clay-saucer lights burn throughout the populous country.

Garlands are placed about the neck of guests when invited to partake of an Indian's hospitality, these often extending to the waist. They are made from flowers, leaves, paper, cloth, and on occasions are composed of gold lace, and even more expensive material.

No hotel or dak bungalow was found here; but on visiting places without these conveniences, even if one be a stranger, some European will extend an invitation to stop at his home. European hospitality is another bright light that shines in this dark country.

Wherever a few Europeans are found, a little English church has been erected, and a bell will be heard ringing every Sunday morning.

Cawnpore was the next stop. The first thing that attracted attention was dust, which seemed six inches deep, quite a cloud arising from it. When we left Bombay, sidewalks and paved streets were left behind. This city has a population of 200,000. It is a leather manufacturing place, and cotton mills are also quite numerous. We visited Cawnpore chiefly to see the historical Massacre Well.

Cow fat on cartridges, a desecration of the Hindu religion — the cow being a sacred animal to the people of that faith — was the fuse that ignited the mutiny bomb in 1857. Uprisings by native troops had taken place at intervals for ninety years previous, during which the domains of rulers had been taken from them, higher pay for the sepoys refused, and pensions to

the deposed rulers' heirs cut off, the army being composed in a large degree of high-caste natives.

Nana Sahib, heir to a ruler who had once been head of the Mahrattas, was among those who did not succeed to the pension his adopted parent received, \$400,000 a year. At that time 40,000 British soldiers were in India and 240,000 Indians, drilled in warfare by British officers. At Cawnpore there were but 200 British soldiers, 30 officers and 3,000 sepoy. On June 6 General Wheeler, who was in charge of the British troops, was warned to expect an attack — the siege had begun. The ground was so hard that good trenches could not be built, and the dirt was so dry it would not pack. Nine hundred, the majority women and children, took shelter in the crude trenches. Nana's forces were well armed, and a murderous fire came from the enemy. The barracks of the besieged comprised two buildings, one of which had a thatched roof, and the well from which they got their water was exposed to the enemy's fire. The thatched roof was set on fire and burned, and the occupants were daily exposed to a sun varying from 120 to 140 degrees. Deaths were taking place every day, and bodies were buried in another well close to the barracks. An armistice was finally agreed to after a 20-day siege, during which 250 out of the 900 died.

The terms of the armistice were that the British should leave their guns and treasure behind, and that Nana Sahib would see them, unmolested, to the river, where boats would be ready to take them down the Ganges to safety. Four hundred and fifty were left, and the boats were beached on bars of mud in the river. Instead of being towed down stream, a murderous fire of grapeshot and musketry opened on all sides. The boats were covered with thatched roofs, and, these taking fire, many of the deceived survivors were suffocated by the smoke of the burning grass. Following, the sepoy jumped into the water and butchered others of the party. At last the Nana's heart temporarily softened, and he ordered that no more women should be killed, and about 125 women and children, wounded and half drowned,

were then taken to Cawnpore. The men on the boats were murdered.

In two weeks' time General Havelock had reached Cawnpore with 2,000 soldiers. A week later an engagement took place, in which the Nana suffered a crushing defeat, and at a second engagement the mutineers were again defeated. The Nana, learning that Havelock would soon be reinforced, ordered the captives to be killed. The few men who were among the women and children were brought out and put to death in the Nana's presence. A party of sepoys were then ordered to shoot the women and children in the building in which they had been placed, but the soldiers fired at the ceiling of the room. The Nana, being in a rage at his men refusing to shoot the white women, ordered a party of butchers to put an end to the captives, and a short time after entering the house his orders had been carried out. Next morning all the bodies were thrown in an adjoining well—since that time termed the Massacre Well. This took place on July 15, 1857.

In the center of a beautiful garden a mound covers the well into which the bodies of the 125 women and children were thrown. On the mound is a memorial in the form of an octagonal Gothic screen, in the center of which, on the actual well, is a white marble figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, with arms across her breast, as if resigned to the Almighty will, each hand holding a palm, the emblem of peace. Over the arch is inscribed, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Indians, except park workers, are not allowed in the Memorial Gardens. If they were, some of them might be taken to hospitals from time to time, we fear, as Europeans feel bitter after having visited the Massacre Well.

Twelve years is the legal marriage of girls in India. Girls, however, have a partner selected for them as early as two years of age, and, if they do not wish to live with their husbands at the legal age, they are taken from their father's home by force. No matter how young she may have been when the parents married her, she is the man's wife from that time. Should the husband die after marriage, the girl, according to Indian custom,

cannot marry again. She may be a widow when she is 8 or 10 years of age. She is looked down upon, her hair sometimes cut off—in short, she becomes the drudge of the family. She is charged with having done some very bad thing which caused her husband's death. Nothing is worse treated than a Hindu widow. Fathers receive from \$25 to \$200 for their daughter from the husband. Mothers 20 years of age will have "married" daughters seven and eight years old.

If a poor Hindu were eating his portion of rice, or other food, and a European happened to pass between him and the sun, causing his shadow to flit over the native's food, the hungry creature would not eat it, firmly believing it had been polluted by the white man's shadow. Natives eat with their fingers.

Were a man or woman to drop in a faint, or from any cause, they would prefer to die before accepting nourishment from one of lower caste, and certainly no one of higher caste would lend aid. Only one of similar caste could relieve their condition.

Indians consider Europeans filthy who use a tooth-brush more than once. They use a twig or sliver of wood that has been chewed to a bushy end; it is thrown away after using. People who eat pork are considered worse than dogs.

Men who wear trousers and shirt place the shirt outside the trousers. Those who wear shoes have no socks.

Long, canoe-like boxes on cart wheels were in evidence in Cawnpore. The oxen were hitched to a crosspiece at the end of the shafts, while Indians, behind the oxen, were between the shafts and pushing with their breasts against the crosspiece.

A European carpenter shoves a plane from him, but an Indian carpenter pulls the plane toward him. Mechanics do most of their work sitting, and use their toes as a vise between which to hold a board while planing it. Before shoeing an ox, the beast's legs are bound with rope, when the animal will be thrown. The blacksmith then shoes the ox while he is sitting down. The Indian can make as convenient use of his toes as he does of his fingers.

Lucknow, next visited, is well provided with large tracts of park space, splendid roads and good shade. The city has a population of 300,000, and among this number were more Europeans than at Cawnpore. Several good European stores have been established, and these seemed to compete successfully with the native merchants.

This city shared with Cawnpore in the horrors of the Mutiny, as 3,000 souls were behind the historic walls of the Residency when the siege began, and when relief came there were less than a thousand alive.

Bedding is not generally furnished by hotels in India. Frequently, the "bed" is only a bedstead and springs, or, as will be found in smaller centers, strips of cowhide, lashed at sides, top and bottom, answer for springs; again, there is a mattress on the springs, but no bedclothing or pillows. At other times, only one sheet over the mattress, and nothing else. Owing to this unusual custom, a bag for carrying bedding is generally included in travelers' luggage. The contrast between India and Germany in this respect is very marked, as at a small hotel in Berlin at which I stopped the bed had a sheet and a feather tick for a covering. It was summer-time, but the covering would answer for Arctic weather. In one case the sheet was not sufficient covering; in the other the tick was too much.

One is more successful in beating down hotel rates in this country than anywhere else. It is a place of haggles and barter, and the business system aims to make a customer feel he has got the better of the bargain, while the seller is satisfied with his profit, although having come down from the original price one-half. There is always doubt whether the customer really has got the better of the transaction; but there is no question, however, about getting a concession, when, after a hotelkeeper has asked six or seven rupees a day, the traveler pays only five rupees (\$1.60) a day. It seems to break an Indian boniface's heart to see a prospective guest go to another hotel.

"Babus" are men engaged at clerical work, and one has to scan his hotel bill closely before settling, as a babu may add an item to the laundry list or for ice, or even charge for other

things that go with hotel accommodation. Many persons will overlook a small charge, and well the babu knows it. Extras belong to him.

The hotels are generally of one story, and all doors open on to a covered veranda. Almost every one has a servant — a “boy” — with him. Early in the evening and during the night, in front of room doors, may be seen one, two and sometimes three “boys” sleeping. If their master or any European should pass where they are lying they hurriedly arise in their blankets, salaam and bow, then immediately lie down again, remaining thus until another European footstep is heard, when up they jump, offer another salaam, and quickly settle down again to sleep. As few Indians wear shoes, they know when an European is approaching.

When leaving a hotel there will be four to six servants helping the guest and his luggage into a conveyance. As most of them look alike, it becomes necessary to ask each one what part he played in adding to one's comfort while making his stay. In answer to who's who, one will say he is the table “boy,” another the room “boy,” another the bath “boy,” and yet another, the sweeper. Others are also present to see one comfortably on his way, but gratuities may be limited to four. Three rupees — a dollar — proportionately divided among the four is generally given for a week's or ten days' stay.

On entering the native quarters — the bazaars — of the Indian cities one is generally escorted by “runners” of silk merchants, brass manufacturers, lacquer merchants and others. A friend and myself rode on a two-wheeled trap, the seat facing backward; and as we entered one of the arteries of the Chauk Bazaar the crowd of people and merchants' runners that filled the narrow street from house wall to house wall was so dense that the garrywaller gave up trying to proceed further. It took us some time to reach the entrance on foot. No holiday was being celebrated — this was an every day occurrence.

In all the cities of this section are sports grounds, a race track, a church, and public library for Europeans. A large cantonment is located in Lucknow.

The country over which we had traveled was so flat that it looked as if there was no necessity for grading or cutting in the railway of even two feet for a hundred miles. The "wind-mill," the stick-and-bolt plough, the irrigation trench, and an occasional tree; the oxen, with humps on their shoulders; the mud huts; the sparsely clad and half-starved natives were scenes of similarity from Lucknow to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindu. Benares is to the Hindu what Mecca, in Arabia, is to the Mohammedan.

One beholds beggars, beggars, beggars — repulsive looking specimens of humanity — and pariah dogs inside and outside the temples; some of the enclosures of the temples alive with monkeys and goats; cattle standing munching in front of golden images of Hindu gods, up to their fetlocks in yellow flowers and tender leaves; bony and poorly dressed women flitting in and out of narrow alleys and through doorways into temples, carrying a brass or copper water-pot full of Ganges River water; vagabond priests on the "ghats," resting on a platform covered with a large sun-shade, receiving money from very poor people for making clay marks on their forehead — caste marks — all sacred! Beastly and idolatrous would be a better term to apply to Benares.

Two-thirds of the population of India — 207,000,000 — are followers of the Brahmanic faith, and even one of the lowest caste believes he is a unit in the great universe as compared to an Indian who has no caste distinction.

People of the Brahmanic faith come from all parts of India to bathe in the Ganges River at Benares, which, by the way, is nearly as muddy as the Missouri River. Their hope of a peaceful hereafter is strengthened by a visit to the sacred city, but the poverty and suffering entailed through spending money for the trip by those living a great distance away is keenly felt.

At Durga, or Monkey Temple, which is surrounded by high walls, 350 monkeys were climbing up the sides of the church, scampering about the walls, but always keeping an eye on the visitor. Upon entering the temple enclosure a priest insists on one buying popcorn or other food for the monkeys; then a

second priest slips a garland of flowers over one's head, another method of getting a little money. Besides monkeys, mangy dogs come close, expecting popcorn, and impudent goats rub their noses against visitors' clothes. The temple is painted an ocher color, symbolizing the character of the god Durga — blood. Many beggars were inside the enclosure, and were very numerous outside. Everything about the place bore an air the reverse of sacred or solemn.

The Golden Temple, hidden among many buildings, is the most important to pilgrims. Three domes, covered with plates of gold over plates of copper, ornament this structure; the floor is said to be inlaid with 100,000 rupee pieces (\$32,000). A narrow alley runs in front of the temple, and only two persons can pass at a time. Flower stands, and men selling flowers, are plentiful about the entrance and along the passageway. Inside the building are several shrines; in front of one stood a Brahmani bull, and in front of another a Brahmani cow, both animals having humps on their shoulders. Near the shrines peacocks and deer were also seen. People were streaming in and out of the temple all the time, those going in carrying a water-pot, made of brass or earth, filled with Ganges water, and a handful of yellow flowers and tender leaves, bought outside. The flowers and leaves were fed to the bull and cow, and the worshiper sprinkled the water over himself while paying homage at the shrine. All the time a din from cymbals, tom-toms and other harsh instruments was kept up, sounding more like a boiler factory than anything else. Every one was in bare feet. Most of the men wore only a loin cloth, and the prominent ribs and other bones of their bodies suggested a doubt of their ever having had a square meal. Around the women's ankles were rings, around the wrists were cheap glass or pewter bangles; the ears contained cheap ornaments, and a gewgaw pendant hung from the nose over the mouth, secured to the nostrils' partition. At every point of vantage beggars and fakirs were as thick as flies. The constantly inpouring crowd and weird music is kept up the whole day, year in and year out. There is nothing doubtful about the sacred water

—every drop is taken from the historical river and carried to the temple. In some of the shrines is an image of a monkey, a cow, a peacock, or a double-headed beast of awful appearance; and gods in flaring red represent fire and thunder. All the time priests are collecting money from the worshippers.

Many professional loafers, known as “jojees” or devotees, are seen in India. They will hold up one of their arms for years until it has become rigid and the fingernails have grown and twisted about the hand like roots; some hang by one foot from a pole, like the flying foxes of Tonga; or distort themselves in other unnatural positions. This is done in accordance with their supposed religious belief as bodily penance, and they are looked upon as martyrs. Some of them have ashes on their bodies, which they sell, mostly to women. Rice and money are thrown to these knotty-whiskered, filthy fakirs by poor people who really cannot afford the gifts, but who think they are doing a religious act.

The view of Benares from the Ganges River is an unusually fine one. On the high banks at this point stone steps have been built leading from the top to the water. Above the steps and banks stand attractive temples and palaces. At certain times of year the temples are used by pilgrims who come from every point of India to worship. Sections of the steps have proper names, which are called “ghats”—used for the English word place, as Dandi Ghat (place).

Over a million pilgrims journey to Benares each year, where they bathe in the Ganges as a purifying tenet of their religion. Among others, there is a small-pox ghat, where those suffering from small-pox may bathe, in the hope of being healed; also bathing ghats for other diseases, where purifying rites are carried out. On each ghat are several raised platforms, having large sunshades, where men, their legs half curled under them, are sitting. Every one leaving the water stops at a platform, where caste marks are made on their foreheads, each supplicant leaving money with the marker. Some have no money coins and leave cowrie shells instead. These markers are priests. The pilgrims then wend their way to a temple and worship

either an idol painted red, having three eyes, a silver scalp, or an elephant's trunk covered with a yellow bib; the figure of a rat; a monkey of brass, wood or iron, or some other image. At the temple the faithful make another donation, tom-toms, cymbals and other instruments playing meanwhile to awaken the gods of wood, brass or stone.

A few hours after death a body is brought to a burning ghat, men being covered with a white sheet and women with a red cloth. Smoke from a dozen to fifty pyres may be seen rising from the ghat, and the ashes are thrown into the Ganges just below. The fuel for a pyre costs \$1.60; wealthy Indians use sandalwood for this purpose. Children of five years of age and under are not cremated, their bodies being cast into the Ganges, with a weight attached. "Holy men" of the church are not cremated; they are either buried or, like the children, cast into the Ganges River.

Every pilgrim, on leaving Benares, takes with him a quantity of Ganges water, though he may live a thousand miles away. Were a European to touch accidentally a pilgrim's water-pot, the Hindu would feel that the sacred water had been defiled.

Caste customs in India forbid intermarriage of one with another; they must not eat nor drink together; must not partake of food prepared by a lower caste, and shun even touching the clothes of those beneath them. Were an Indian merchant to adopt the Christian religion, his business would probably be ruined, his home possibly be surrounded by a mob, and he would be fortunate to escape with his life, having degraded his caste. A man may be poor, and yet of a higher caste than some wealthy Indians.

Women, with two blanks in their heads, may be seen begging in many places. To raise her head when out walking as a man passed is considered a violation of a wife's vow by her husband, for which offense their eyes are sometimes literally gouged out. High-caste women keep very much to their homes.

A white woman would be thought little of by her servants were she to do domestic duties, such as dusting and putting a finishing touch to the interior. Here are instances of how

helpless some Europeans become when in India: Were a man to brush his own clothes, or even lace his shoes, these acts would prove sources of unfavorable comment by the servants. A man, wanting to know the hour, sometimes calls his "boy"; the servant takes the watch from his master's pocket, holds the time-piece level with his employer's eyes, replaces the watch in his master's pocket, and leaves the room. When keeping an appointment with a servant, the master must not be punctual, but keep the servant waiting. If the Sahib was punctual, and the servant happened to be late, the master would be looked down upon for waiting for his minion.

The cow is revered, not only owing to its service in maintaining life by its milk, but because some of the Hindu sects believe that, after death, they will be borne across a river on the back of the cow to a better country. Hindus who do not wear long hair have a tuft growing from the crown, or a little below that point. In case the cow should fail to be on hand to take him across, a mysterious arm is supposed to reach down, take hold of his tuft of hair, and by that means place him in the better land. One would be disgraced were the tuft of hair removed.

Much of the ornamental brasswork seen in many parts of the world comes from Benares, for which the Hindu Mecca is famed. Small idols and images in brass or other materials are made in large quantities. The brassworkers sit down while turning out their product.

Ruins of the temples of Benares are located at Sarnath, five miles from the city; these evidences of the past are seen in crumbled walls and earth depressions. Brick and stone was the material used in building, but the brick was much thinner and longer than the present-day block. The most striking remains standing of the ancient city is the Dhamek Stupa, or tower, which consists of a stone basement, 93 feet in diameter, the stones being clamped together with iron bands to the height of 43 feet. Above that point the tower is of brickwork, rising to a height of 128 feet. Niches built in projecting faces of the tower contain the figure of Buddha, and encircling the

monument is a band of sculptured ornaments of much interest. There is some doubt among authorities as to whether the stupa has stood all these years; it is the only building of the ancient temples at present standing. Another stupa, not as massive as the Dhamek, was passed before reaching the ruins. At one place among the crumbled temples is the Main Shrine, the whole standing on a concrete foundation, with a rail on the upper part of the altar. Close by is the Asoka Pillar, which is broken, but was at one time 50 feet high, and is believed to mark the spot where Buddha preached his first sermon.

Excavations are under way all the time at Sarnath, and a museum located at that place contains a large variety of interesting fragments of the early Buddhist temples.

CHAPTER IV.

A START was next made for the Himalayas in a northeasterly direction, seldom traversed by persons going to that section of the mountain country. I was the only white man on the train, and in view of few European travelers taking this route no provision had been made for food. The third-class coaches were packed with natives. We passed through the opium poppy growing country, the sugar-cane and indigo fields, and, further along, reached the jute-growing country in Bengal. The train had left Benares in the morning, but it was twelve hours later before food was available.

At a place known as Katihar I had to remain a day in order to make through connections. One of the sub-stations, located a short distance from the railway track, was alive with passengers, but no one seemed to really care when the trains came and went. Natives eating rice, wheat cakes, bananas, sticks of sugar-cane, thick pieces of candy, rolls like crullers, smoking the hooka (a long pipe with two bowls, through one of which, containing water, the smoke from the tobacco or hemp passes to the stem), gambling, begging; the big Kabuli — who looks like a storm in silent mood — offering for sale alleged rare coins; women with one to three very small children, all untidy and dirty — such is life in India.

The train left Katihar in the evening for Silliguri. An Englishman got in the same coach, and I was much pleased to have a white man with me. This train was not lighted by electricity, and there were doubts about the oil in the lamp being of American brand, for the light went out before we reached the second station, and when the train stopped the Englishman could be heard shouting from the coach for some one to relight it. The trainman had got no further than the rear of the train, when the lamp gave a final flicker. The Britisher again began

to shout, but the train was then moving. The three following stops were a repetition of the first, and, the Englishman finally admitting his defeat, we stretched out on berths for the night. Most trains in India have berths in the passenger coaches, but every one furnishes his own bedding. The next morning found us at Silliguri, and in front were spread out the Himalayas. From here a start was made up the mountains.

The Himalaya Mountains rise abruptly out of the flat plains, a striking contrast to those of other countries. One would expect the base of the Indian mountains to be at an altitude of 3,000 to 6,000 feet, but Silliguri, located a few miles from where the ascent begins, is only 400 feet above sea-level.

The interior of the Himalayas is reached by means of a train of small cars, drawn by a ten-ton locomotive over a two-foot railway track. There are three classes of travel — first, second and third. First-class fare is 12 cents a mile, second-class 6 cents, and third-class 3 cents. These fares include a very small baggage allowance. First- and second-class coaches are of the compartment type, third-class having curtained sides, with bare-seated benches across. The schedule is ten miles an hour, either going up or coming down the mountain.

The engine soon starts up an incline through a row of trees on both sides of the track, with every seat in the coaches occupied and the baggage car filled with luggage. The narrow train turns to the left, then to the right; another sharp turn, and puff, puff, puff, as a bend in still another direction is made; down a decline next over culverts spanning rippling brooks and under turnpike bridges, then up, when the grandeur of the great range begins to unfold. Down grade again, the train stopping, after traveling but a comparatively short distance, at a precipitous wall. Backing out over a switchback — there being five of these on the mountain railroad — we next creep up a steep, serpentine grade. Houses above and houses and huts below, surrounded by semi-tropical growth and cultivated ground — there being little rock in the mountain — with stretches of low brush, laid out in regular rows, below us, appear. A house and huts have been built in these bush-like tracts of land; these are tea

gardens. A screeching whistle diverts the passengers' gaze from downward to forward — we were pulling into Kurseong, the halfway station, where some passengers get off and others board the train. The locomotive, being supplied with coal and water, again begins to puff, puff, puff, up a steep grade for a short distance, then eases down a decline. The mountain is now so steep that the narrow train can worm its way no longer about the side, coming to another switchback. Backing out and again ascending, a silver streak is seen, far below, winding over the plains — the Teesta River. Above, the sky appears to rest on green mountain-tops. Upward the little locomotive climbs, seeming to make sharp bends at every hundred feet. The mountainside has now become a great tea plantation, and through the hazy atmosphere the plains are but dimly seen. The sky, which from below seemed to be resting on the point now reached, is further beyond. Approaching an ever-receding horizon at distant outposts from time to time leads one occasionally to fancy he were bumping his shoulders against the arch of the sky at sundry points of the outer circle. The narrow train laboriously continues upward, while passengers direct their gaze down gaping caverns, on the rim of which the railway track sometimes rests. Further on, the grade gradually reducing until traveling on a short, level stretch of road, the train stops. We have reached Ghoom, the highest point on the line, where more passengers leave and others get out of the coaches to stretch their legs. Oh! a great white ridge, high above valleys and tea gardens — it is Mount Kinchinjanga, whose summit seems to intrude far into the sky. What seems like trespassing on the sky's domain is explained when the height of the mountain is made known — 28,156 feet. The train again proceeds, but down grade now, still winding and twisting — not over a quarter of a mile straight track along the route — until a sharp bend is reached. Then, as far as the eye could reach, the high, white, stalwart peaks of the Himalayas were revealed in their grandest form. Further on the train stops. We are at Darjeeling, the end of the mountain railway, 50 miles from Siliguri.

Baden-Baden, Germany—where one can walk about the splendid grounds for half a day and need not be exposed to the sun half an hour—had appealed to me more than any other place visited during my journeyings until Darjeeling was reached. Here in the State of Sikkim, India, 20,000 feet below the grandest mountain range in the world and built on the woody sides of a lower range, are seen rippling streams on their way to a parent river; attractively laid out tea gardens on steep inclines; a panorama of dwellings spreading out to all points of the city; deep, wooded valleys on either side, with rivers coursing these, flanked by flowering orange groves; parks, botanical gardens, and shady paths cut on the hillsides; observation points and splendid vistas; then, seen through the blue atmosphere, over low mountains, valleys, hills and trees, Jalapa La Pass—17,000 feet above sea level—the route through the Himalayan fastnesses to Lhassa, Thibet; and, now seen and then unseen, as the many-shaped clouds flitted over and away, the noble galaxy of white mountains, half circular in form, to the front and to the right—Darjeeling can claim and deserves a better description.

Everything seen in the mountain city was different to the plains. The Bhutias, of decidedly Mongol cast—strong, lighter in color than the plainsmen, with rosy cheeks—were numerous, and it was good for tired sight to get away from slender, half-starved looking men, and women without eyes. Living in this section is another sect, or tribe—the Goorkhas—admired by all white men for their bravery and feared by natives. The water here was fit to drink, a luxury in India, and the air was free of the humidity of the plains; the haughty Bengali could be seen at nearly every turn, strutting about bareheaded, his hair tidily brushed; and well-groomed European military officers were galloping about the hillside roads and paths on spirited steeds.

The Bhutia woman is the “horse” or “ox” of Darjeeling. Like the Mkikuyu woman, she carries her loads in a basket, a strap fastened to each side, which loops on her forehead. Few level paths or roads are found in that section of India, but the

Bhutia woman can carry two maunds (160 pounds) in weight up from tea factories miles below, and the same amount of coal, provisions, or supplies from the cities to the settlements on the mountain-sides and down to the valleys. She appeared as strong as a Zulu woman, but not so big. The country is so hilly that wagons can be drawn over it only in few sections. Bhutia men are employed at ricksha work or carrying palanquins. On account of the steepness of the surroundings, three Bhutias are required to pull and push a ricksha — one between the thills and two at the back of the vehicle. Seeing the Bhutias wearing boots was something unusual in this country. Brakemen, engineers and firemen employed on the mountain railroad do not wear shoes, and the same applies to natives engaged at the same occupation on the plains.

“Coolie, Sahib?” or “Coolie, Memsahib?” if man or woman, is the language of the Bhutia woman when seeking work. Going toward the market-place, one of these strong women, with strap about her head and basket held by the ends, will approach a person and quietly say, “Coolie, Memsahib?” “Yes,” was the reply one received from a lady on her way to market. The Mongol woman followed, engaged in knitting socks. After vegetables had been bought, the Bhutia woman sidled to the dealer, turned her back, when the grocer placed the vegetables in her basket; but she kept on knitting, apparently unconscious of what was taking place. One will not look back to see if she is following when leaving a stall; but at the next vegetable stand, in another section of the market, the Bhutia woman would be standing a short distance away, still knitting. Every time articles were bought she turned her basket to the dealer, had these added to the earlier purchases, and when the marketing was finished she followed the memsahib to her home, emptied the contents in the kitchen, received four cents for her work, continuing with her knitting, as she zigzagged down a steep incline in the direction of the market district. Bhutia women are very unassuming in their manners. Some save money, but most of this is spent on jewelry. Discs of gold as large as the bottom of a saucer may be seen depending from the

ears, and large silver or gold bangles are worn about the wrist. This weakness for display, however, often proves their downfall, as they are sometimes found dead along the mountain paths, stripped of every ornament.

Thousands of men and women are employed picking tea leaves during the season. The tea is picked from the bushes mostly during the monsoon season, as the new leaves sprout fast during rainy weather. They work in wet clothes much of the time, but the mountain natives are hardy, and pay little attention to such discomfort. Men tea-pickers receive eight cents a day and women six cents. Hut rent, garden, and medical service is free. Over 3,000 bushes grow to the acre. Sunday is a big day with these mountain natives; every one working on the tea plantations for miles around comes to town — Bhutians, Thibetans, Nepales, and other tribes — when the market-place and bazaars literally swarm with them. In the Darjeeling district are 60,000 acres of land under tea cultivation, and the output is nearly 20,000,000 pounds a year.

The Goorkha is what is known as a "hill man," and is small-built. He carries a short sword or long knife in a sheath at his side, but will not show the weapon. It is an old maxim with the Goorkha that blood must be drawn every time he unsheathes the knife. Were he assigned to duty by a captain, and a colonel wished to pass, the Goorkha would not allow the superior officer to go through the lines if he had not received orders to do so by the officer who gave him his assignment. He acknowledges only one order — that of the officer who gave it, be he high or low. Where the big Sikh would run or surrender under a galling fire, the Goorkha, knowing no fear, would advance and win a battle. His highest aim in life is to have marked after his name when dead, "Died in action." When mobs gather and a riot is threatened, if Goorkhas are assigned to the scene and instructed to quell it, every one seeks cover when it is announced, "The Goorkhas are coming." Indians well know the Goorkha order will be followed. He is the policeman of Darjeeling.

"The only supplies that reached the starving people of India

during the famine were those sent from the United States," was the refreshing information gathered from an Englishman when touching on Indian matters. The supplies he referred to were kept from native officials and looked after by American representatives. Men get rich in India during famine years through selling relief supplies at a high figure — sent to be distributed free to the starving. Very few high-caste Indians have any feeling for the suffering of a poor or hungry native.

One eats five times a day in India. Tea or coffee is brought to the room generally before one is up; breakfast is served from nine to ten o'clock; luncheon at from one to three o'clock; tea at from five to six, and dinner from eight to nine o'clock. Band music, bioscope, and other amusements take place, but are finished before dinner. In hot countries Europeans bathe from one to three times a day.

Along the bank of a river, stream, or pond may be seen dozens of Indians doing their washing, and clothes spread out on the grass to dry. They are soaped and rolled together and juggled in the hands of the "dobey," and the next stage sees the same fellow slamming them, with all his strength, against a rock. One would look a long time for a washboard in India.

A trip was made to Tiger Hill, six miles from Darjeeling, from which point of observation is seen the summit of Mount Everest, rising to a height of 29,002 feet, located in the State of Nepal, India. The space intervening between this point and Everest is over 100 miles, and only a tip of the apex of this, the highest mountain in the world, appears to view. But even a peep at that premier pile of earth, rock, ice and snow will partially satisfy the heart of one who yearns to see nature's best in its varied forms. Everest, as seen from Tiger Hill, is flanked by a peak on each side, both of which appear superior to the king of mountains; but that delusion is accounted for by the two plainer-appearing sentinels being much nearer to the point of observation than the center white peak, Everest. It is hard to believe that, if Mounts Cook, Ruapehu and Kosciusko were placed one on top of the other, the combined height of the three Australasian mountains would be lower than the dome



MOUNT KINCHINJANGA (HIMALAYAS).
DARJEELING, INDIA.

CENTER PEAK IN CIRCLE, MOUNT EVEREST.
(Photo, Burlington.)

of Everest; or that, if Mount Aux Sources was lifted on top of Kilimanjaro, these African mountains would be only slightly higher than Everest. Also, that if Jungfrau was raised on top of Mount Blanc — two prides of the Alps — Everest would be only a few hundred feet lower than their combined height; and were two of the most noted mountains of the Western Continent — Shasta and Ranier — piled one on top of the other, the culminating point of these would be several hundred feet below the climaxing point of Everest. Then, from the corner of the eye, while focussing the gaze on Everest, an imposing white pile of grandeur — Kinchinjanga — second only to Everest, tempts one to divert his view to its plainer seen and noteworthy proportions. About Kinchinjanga, which rises its icy dome 28,156 feet above sea-level, clusters a noble family of sons, the Hercules of mountains. Janu comes first, towering to a height of 25,304 feet; Kabru next, 24,015 feet; then Simolchun, with 22,270 feet to its credit, and Pandim, 22,017 feet. There are still other noble peaks in the Himalaya range, plainly seen from this viewpoint, that appear small when associated with the greater monuments of nature's buildings.

All the natural agencies of earth, and those under the earth, could not impair the grandeur of Mounts Everest and Kinchinjanga. A fierce attack of wind and storm would only amuse these giants, as the summits would be enjoying sunshine during the day; in the afterglow, from the frosty flakes on the snowy domes, would irradiate soft, golden gleams of light, and at night from these flakes would also sparkle blue-white beams — reflected from the stars above — while the elements would be vainly centering their forces at invulnerable parts below. Lightning could not disturb even a pebble on these climaxing monuments, for ice and snow is so deep on their summits, and for several miles below, that the rock-like, glacial crust would prevent the forked thongs from penetrating to the surface soil. Earthquakes might center their rending powers at these stupendous vouchers of God's greatness, but the result, if any, would be merely deep, wide breaches, so cleaved, mayhap, as to form the design of the Cross or other holy emblem on a

prominent escarpment, and serve only to enhance their present nobleness to a greater degree of reverence. And if the fires under the earth should unite to destroy these Colossi of the Himalayas, mustering every vestige of force and centering all into one tremendous avulsion — the fires' fury finally succeeding in forcing vents at the vertexes of these sky-piercing peaks — even then, thus riven, Everest and Kinchinjanga would gloatingly belch from their crowning domes rivers of liquid fire and eject prodigious quantities of flaming rock and scoria, spreading broadcast their sulphurous outpourings for hundreds of miles around, their lurid streams coursing the sides — all of which would only serve to draw people from every section of the world to gaze on the fascinating and appalling spectacle, that would measure second only in widespread flare at night to heaven's own aurora in the early morning.

The term "timber-line," referring to mountains, means the limit of altitude at which vegetation grows. Timber-line in the United States is marked at altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. On some peaks, this line, often of stunted oaks six to twelve inches in height and one to three inches thick, is as decided as a steel band around a circular smokestack. Here and in Thibet, in an atmosphere refreshed by high, snow-capped mountains, the force of the sun is apparent by trees, and even vegetables, thriving at altitudes of 15,000 to 18,000 feet. Helmets must be worn in the hill regions, as on the plains, to protect one from sunstroke.

The blue atmosphere — the sheen of the sky — in the Himalayas is of a deeper color than that seen on the Blue Mountains of Australia. The only place where a similar atmosphere was observed in America was from Grand View, when looking into the marvelous maw of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Vegetation on the lower mountains was different to that of the plains. The magnolia was seen, also the oleander, the chestnut tree, and the oak; but the bark of the latter tree was different in color and shape to that of the American variety, although the acorns were the same.

A large number of British troops are stationed at Darjeeling,

and three forts have been built on the sides of a mountain facing Thibet. Not even a goat could get through Jalapa La Pass if the guns of these forts were trained on the noted mountain passageway.

Darjeeling is a favorite vacation center for the people of India, both European and native, in the summer season. In addition to the natural attractiveness of this place, there is also a museum and a library. Splendid mountain trips are at one's selection.

Down the two-foot wide mountain railway we traveled to Silliguri, boarded a passenger train, and were soon speeding over the flat plains of Bengal, with Assam to the east. Palms grow in that section of India, and the limbs at the bottom of the bushy tops had been freshly cut and seemed to be scraped. The native drink—"toddy"—is partly made from the juice of the palm after fermentation, when it is used as an ingredient with distilled rice. Hemp, or jute, reeds were lying in pools of water along the railway track to soften, when the fiber would be stripped from the stalk and later made into rope. Sixteen hours after leaving Silliguri the train pulled up at Sealdah Station, Calcutta, the second largest city in the British Empire.

CHAPTER V

CALCUTTA, although having a population a quarter greater than Bombay, does not measure up to the Parsi stronghold in architectural appearance. Still, one of the best municipal parks in the world, the Maidan, is located in the center of the city; it is two miles long, one mile wide, and is bounded on one side by the Hooghly River and on the other by one of the principal streets of Calcutta, Chowringhee Road. The Maidan is ornamented by splendid monuments to men who took part in the various mutinies, and those who, in the opinion of the British government, wisely and bravely guided the affairs of this country.

We had again got to where street cars were running, where newspapers were published, masts on ships were to be seen; hotels with two or more stories, electric lights, and big buildings, also sidewalks — in short, we were in the largest city of India. Fourteen hundred miles separate Calcutta and Bombay.

Street cars appeared better patronized by Europeans here than in Bombay. There are two grades of travel to the city cars — first and second class. The fare was cheap, first-class three cents and second-class two cents.

Calcutta is better managed than Bombay, notably, fewer beggars are allowed on the streets; and some features that do not add credit to a city were under better control. Official firmness in other ways was also noticeable. It was in the Province of Bengal that the mutiny started, in 1857.

Modern machinery — linotype machines, web presses, and stereotyping appliances — is in use on the daily newspapers of Calcutta, and very creditable newspapers are published. But there is little saving in modern machinery in India. An over-

seer of one of the printing plants stated that they installed the linotype machines only to be modern, but that there was no saving, in view of hand help being so cheap. The wages paid run from \$8 to \$18 a month. The same applies to flour or rice mills. Women may be seen in any part of India turning two stones with which the rice and wheat are ground into flour.

This city has a good business appearance, over 200 factories being located within a short radius, a number of rope or jute mills among them. Beside this native product, tea, opium, grain, indigo, raw silk, and cotton are exported from Calcutta. Some of the streets are literally packed with ox carts loaded with these articles of export. Horses are used only for cabs, oxen being the beasts used for vehicular traffic from one end of the country to the other. As in Bombay, the joints in oxen's tails have been broken so often by the drivers twisting them that they resemble threads of a large wooden screw.

The Black Hole of Calcutta, into which 146 human beings were forced on June 20, 1756, and out of which 23 came alive the next morning, does not compare in savagery with the Masacre Well at Cawnpore. Suraja Dowlah, the Nwab of Murshedabad, had placed the 146 prisoners in the building, the remainder of the British having made good their escape. Contrary to general belief, the building called the Black Hole was not a dungeon, but merely a lock-up for disorderly soldiers. The prison, 22 feet long by 14 feet wide, was too small for such a number of people. The time being June, torrid at this season of the year, will account for the deaths. No butchering took place, the detention was for but one night, and, to give the Nwab his just due, the tragedy was unintentional, according to some historians. Part of the space where the old prison stood has been taken for a large building, and the portion not occupied has been covered with black marble—the incident inscribed on a slab of marble above—surrounded by a high, black wire fence.

The Hooghly River, so called by Europeans, but termed Ganges River by natives, is a busy waterway, and the sea, or

Bay of Bengal, is not reached until a distance of 80 miles from Calcutta has been traveled. This river is a large one, the water muddy, and very treacherous for navigation. The same style of craft seen at Bombay—the dhow—is the ship of the Hooghly, and is similar to that in use thousands of years ago. It offers a picturesque, though archaic, appearance. Hooghly water is considered sacred by the Hindus living in this section.

Calcutta is not as interesting as Bombay, but there are three things in the premier city of India that attract—the Maidan, museum and botanical garden. Another feature, well known throughout British territory, is the racecourse. The museum is a splendid building facing the Maidan, and located on the principal street; the collection would do credit to even larger cities than Calcutta. The zoo is a good one, some native rhinoceros here seeming three times heavier than the African breed.

The botanical garden contains the great banyan tree, the remarkable feature of which is that roots grow from the limbs of the tree downward, take root on reaching the ground, and then grow into the earth like a tree that starts from the ground. From these aërial roots growing downward now stand over 200 trunks. The tree is not high, but spreads widely, the distances separating the outer limbs from one side to the other being 330 feet. The space intervening is studded with tree trunks that, when young, had started from the limbs they now support as props. The form of the banyan growth is circular, so would be over 300 feet across from outer limb to outer limb from any point. Around the circle of limbs the distance is over a thousand feet. It is a beautiful tree, and well worth going to see. The botanical garden is splendidly laid out, and contains many strange varieties of growth.

European merchants have secured a foothold in Calcutta, and a visitor is surprised to see the fine stores and large stocks of goods carried. Even European barbers are found here, a rarity in India.

Some European women, unfortunately, have married titled

Indians in the belief that a son or daughter would inherit their father's possessions and title. High-caste women in India are seldom seen walking about, as custom forbids such freedom; so, after the European bride reaches her husband's country, her life is that of a semi-prisoner. Her husband may be only a rajah, with title outweighing rupees, in which event her home might be located behind an odorous bazaar. Should she bear a daughter, little is thought of the event, but should she bring a son into the world she is very fortunate, if life by that time has any charm for her, if she and the son do not accidentally die in child-birth. Such a contingency as a Eurasian inheriting an Indian's title and estate is not to be thought of. Her husband will have a native wife in addition to his white wife, and should the latter fail to bear a son he would take still another native wife, and should there be no male issue from the second native union he may take yet a third native wife. Where a titled Indian is not succeeded by a direct native heir the custom of adopting heirs is common. A white wife's offspring, however, has no hope whatever of becoming the reigning heir.

The Eurasian is half Asiatic and half European. His social standing is really pitiable, as Indians hate him because he is neither Indian nor European, and white people, for the same reason, do not encourage social equality.

Kali Ghat, or Kali Temple, located some distance from the business center of Calcutta, was dedicated to Kali, the wife of the god Shiva. It is a terrible place. Mercenary priests, eager to obtain a fee, almost fight for the privilege of showing one about the gruesome premises. Two posts, a space of eight inches separating them, were raised from the ground three feet, through which holes had been bored to correspond. Two pins were put through the holes of both posts. To the rear was a shed, in which were standing at least a hundred half-grown male goats. The posts were located close to the entrance of the temple. A goat was brought to the posts, the upper pin pulled out, the goat's head placed between the posts, when the pin was inserted in the holes, the space between the pins — about four inches — preventing the goat from pulling his head back-

ward. A brass pot, containing water, rested on the ground, from which a man took a handful of water and sprinkled it on the goat's neck. This was Ganges water — holy water. Without ceremony, the man who had sprinkled the neck of the goat swung a big knife over his head, and when it was brought down the goat's head was severed. A woman squatted at the trunk end of the severed neck, with a brass cup in her hand, catching the dripping blood. When the first flush of blood ceased she quickly arose and literally ran to the temple entrance. Inside, she offered the blood sacrifice to the god Kali. All the time weird-sounding gongs and music came from the interior of the temple, the heads of goats being severed at frequent intervals in front of the entrance, each having been bought by the disciple making the blood offering. From that scene the priest takes a visitor to the burning ghat, and in the instance related there were six pyres consuming dead, but none of the "mourners" looking on gave the slightest intimation of grief. Two hours' time is required for burning, and the price of wood for that purpose was \$1.15. The ashes are thrown in a lagoon of the Hooghly, or Ganges, River. Church holidays in India are called "pujas," and great crowds frequent Kali Temple on certain puja occasions.

Large numbers of native babies are mortgaged before they are born. The country swarms with baniyas, or money-lenders, who are a curse to India. Parents who wish to visit Benares, the sacred city, borrow money to defray expenses of the trip. Weddings often cost a considerable sum for poor people — from \$25 to \$150 — and, in order to maintain their caste position, people borrow the necessary rupees. Famine years, sickness and other causes also force the people to borrow money. The rates of interest are very high. Land in India is of hereditary ownership, and rajahs and maharajahs charge a high rental to the worker. An income tax of 12 per cent. is collected on a yearly income of \$300 and above.

Saugar Island is located at the delta of the Hooghly River, and Hindu widows wend their way in large numbers to what the Hindu avers is a sacred bathing place. As stated earlier,

widows are held responsible for the death of their husbands, although the wife might be but five or six years of age when her husband died, and living with her parents, and the husband from 20 to 60 years of age, having other wives. The traditional, withering contempt and inhuman disregard for these creatures cause widows to resort to any form of deprivation, degradation and self-punishment — some of which are having their hair shaved to the scalp, although they prize it highly; cast any money and jewels they may have into the ocean, if a crafty priest does not catch the arm and obtain, and retain, the treasure before it leaves their hands; bathe in the waters, even though the breakers be mountain high, knowing they will be swallowed by the sea; trudge from holy shrine to sacred altar in various parts of India — all in the hope that their sacrifices and atonement may satisfy the wrath of the gods they are supposed to have provoked by taking away from earth the husband who bought them from their father. A Hindu widow is thought much less of than a pariah dog; she is the most pitiable object on earth.

Leaving European and official sections of Calcutta, one comes to street after street without sidewalks; with heavy ox-cart traffic; natives as thick as flies, but no white people about; the usual vile odors coming from the bazaar section; bony, half-dressed, ragged people at every turn — all with somber faces.

The native of the Province of Bengal is the proudest man in India, and is said to need watching in transactions of every kind more than those from other parts. He seldom wears head-covering, his hair is smoothly dressed, he is erect, and walks with a pompous stride. One can always tell a Bengali, as he appears neater in appearance than Indians from other sections. His looks betoken his thoughts, for he entertains the opinion that he is the essence of human kind in India, or even of the world. As in all other cities of this country, the streets were poorly lighted at night. Calcutta is a new city compared to other places in India, as it dates back to only 1690.

There being no rickshas in Calcutta, one of the means of getting about is by palki, an upholstered box, seating one person.

The box rests on poles, and four coolies — two at each end — the poles resting on their shoulders, lift the palki and fare and start off at a trot. They receive 12 to 20 cents an hour for carrying a person — three or five cents each.

After crossing the Hooghly River bridge, a railway train was boarded at Howrah Station, a modern and creditable building, for Madras, over a thousand miles southward. The trains on that road were not as good as some we had traveled on in other sections of India, but sleeping berths were included with the equipment. The Indian reminds one of the American negro in one respect — that of sleeping. He seemed to be at home in any place, so far as sleep is concerned, for in the coaches during the day the berth would be taken down in the compartment, and, slipping off his sandals, he would soon be fast asleep. One peculiar feature of this sleeping tendency, however, was that he would always be awake when the train reached his destination, as stations are seldom announced.

Save for hills in the distance, the country was as flat as any passed through while traveling over the Doab and other sections. Sugar-cane was one of the crops seen during the journey, and peanuts was another.

After 40 hours' travel the train stopped some distance outside of Madras, as passengers had to be examined by a doctor for disease indications, and the train was detained until that official duty had been gone through. In most countries boat passengers must undergo a medical examination when reaching port, but it was the first time we had been subjected to a railway train examination. This precaution was taken to keep out bubonic plague.

The conquest of India by England, as it may be termed, had its inception in Madras, for in that city British merchants first established themselves. The East India Company grew more powerful as time passed, first acquiring sections of land and later provinces. The founding of the East India Company dates back to 1639. This section of India is known as the Southeast Presidency, and is presided over by a governor, appointed by the King of England, Madras being the capital.

Madras, with a population of over half a million, is the prettiest city in India we have seen. The River Cooum winds its way through the Tamil metropolis by a very circuitous route, and the land for some distance along the banks has been reserved for parks. The government buildings are attractive, shade trees are numerous, and the city is abundantly supplied with parks and driveways. We had reached the sea again. A splendid drive and promenade has been built on the shore of the Bay of Bengal.

The natives in this part of India are known as Tamils, and it is from here the Indians in South Africa and those in Fiji, and possibly those in the United States, came. The reader will have gathered from my earlier notes an idea of some of the miserable creatures encountered during the journey, but the Tamils met with in Madras, those with whom one comes in contact in the nature of servants, ricksha pullers, and that class, were the worst in all India. One would no sooner have stepped into a ricksha than the puller would place his hand on his stomach and then to his mouth, which meant he was hungry. No doubt they were in need of food — a majority of the people of India are not half fed — but the striking feature of Madras was that every one who did anything for a person was practically a beggar.

The first Christian church built in India was St. Mary's, in Madras. Elihu Yale, the benefactor of Yale College, is identified with St. Mary's by his presenting to that building one piece of the church plate. The United States also is represented by a splendid Y. M. C. A. building of red sandstone, the benefactor being a noted merchant.

It is really surprising, when one visits a city like Madras, so far away from the more enlightened centers of the world, to find such a large number of colleges and other means of education there. In addition, this place is well supplied with a Y. M. C. A. building, libraries, club buildings, churches of various Christian denominations, a museum, a zoo and an aquarium. The same applies to the larger centers of India in general, but not in such proportion as those of this city.

Titled Indians, when visiting England, are sometimes received by the King and Queen, and are next entertained by lesser royalty, this attention being given much publicity in the British press and also cabled to other continents. But in India the social lines are not so flexible. European clubs in the Far East are popular centers of association, and a native sovereign's application to become a member of one of these, though composed even of European clerks, would very likely receive unfavorable consideration.

The punkha is the fan in general use in India, except that in some hotels in the larger cities electric fans are in service. Rods or ropes are secured to screw-eyes driven in the ceiling, and to the end of these a pole or wire is fastened that extends across a room. Canvas or palm leaves are attached. This covering, which falls from the pole a foot to eighteen inches, is the source of air when moved. There may be a dozen of these "fans" stretching across a large dining room; and tables are placed under the punkhas. These are connected by a string or wire running from the first to the second punkha, and so on. A stout rope, tied to the first punkha, is placed over a small pulley in the wall or partition, extending outside the building. An Indian, unseen, pulls the rope, when the fans in the room move, and air will be stirring. Frequently the punkha puller dozes off, when the fans will move slowly. One knows then he will soon be asleep.

Thousands of half-starved coolies, nearly naked, with a squatty basket made of bamboo strips in their hands or on their heads, may be seen in any section of India. That basket is his "work-box," in which he carries anything required.

An umbrella is the sign of authority in this section of the world where a group of natives are engaged at work. Whether the weather be wet, cloudy, or clear, the Indian foreman is known by his holding an umbrella.

A finger bowl is placed at the side of every plate when serving food in India.

The word "calico" had its origin in India. The city of

Calicut, whence the word calico is derived, was a cotton goods manufacturing center in early times.

Madras, the third largest city in India, is composed mostly of Hindus, and where that sect is found the sacred cows and bulls will be in evidence, as well as the miserable widows, the burning ghats; the mothers who give their young daughters to depraved priests who persuade the parents they will gain special favor in the sight of the gods for so doing; the goat-slaughtering places, the idols of monkeys, snakes, and other characters, and juggernaut cars. The Hindu has little to recommend him in either person or religion, and yet the best-fed things we saw in that country were connected with the church — the sacred bulls and cows.

The native quarters and the temples were the same as have been touched on in our Indian notes. The bazaars were the same, and there seemed to be more nearly naked people, owing to the weather on the Coramandel coast being warmer than that further north. One wonders how Europeans stand the heat, as few cool breezes blow in the hot sections of that country to refresh the jaded.

Mention has been made on several occasions of the appalling mortality from fevers and pestilence. A considerable portion of the mortality may be accounted for, however, when the reader learns that there is practically no sewerage from east to west and from south to north in this thickly populated country. With no sewerage, and the habits of the people as a race being the opposite of clean, together with all of the Hindus holding in reverence venomous snakes and mad dogs, and some sects bedbugs, mosquitoes, and vermin, the wonder is not at the great number that fall victims to these various causes, but how to account for so many being alive.

Madras was the last stop in India, as a train was boarded for Tuticorin. We passed through a country that is celebrated for its splendid temples, which are strange to understand when one sees the crude tools and archaic methods employed to do ordinary kinds of work. In the artistic designs and richness of

construction of some temples and mosques one sees the acme of art, and in mechanism the mien. Judging from the latter, it might seem that some skilled race of people had made their abode in that country during the period of construction of some of the buildings, and then had passed out, unseen, as it were. The people of India, as they appear to Europeans, with their marble and gold buildings, seem to be a contradiction. The country was flat to Tuticorin, half of it being under water, the monsoons just having ended.

CHAPTER VI

THE sail from Tuticorin to Colombo, Ceylon, is 147 miles. The first thing one notices in Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, is the large number of natives wearing very little clothing. Ricksha pullers are as numerous as flies and very annoying, as they follow one about the streets for an hour in the hope that the visitor will patronize the two-wheeled sulky. Where men and women are dressed, it is hard to tell which from which, as a large number of the men wear long hair, tied at the back in a knot. In addition, the high-caste Singhalese wears an amber-colored comb just under the crown of his head; it is what women call a backcomb. A great many of these are made from turtle shell and are very expensive, based on the wealth of the wearer. Men's clothes look more like a dress than man's apparel, so, when men are seen wearing long hair, a backcomb, and a sort of dress, one looks on them as half-women. The women are much given to wearing clothes of flaring-colored cloth, but there is still a strong reflection of India on all sides. The best way to appreciate Ceylon is to visit that island before visiting India, for after one has passed through India and then visits the lesser country he will not absorb some of the beautiful and interesting things for which Ceylon is famed, because of the noted mosques, temples, mountains, and teeming millions found in the greater country.

The congested population of Ceylon may be inferred from its area — 25,000 square miles — containing over 4,000,000 people. The island is 270 miles long and 140 miles wide at its broadest part. Since 1796 the island has been under British control. The exports are interesting, as they include tea, coffee, cinnamon, cocoa, cocoanut oil and rubber, besides other tropical products. Ceylon is administered by a governor, who is subject to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in London.

Scaffolding used in Ceylon and other Eastern countries when erecting buildings is odd. The supports to which the floors of the scaffolding rest are bamboo poles, and the crosspieces and other material used to work on are held together by rope, no nails being used. The scaffolding is so bulky, crude and shaky that the walls of a building look as if they were out of plumb, but the scaffolding nearly always hides the new building entirely from view.

Most of the ships plying Eastern seas stop at Colombo, and, with the exception of Port Said, it is perhaps one of the most popular maritime stations in the world.

The buildings of Colombo would not suggest being in far-off Ceylon. They are composed of brick, stone, and mortar, several stories in height. The streets are clean. Colombo, however, is the rosy apple with the decayed center, as a mile from the European or business center is the Pettah, or native town, with its squalid quarters, narrow streets, ox carts, absence of sidewalks; people barefooted, and many of untidy appearance. More English is spoken in Ceylon than in India. The population of Colombo is nearly 200,000.

A splendid driveway and promenade runs along the ocean front, and is paved from the city to a well-known hotel. Also a good park and museum that is interesting. Cinnamon trees grow in the park, and from the bark of the trees a cinnamon odor arises. There are two qualities of the cinnamon, known as quills and bark. The quills look like bark strips taken from a sapling, and are over a foot in length, tied in bundles. The export of cinnamon from Ceylon is 120,000,000 pounds of bark a year. All the vegetation about Colombo is tropical.

One of the social gauges by which a European is measured is the class of railway coach in which he travels. If it be a second-class coach he is thought little of by the natives, and is apt to get the cold shoulder from Europeans. When a white man has become a victim to the liquor habit and loses self-respect in the black countries a collection is generally taken up among Europeans to buy his passage to some other country.

Some 6,000 Europeans live in Ceylon, which accounts for the

newspapers being well patronized, both in the city and throughout the island.

One of the prettiest trips in the world is from Colombo to Kandy, 75 miles separating the two cities. One meets with cocoanut palms and other tropical growths in the hot countries along the sea coast, but to travel through a tropical section on a railway train for that distance is unusual. The train passes through a stretch of heavy vegetation, then an open strip of country, with bright green-colored rice paddies (fields or patches) on both sides of the track. Next the train is flanked by groves of cocoanut palms, which disappear when the train darts into a tunnel. Emerging, on the side of the hill will be seen growing the broad-leafed breadfruit tree, and a similar looking one, the jacfruit tree, with large, rough-looking shuck, is also a product of the soil. Down in the valley the pale-green paddies will be found, the rice growing in a foot of water. Into another tunnel the train suddenly disappears, and an upward grade is traveled, when short, stubby rows of tea bushes appear. Then, looking to the right, rise mountains to a height of 2,000 feet. On another side natives may be seen in a large grove, with small tin cups in their hands, devoting their time to the trees; these are rubber-tree tappers and sap collectors. The air has now become clearer and cooler than the humid atmosphere of Colombo. Along the roads that parallel the railway track may be seen a light wagon, or trap, with two fast-stepping bullocks hitched to the vehicle. These are known as "trotting bullocks," and are the fastest means of passenger transportation away from the more populous centers. All landscape scenes and vistas on the route from Colombo to Kandy are luxuriantly tropical.

Kandy has a population of 25,000, but if the same place were located in Europe or in the United States, considering its attractiveness, half a million people would occupy one-story bungalows on the verdure-drooping hillsides and the pretty valley would be lined by homes of wealthy people far beyond the limited space now built upon. Splendid roadways and paths, embowered with tropical leaves, have been cut into the

hillsides, and from these one looks down on a pretty lake in the valley. When the beauty and attractiveness of places cannot be truly portrayed by modern photographic appliances, it is difficult to reflect their characteristics with the pen. The altitude of Kandy is nearly 2,000 feet above sea-level, which insures a better atmosphere than is usually found on the coast in tropical climes.

Kandy was the capital of what was known as the Kandy Kingdom, and was subjected to attacks by both the Portuguese and Dutch from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, when England added that section of Ceylon to her possessions, in 1815.

Buddha's tooth and other sacred Hindu relics having been brought to Kandy at an earlier date was the means of bringing that pretty place in Ceylon to the fore. It has not been made clear whether Buddha had but one molar or a full set, but the inference is that he had but one tooth, as the sacred bone is referred to as Buddha's tooth. There is no question about Buddha having been quite a traveler, as the imprints of his foot will be shown visitors at places separated by many hundreds of miles. And in connection with the foot imprint, it is always designated as Buddha's foot, so, if the one-tooth theory is to be entertained, his having but one foot, or one leg, would be equally as tenable. The tooth, anyway, like the Koh-i-Noor diamond, was considered a treasure, and for that precious reason it had been stolen on several occasions, but the original molar seems to have got lost, or some one is secreting it until the price of that particular bone advances to a fabulous figure. But the Hindus of Ceylon had to have a Buddha tooth, so an imitation "grinder" was made — a piece of discolored ivory two inches long and about an inch in diameter, which looks more like a crocodile's tooth than that of a man. The sacred tooth is said to repose now under a golden lotus flower, and the flower is hidden by seven metal shrines containing jewels in a sacred building in the courtyard of Maligawa Temple. In front of the temple is a tank containing tortoises,

from whose "coverings," perhaps, the Singhalese will make haircombs later.

Taking a short trip from Kandy, a river was reached, and the ferry boat was slowly pulled from one side to the other by men with ropes. The boat was crowded with ox teams and almost naked natives. A short distance from the ferry landing seven elephants were seen bathing in the river. Continuing along a tropical overgrown road, at a bend we were confronted with three elephants in charge of mahouts, each carrying by its teeth four sacks of copra. A rope had been placed around the center of the bags, was pulled tight, and a short end of it was held by the elephants' grinders. The products were being brought to the ferry by the big beasts, and oxen would then draw this to Kandy, the nearest railroad center. By the same means tea and other products are transported, and provisions from Kandy are delivered at the other side of the river, from which point elephants advance the wares beyond. The elephants are owned by an heir of the old Kandy rulers, and on certain holidays they are brought to the city, when they parade about the former capital fifteen times.

Women standing in water nearly to their knees were engaged at transplanting rice stalks in paddies. The paddies, or beds, which are banked with earth from 6 to 12 inches on all sides to retain water, range in area from a space six feet square to a plot containing acres. In these the rice is sown, and when the stalks have grown to about a foot high most of them are transplanted. In some parts of the paddy the rice will be too thickly sowed, and in other sections not thick enough. The stalks in the thickets will then be pulled out, those left being the regular growth. The surplus stalks will next be transplanted in thinly sowed places of the bed. By this means the paddy would be equally sown; and it was interesting to observe the alertness with which the work progressed. At a place in India a dozen men were seen baling water from a ditch into a paddy with their hands, illustrating the crude methods in use. Rice is the staple food of natives in Ceylon.

In both India and Ceylon one never sees a woman servant engaged at housework in European homes or hotels. Men are exclusively employed at this occupation, women doing the harder work in the fields, carrying water, bricks, etc.

The Royal Botanical Garden, located a few miles from Kandy, was the most interesting one seen. We had visited the clove groves at Zanzibar, and specimens were growing in the Kandy garden, but we had not seen the nutmeg tree before. The nutmeg grows on a tree as large as the buckeye, or horse chestnut, and is of the same nature, differing in one respect, however, the nutmeg being protected by an inner shuck. It falls from the tree, when the outer shuck cracks, but is protected by the inner or second covering. It is then the size and color of a pink peach, but when the second shuck has been removed the nutmeg of commerce is seen. The vanilla bean hung from vines in the garden; the pepper vine was seen among the plants growing; the sago palm grew there, also the "candlestick" tree, besides other rare growths. Some of the larger trees in this garden were bare of leaves, which tropical oddity was accounted for by the presence of flying foxes — the same as those mentioned in Leg Four — hanging by the claws of one leg from the limbs during the day. There were thousands of these large bats, and, as in Tonga, they were considered sacred, and no one would kill them.

In this part of Ceylon most of the land was under tea cultivation. Tea exports from the island are nearly 190,000,000 pounds a year.

While oxen are the means of transportation in both India and Ceylon, automobiles may be seen skimming about the good roads in both countries.

A return was made to Colombo, where a ship, on which passage had been engaged, was about due to leave that port. I had sailed on English, Swedish and German vessels till I had reached Bombay; but from Colombo I started east on a Japanese ship.

LEG SEVEN

CHAPTER I

HEARING passengers refer to incidents that took place aboard ship "three weeks ago" sounded far-fetched in these days of speedy travel, yet those on this Japanese ship had been at sea over four weeks when the vessel sailed from Colombo on her Far Eastern voyage. The European passengers were nearly all English, and not a single American was met with. Some Japanese and Chinese were traveling second-class, but Europeans were assigned certain tables and the "yellow" men had tables to themselves. Steamship fare is reasonable for long voyages, but the fare from intermediate ports in this section of the world is expensive. The ship was loaded to the water-line with cargo, and every berth was occupied. The deck was covered with a double canvas as we traveled through a tropical sun over the Indian Ocean. Some of the passengers were going to Siam and Cochin-China, others to the Federated Malay States, a few to Borneo, and a number to Java; also others bound for Hongkong, Manila, and Shanghai, the southern Japanese ports, and the remainder for Yokohama, Japan, the last stop. The voyage was from Antwerp, Belgium, to Yokohama, a nine weeks' journey.

Until recently marine insurance companies would not take any risk with Japanese-manned ships, for which reason the merchant fleet of Japan had been under the direction of British captains and chief engineers. In order that Japanese could command Japanese ships, examinations for the position of captain or chief engineer was made more severe than that required by other countries. By this means the services of British officers are gradually being dispensed with, insurance companies now recognizing the efficiency of Japanese navigators.

Three days out from Colombo land was seen to the south — Sumatra, a Dutch possession, where the natives cause much

trouble. Entering the Straits of Malacca, bounded on the north by the Malay Peninsula and on the south by Sumatra, for 500 miles — the length of the Straits — we sailed in sight of land. (The Indian Ocean had been crossed and recrossed on the trip to Australia and back to South Africa, then to Mombasa and over to Bombay.) We have now left the Straits and the Indian Ocean, and the ship is sailing through an island-dotted stretch of sea; a city appears ahead — Singapore, the maritime junction of the Far East.

What a difference in the condition of the people in this city to those seen in India and Ceylon! None looked starved, there were no deformed people, no beggars, and the natives were tidier and better dressed. The native Malay is much lighter in color than the Indian and Singhalese. Though the Malay is the native of Singapore, Chinese far outnumber them or any other race.

The business section of Singapore is as flat as the Indian plains, and when a heavy shower of rain falls some of the streets are under water two feet. The population of the Straits Settlements metropolis is over 300,000 and, as in India, there is no sewerage in the city. The streets in the native and Chinese quarters were better looked after than those in Indian cities in similar sections. Some of the business buildings are good and substantial, with elevators in the larger structures. Many of the sidewalks are covered by balconies to buildings in the business district, which is accounted for by the hot weather in that section the year round, Singapore being located 80 miles north of the equator.

All vessels sailing in that part of the world stop at Singapore — those going to Java, Borneo, Siam, Cochin-China, south or north of the Philippine group, and vessels that continue to China and Japan. Some vessels go no further east than Singapore, and again start from that point west.

The Straits Settlements comprise the island of Singapore, the Province of Malacca and a number of other islands in that district. The Federated Malay States are embraced in the Malay Peninsula, all of which is under British rule. The governor of

the Straits Settlements also has jurisdiction over the Federated States. The city of Singapore was selected as an English settlement by Stamford Raffles in 1819, at that time a small native colony. Singapore island is 28 miles long and 14 miles wide.

Irish potatoes do not grow in that section, and one seldom has fresh milk, condensed milk being the lacteal generally used in many sections of the tropics. It looked strange to see a big ship unloading for days cases containing tins of milk, brought from Europe, to a country where grass is always green.

Thousands of acres of Singapore Island are under pineapple cultivation, and large quantities of that fruit are shipped from this port. The bountiful yield of this product has been brought about almost entirely through the industriousness of Chinese.

Passing a cocoanut grove, trees, almost uprooted, will be seen lying flat on the ground, the fronds being as fresh and green as those standing. Nothing can inspire hope so much as the cocoanut palm. It is often blown down by storms, twisted and wrecked, but as long as there is left even a thread of root the palm will continue to grow. As soon as it has recovered from the shock, so to speak, the bushy top that had been flattened on the earth from the fall will be seen pointing upward. Pass the same dethroned palm later, and the fronds will be found to be in a direct line with the rays of the sun at midday. Under any adversity its head will be pointed straight upward. A large tonnage of copra is also shipped from this port, there being extensive cocoanut plantations on Singapore and adjacent islands.

This part of the world is rubber mad. Rubber grows in some sections of the Federated States better than anywhere else. Questionable rubber companies operate here, however, stock being issued and dealt in, after which the "sharper" get aboard-ship and disappear. As much as 400 pounds of rubber an acre is gathered yearly, the price running from \$3 to \$4 a pound. Much of the tin used in the world is mined in this district, which, with rubber, are also staple exports from this port.

The currency of the Straits Settlements is the dollar, which in that country equals 56 American cents; small coins are also

termed cents. Straits Settlements paper money — one-dollar, five-dollar bills, etc.— is the dirtiest met with. The color of the bills is dark green, and they are so soiled that it is often difficult to see the denomination on the face.

Hotel rates were higher here than we had been charged since leaving Johannesburg. The cheapest accommodation in the city was \$5 a day (\$2.80 in American money). In Australasia hotel expenses did not exceed \$1.50 a day, and in India and Ceylon the same sum was not exceeded. Singapore is what is termed a free port, which makes high hotel rates even more difficult to understand. Articles generally were more costly than in countries visited which levy a heavy import tariff.

A winter tourist ship stopped here which had among its passengers a greater number of Americans than of any other nationality. A dinner was served at the best hotel in the city, and a goodly stock of wine and liquors had been provided for the occasion. To the surprise of the boniface, most of the passengers asked for ice water when eating. The small sum the tourists spent for liquids caused a general laugh 'in that city.

“Stengha,” a word that sounds like “stinger,” is spoken to a waiter when ordering refreshments. Few persons living in the hot countries drink water, so whisky and soda is very apt to be a “stengha.”

Some sections of Singapore are well shaded, and the streets are good. Recreation grounds are very good, and churches are seen at every turn. In addition, there is an interesting museum, and a short distance from the city is located an attractive botanical garden. Rickshas are numerous, drawn by Chinese, and the fare is reasonable. No one walks in Singapore. To offset the glare of the sun, some of the sidewalks have been covered with red soil. A good street-car system has been installed, and the place is lighted by electricity.

A load of live hogs, drawn by oxen yoked to a two-wheeled cart and driven by a Chinaman, passed along a street. Each hog was encased in a bamboo basket or barrel, with grass rope tied across the opening to keep the porker from getting out of

his "stall." There were ten hogs to the load, stacked one on top of the other.

A large number of wealthy Chinese live in the Straits Settlements. When traveling through the islands there may be seen, carved on the posts of large entrance gates of the Mongols' homes, peacocks, lions, birds, and fantastic, hideous-looking figures. These residents may be seen any time of day or evening riding about the city and island in modern and sumptuous motor-cars.

Some years ago a young American diplomat had been appointed consul at Bangkok, Siam. A merchant of the Siamese capital owed an American a large sum of money. Through the young consul the American sought to recover the debt, whereupon the diplomat threatened the Siamese merchant with the power of America. An American battleship later anchored in Singapore harbor. Down from Siam came the young and ardent consul, with but one aim in view — to persuade the captain of the battleship to proceed to Bangkok with his vessel and scare the money out of the debtor. The captain told the consul he had no objection to doing so if he (the consul) would cable the War Department at Washington, D. C., for instructions to that effect. A cable was sent immediately, and a reply soon received, which read: "Explain why you are absent from your post of duty." The consul walked floors, fearing recall, and had to write several letters to the State Department before he could entertain hope of retaining his post.

What looks like a round bolster is found at the foot of every bed. This equipment is to put under the body, to allow air to pass between the body and mattress, as the nights are very hot. In other ways the bolster is used to protect the flesh. This article of utility is called a "Dutch wife."

In the government printing office in Singapore were 150 printers, and out of that number there was but one white man, the overseer. The wages were \$10 to \$14 a month, which was \$3 to \$5 a month more than was paid in India for similar work. There is much room for improvement in the Singapore offices,

although the hours worked are but seven a day, the business hours of that city.

Every one has his "boy" servant in Singapore. While getting money at a bank the clerk had a "boy" to blot any writing he (the clerk) did. Unmarried men often eat their meals in their room, which are brought from the kitchen by a "boy" servant. Many have a ricksha puller for their own use. Single men often have as many as three servants.

Malaria and other tropical fevers impair the health of many settlers. The heavy rainfall, hot sun, and low-lying land account for the absence of fat men in that section of the world.

Every one wears white clothes and helmet. Starched or dress shirts are little worn. A high collar is attached to the white jacket, and under the jacket is generally worn a thin woolen undershirt.

As in India, one seldom sees a white child here. As soon as children become able to run about they are sent to Europe to be educated and to acquire a sound constitution. Nearly all the Europeans living in the Straits Settlements and Federated States are Britishers.

A great many Chinese find employment in carrying small restaurants about the city on split bamboo poles. They shout as they travel along, and stop when a customer indicates that he wants to eat. Chopsticks are used in lieu of knife and fork. "Makan" is the Malays' word for food. The Malay language is spoken by all classes. The native is not burdened with energy, the prosperous condition of that country having been brought about mainly by Chinamen.

Singapore holds ninth place in the principal shipping ports of the world, the harbor being crowded with large and small craft.

An effort was made to travel direct from Singapore to Manila, but, after waiting two weeks for a ship going to the Philippines' capital, the plan was abandoned. A start was then made for Hongkong on a German ship. Like the Japanese vessel that had brought me to Singapore from Colombo, the German ship was weighed down to the water-line with cargo,

every berth in the cabins being occupied. The distance from Singapore to Hongkong is 1,440 miles, and the fare, second-class, was \$31.50.

Seeing a drawling American on this ship, a Britisher sized him up as one who might be twitted. "What is your business, may I ask?" began the Britisher. "Oh! I generally follow mining," drawled the "Yank." "Is there much money in it?" asked the Britisher. "Oh, the usual thing in mining — chicken one day and feathers the next," sluggishly answered the American. "By the way," said the "Yank," perking up, "may I ask what your business is?" "Oh, I'm a missionary," promptly answered John Bull's subject. "Is there much money in it?" whipped back the "Yankee."

For two days out from Singapore the German ship rode the seas as smoothly as a motor-car running over a well-tarred road. Then the weather grew stormy and the ocean rough. We had entered the China Sea. The time of year was the day before Christmas, and a Christmas tree had been erected in the dining saloon, ornamented with bright-colored tinsel balls, chocolate bars wrapped in tinfoil, colored candy hatchets, lions, dogs and dolls; sprigs of holly with red berries, rosy red apples hanging from bending boughs, candy wrapped in vari-colored and fringed papers, wax candles hanging from limbs, with medicated cotton and white powder scattered over the pine tree to indicate snow. The sea had become rougher, and the steady ship of a few days earlier was now rolling and pitching her heavy tonnage against powerful waves, the propellers often revolving in unwatered space. Few had interest in the tree this Christmas Eve, as most of the passengers had become seasick. As a result, and the storm not having abated, only half a dozen of the big list of passengers ate turkey with cranberry sauce, mince pie, raisins, and nuts that Christmas Day while sailing over the China Sea. The day following the sea became quieter, and an island came in view, then more islands. The sea having calmed, passengers became numerous on deck. Buildings, on the side of a high, green island, were now seen — we had reached the island of Hongkong, China. As the vessel neared

the harbor, the city, resting comfortably at the base of the mountain and stretching along the shore, was clearly outlined. Being our initial visit to a Chinese city, Johnson's lines came to mind —

“Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru.”

Ho! There was an American flag flying from the mast of a ship at anchor in the harbor — the fourth time the United States emblem was seen waving from a ship's mast during a journey of over 60,000 miles, most of which was by water. At Dunedin, N. Z., the first flag was seen flying from a dilapidated schooner, and the other two from small vessels at Apia, Samoa.

Hongkong is a horseless and oxless town. This island city is far up in the list of ports — perhaps fourth — and it is difficult to believe that the cargo of great vessels could be moved almost entirely by human aid alone; yet such is the fact. There would seem to be no obstacles that the Chinaman cannot surmount. On a split bamboo pole Chinamen have been known to carry 500 pounds' weight. Generally, what one man cannot carry two will; but any weight too much for two would be moved along by four Chinese, two at each end of a bamboo pole. Heavy loads that cannot be moved by poles are placed on to a two-wheeled hand truck. India and Ceylon looked unprogressive with the two-wheeled ox carts, but when one reaches an important seaport city and finds neither mules, horses, oxen or donkeys to move heavy traffic, that feature must be classed among the world's oddities.

The mountain behind the city rises to a height of nearly 2,000 feet. Buildings have been built on the mountainside, and on the summit stand the barracks, or fort, and the Governor-General's residence. Some of these buildings, used for hospitals and other purposes, are big; yet every brick, stone, pound of mortar, furniture — everything of which the buildings and fort are made — had been carried up the roads and foot-paths cut in the sides of the mountain on the backs, shoulders,

or heads of Chinese, mostly women. A cable railway runs from nearly the bottom to the top, but the company that built the line is forbidden to carry other than passengers up the slope. That restriction was placed on the company in order that the Chinese would not be deprived of work necessitated by the demand for supplies and provisions by those living in that section of Hongkong Island.

The city appears on maps as the City of Victoria, but Hongkong is the only name one hears. The island comprises an area of 29 square miles, and was ceded to Great Britain in 1843. But England has acquired an additional area of 380 square miles on the mainland opposite. The city has a population of 300,000, but half a million inhabitants reside on the island. Of this number 6,000 are Europeans, the remainder largely Chinese. The water channel separating Hongkong from the main line is a mile wide, and opposite the city is Kowloon, where large vessels put in at wharves and from which place the railway starts for Canton.

Hongkong is reputed to have the most picturesque setting of any city in the world, and the view seemed better than that offered by Capetown, South Africa. A perpetually green mountain rises steeply nearly 2,000 feet from the seashore, and the splendid roads and walks cut in the sides might, seen from a distance, resemble the threads on a mammoth screw. White brick buildings, covered with red-tile roofing, rise from the verdured sides at frequent intervals. This attractiveness continues to the summit, which is capped, as it were, with the official residence and forts. From the summit the view seems superior to that from below, as the ornamentation of the steep slope, both by nature and man, with the city at the base, ships lolling at anchor in the harbor and pretty islands dotting the haven from three sides, all unite in maintaining the reputation the island bears.

A boycott was issued by the Chinese against the street railway system of Hongkong. The trouble came about through the railway company refusing to accept Canton money for fares on the cars, and the boycott resulted. The cars ran back and

forth without Chinese passengers during the period of the strike.

Sedan chairs are the means of conveyance for people living on the mountainside. The chair is box-shape with a seat, fastened to two long bamboo poles. The passenger steps in, a Chinaman between the poles at each end, and grunts are heard while raising the poles to their shoulders. Off they start up the steep incline, no matter whether the passenger be light or heavy, with as apparent ease as if a chicken were inside the box. The charge for a long ride is 15 to 25 cents, divided between the Chinamen. Rickshas are the conveyances used in the city. A short ride costs three cents, and if hired by the hour the charge is 15 cents. The rickshas in Hongkong, Colombo, and Singapore are made to carry but one person, while the sulkies drawn by the Zulus in Durban, South Africa, are built to hold two persons. Zulus go as fast and as far with two fares as the pullers of other countries do with one passenger. Both chair carriers and ricksha pullers are in their bare feet.

Hongkong is very substantially built, and it is doubtful if there is a frame house on the island. No one who has not seen that city would expect to find the splendid business blocks that so creditably adorn the place. Some of these are seven and eight stories high. Most of the sidewalks are covered with cement roofing, giving the walks a half-arcade appearance, which is done when erecting buildings, as the sun is hot in summer.

Porcelain bath tubs and running hot water were found in Hongkong, the first we noted since leaving South Africa. In British-East Africa, Uganda, India, Ceylon, and Singapore round wooden tubs were in use, and hot water was carried to the bath room by servants.

The water-front of Hongkong was crowded with crudely designed boats, called sampans. The craft has a mast, and when in use sails — sometimes made of reeds — are pulled to the breeze. The quaint craft has a cabin, and large families are born and reared on board, it being their home. A large oar at the stern, rolled from one side to the other when the

craft is moving, helps to advance the sampan and acts as a rudder besides; it has two oars at the sides also. In most cases the craft is manned by women and their children. Frequently a Chinese woman, who looks like a hunchback, is seen pulling an oar. The apparent deformity proves to be a delusion, however, as, when she has reached shore and secured the sampan, she unwraps a cloth and a ruddy-faced baby rolls into her arms. What would be a heavy burden to women of other races a Chinese woman does not seem to mind.

The Hongkong policeman is unique. He wears a bright, yellow-colored helmet, a jacket with brass buttons, knickerbockers, white leggings, and the scow-shaped Chinese shoes. His bearing is decidedly military, and he is unassuming when on duty. The Indian Sikh is also employed for police duty, but is not so interesting as the native.

Daily English newspapers are published in Hongkong, and linotype machines are in use in some offices. In one place a Chinese linotype operator could not speak a word of English, yet he could read English copy and set a clean proof. The wage paid was \$15 a month. Europeans were in charge of the printing departments, but the mechanics were Chinese.

Mock Duck, Duck Mock, Fat Duck, Duck Fat, Wa Duck, Ho Duck were common names observed on signs above the doors of business houses in Hongkong.

Chinamen seem to be eating most of the time, the portable restaurant, as in Singapore, being in use here. Their food appeared to be mostly fish, vegetables, and what looked like spaghetti, and tea was drunk at eating-time. As all eat with chopsticks, table cutlery is little in demand among the natives. "Chou" is their name for food.

The dollar is the unit of money in Hongkong, but its value is much lower than the Straits Settlements dollar, being that of the Mexican dollar, which varies from 44 to 50 cents. Fractional coins are on the cent basis, and are made of silver, nickel, and copper.

When visiting a bank in Hongkong, hundreds of natives were seen at the rear, with a clerk shouting something in Chinese.

Inquiry as to what occasioned so large a number of visitors at the bank, brought forth the information "They had just come from America and were having checks cashed." Every nation takes money out of America, the feeding ground of the world.

There is a large photograph gallery, or archive, in the American consulate in Hongkong, which contains the portrait of every Chinaman who has been to America and returned to China.

A good botanical garden is located just above the business center of the city, and parks, good public buildings, a museum, libraries, churches and schools, and other public features are well represented.

Mail from Europe will be longer traveling to Hongkong than to any other port in the world, and vice versa. From centers north of Hongkong mail is sent by way of Siberia, and the larger amount of mail even from this city is, perhaps, carried over the Siberian railway. Were one, however, to mail a letter in London, Paris, or Berlin to Hongkong, by way of the Suez Canal — the main route from Europe to the Far East — it would not reach the Chinese port earlier than six weeks' time from date of mailing. From 40 days to six weeks is the regular time required for passenger ships to travel from Europe to Hongkong.

Hotel expenses were cheaper than at Singapore, being only two dollars a day.

CHAPTER II

A TRIP was made up the West River to Canton, a stretch of water in which vessels are sometimes sacked by Chinese pirates. A half-dozen or more of these daring Mongols will board a boat at the starting place as passengers did, and when an opportunity offers they will overpower the officers, when the ship will be at their mercy. Not long ago an effective weapon called "stinkpot" was in use. These bad smelling crocks were thrown about the decks of a boat, bursting, and the nauseating odor from them would partly suffocate any who happened to be near. The pirates well knew where to burst them to the best advantage. To prevent successful piratical attacks to river craft, English gunboats have been stationed at certain places of this large river. Hongkong is the port for Canton and the great population in Southern China, and no one who has not taken a sail up that river can form a correct idea of the large number of people who crowd on the boats, particularly in the third-class section.

When the boat reaches Canton, and before it is alongside the wharf, Chinese, emerging from rowboats, will be seen scaling the sides of the vessel from stem to stern with the agility of monkeys. In a very short time they throw their legs across the deck rails, every one of them on the alert to earn a few cents by carrying a valise, directing a passenger to his ricksha or sedan chair, or presenting to the visitors business cards of silk, damascene, ivory, or other merchants. Guides are also much in evidence, and if there is any city in the world where a guide is needed it is surely Canton, China.

Soon we are in a sedan chair — the only means, except afoot, of getting about the city — with a Chinaman at each end, the poles resting on their shoulders. The guide was in front, and in a short time we had passed through an entrance in the city

wall. All was different then, and it is doubtful if a stranger could find his way out after having gone not more than two city squares in Canton. The streets are from three to fifteen feet wide, and boxes, tubs, tanks and pails, used by storekeepers to show their goods, encroach even on this limited space. Were one to go to a large ant-hill on a hot day, when the insects are thick and moving about quickly, the mound would afford a fair illustration of Canton within the walls. The city is one great human ant-hill. We had been through the teeming streets of the native quarters of some Indian cities, and concluded there could not be more density of population anywhere, but that opinion soon changed after stepping inside the walls of the metropolis of Southern China. Any one who has visited Hongkong and thinks he has seen a typical Chinese city would do well to pay a visit to Canton.

“Hey-ho, ho-hey, yay-he-ho, ho-ye-hay,” sounds something like what a Chinaman sings or chants to make known his coming in the human-packed streets. Bear in mind, there is neither horse, ox, mule, nor ricksha puller traversing the streets — only men and women, with loads carried on split bamboo poles. They all have a song, grunt or yawn to give warning of their coming. Some of the streets are so narrow that two sedan chairs, carried in opposite directions, cannot pass. On such occasions the carriers of one chair must stop until the others squeeze their way between the wall of a store and the people, who are constantly passing to and fro. It is natural, when carrying burdens on poles, to have poles resting on both shoulders, but the crowded streets here will not permit of that. The load has to be carried on one shoulder, the pole pointing in front. While the narrow streets and teeming crowds make it much harder for men to bear loads in that manner, how much more inconvenient it must be for a woman carrying the same weight, with a baby tied to her back! There appeared to be as many women as men with the weight-carrying poles over their shoulders, and with both sexes coolie custom seemed to forbid walking, as all moved at a trot when space permitted.

Roasted pork, dried fish, and dried fowl were much in evidence in the shops; and for long distances wooden tubs containing water and live fish line a street. Butcher shops and vegetable stores are also seen at every turn. Garbage from each store or dwelling is placed in the street, and this is often kicked about before the garbage man takes it away. Hydrants are numerous, and lines of people wait their turn to get water. Wide boards, on which are written Chinese characters, often meet from each side, and a reed covering placed above, and extending across the street, drawn by ropes, shades people from the sun. Between the grunts, yawns, and songs of the laborers, together with the general conversation and the shouts from others at intruders on the dried fish and fowl, it is dampness, noise, stench and jam from the time one enters until he emerges outside the wall. In this large city there is no sewerage.

The street paving is composed of stones from two to three feet wide, and in length the width of the street. As there are neither horses nor wagons used in the city, most of the people in their bare feet, and, as the sandals worn by others have soft soles, the pavement lasts a long time, although some of the thick stones show signs of wear from the millions of feet passing over them. Between the broad signs, other signs printed on wide strips of canvas, together with the curtains that cover the thoroughfares above the cramped space, the streets of Canton resemble tunnels more than anything else.

The City of the Dead, a burying place in Canton, differed from any before seen. The coffins are logs, hewed out for a body, are of cylindrical shape, with four corners, and appear as if four pieces of lumber had been sealed together. The top quarter-piece is loose and serves as the lid. Some of these odd-appearing coffins are expensive, as they are heavily inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold leaf. The first resting-place consists of two rooms, and these are separated by a matting curtain. In the second, or inside, chamber the coffin rests on two supports as large as a washtub. In the outer, or reception chamber, stands a table with flowers, an incense-stick pot, and a glass containing oil, with a wick. The incense-stick was burning

and the wick was casting a dim flame. Every morning and afternoon a fresh cup of tea is placed on the stand, together with fruit and fresh flowers. The light was kept burning so the spirit of the dead could find its way about, and, if it felt like eating, the food was ready. The corpse rests in that place for six months, when the remains are removed to a permanent burial ground and put under the earth. The temporary — or six months' — resting place rents for \$10 a month, or \$60 for the time allowed. Formerly the corpse remained in these lying-in-state, or ancestral halls, for years, but that has been changed to a six months' period. Only well-to-do Chinese are so laid to rest.

The wall encircling Canton is six miles round, but the city has outgrown the old lines. At one place, just inside the wall, is the old execution ground, where offenders against the law were beheaded, but it is now used as a pottery.

A hundred and twenty-four temples of the Confucius and Buddhist faiths were found here, but, when visiting some of these, the growing grass, dilapidated walks, dusty images, and general lack of care in evidence at every turn suggested that the Chinaman has broken loose from old religious moorings. In the Geneii Temple were 500 figures on one side of the building, badly in need of dusting. A very good pagoda, five stories high, is a feature of Canton. All the pagodas of China are of odd stories — three, five or seven.

The various manufacturing industries of the city are situated in one quarter. A big business is done in jadestone, mostly made into rings, and used as bracelets; but the stone is used also for other ornaments. The jadestone industry is situated in a certain district; furniture manufacturing is also centralized; the mother-of-pearl workers are located in still another section; this applies also to the ivory, damascene, jewelry, and tinware industries. Little or no machinery is used, most of the work being done by hand.

The city seemed to be free of loafers, everybody doing something. Talking with a Chinese acquaintance on this point, he stated that the only men out of work were gamblers, whose

“occupation” had been taken from them by official decree. They had never learned to do anything else. The opium houses had also been closed. Not a queue was seen hanging down the back of the males one met, the cutting off of the pigtaails being in compliance with a government edict. The hair from the queues was shipped to other countries.

“Sweating money” is a custom said to be much practiced in China. Gold coins are placed in a sheet or cloth, which is then vigorously shaken. The coins, clashing against each other, wear off the milling, which remains in the sheet. When the coins are “sweated” to the satisfaction of the “sweaters” the cloth is put in a kettle or retort, when the gold dust, or milling, remains at the bottom. It is owing to this “sweating” process that, when gold is required in transactions of fifty dollars and much greater sums, bankers often determine the value of the metal by weighing it rather than by accepting the coins at their face value.

Concerning the population of Canton, there seemed to be no official figures. Some give the number at a million, others at two millions, and even three millions of people are said to be residents of the metropolis of Southern China. Statements of the Pearl River population, however, seem to be authentic. Just think of half a million people living on the water! The river is partly blocked with native craft—sampan—and these are the homes of people numbering as many as comprise the city of Baltimore, Md. Each owner of a sampan pays a small license fee to the city; but they have no water rent to pay or house rent bills. The sampan is the home of a great many Chinese from birth until they die, generally at a ripe old age. The Pearl River is called the West River at Hongkong.

Missionaries living in the interior have enough bread baked at one baking to last them a month. The bread is sliced, then toasted, and taken to the mission. Toasting the bread keeps it from getting mouldy.

An island, separated by a fork of the Pearl River, is known as the Shameen, and here the few Europeans of Canton reside. The Shameen has been leased from China by both France and

England for a term of 99 years. The area of the concession is but 69 acres, and 300 Europeans make their home in that pretty place. The consulates of other European countries also are located on the island, and the only European hotel in Canton is among the few modern buildings seen in the old Chinese city. Two bridges span the branch of water that forms the island on the city side, and high, strong gates are located at each end of these bridges. The approaches to the Shameen are guarded by policemen day and night, and Chinese not employed by residents of that district, or who have no business to attend to on the island, are not allowed to cross the bridges. The gates are opened at 6 o'clock in the morning, and are closed at 9 o'clock in the evening. Native servants or employees having occasion to go out after dark must carry a light, and among these one sees some odd designs. A small lantern but little larger than a goose egg will be carried by one Chinaman, another will be seen with a light burning in what looks like a soup bowl, the regular European lantern will be carried by another, and the square, colored-paper Chinese lantern will be lighting the way of still another native. A Chinaman has no right to live in the Shameen; those who do live on the island are there by sufferance of the two powers who leased the land.

The homes and business buildings of Canton do not exceed three stories, most of them but one or two stories in height. The doors are heavy, and iron bars protect some of the windows. Brick, stone, and mortar are the material used in construction, with black tiling for roofs. A marked air of privacy pervades the exterior of Chinese homes.

Stones, pear-shaped, are used as seats by the Chinese. These may be seen in tea gardens and places of quiet recreation. This custom of using stones as seats is because they are cooler than any other material. Occupants sit astride the stones.

Canton, the capital of the Province of Kwangtung, is styled the "City of Rams" from the legend of the five immortals who rode into the city on the backs of five rams during the Chow dynasty, which ruled from 1112 — 255 B. C. The metropolis was made a treaty port in 1842.



SMALL COLONY OF HALF A MILLION SAMPAN DWELLERS OF PEARL RIVER; THESE WATER HOMES
SAVE HOUSE RENT. CANTON, CHINA.

Two kinds of dollars are in use — the Hongkong and the Kwangtung — the former in the Shameen and the latter in the city and province. The Hongkong dollar is worth more than the Kwangtung, as the former is backed by England and the other by the present unsettled China. The cheapest hotel rate was \$4 a day, and only Hongkong money was accepted in payment.

First-, second- and third-class cars are used on the railway line running from Kowloon to Canton. The first-class coaches are of European style — compartments — and the second- and third-class cars are open, with an aisle and seats on both sides, like the American cars, but without cushions. The fare for first-class travel was six cents a mile, and three cents for second-class accommodation. The water pirates, like hippopotami on a foraging expedition, sometimes take a stroll from their river haunts and succeed in plundering the passengers of the railway train. Along the line could be seen small, level patches of ground, not over four feet in length in some instances, banked on a hillside by stones to keep the soil from washing away, on which grain and vegetables grew. Little land is allowed to go to waste in China.

Back I went to Hongkong.

CHAPTER III

AN American ship was boarded at Hongkong for Manila, P. I., but the vessel had been built in Glasgow, Scotland. The distance from Hongkong to Manila is 630 miles, and 60 hours' time is required to sail between the two points. The fare, first-class, was \$25 — four cents a mile for sea travel. One has little choice anent "class" on these boats, as second-class is very inferior. First-class accommodation, however, was good. After two days of rough sailing land was sighted, and next morning the ship passed through the right channel of Corregidor Island into Manila harbor. Thirty miles from the entrance is Manila. After leaving the ship, it was the first time I had been on American territory for nearly three years.

What a marked difference in the appearance of streets in Manila to other cities of the Far East. Instead of Chinese or natives moving merchandise and other wares on split bamboo sticks or by ox carts, or donkeys drawing two-wheeled vehicles, large, fat mules and horses were hitched to big, four-wheeled trucks loaded with heavy wares, together with big motor trucks taking part in the healthy business scene. Besides, flitting about the streets were light, neat-appearing, two-wheeled vehicles drawn by smart-moving ponies. The two-wheeled trap, called a calesa, is the chief conveyance. The men driving these were certainly a strange class of "cabbies," for they did not seem to care whether they secured a fare or not. The calesas, numbering 3,000, are both a handy and a cheap conveyance, the charge being 20 cents for the first and 15 cents for each additional hour.

The principal business street is known as the Escolta, and little can be said in its favor. Most of the business houses are conducted by Chinese, Indians and Arabs; and a great many of

the buildings are owned by these merchants, who would be satisfied to do business in a pig pen so long as money came over the sty. The street is well paved, well policed, and a good street-car line has been laid in the center. But it is the lopsided appearance of the thoroughfare that grates on one: The sidewalk at the head of the street is eight feet wide, and gets narrower and narrower until the walking space has been reduced to eight inches. The Escolta being the Broadway of Manila, it is well crowded with Filipinos, Chinamen and Americans. A better street might be substituted for the Escolta, but that thoroughfare is owned by Chinese.

The only way to make a modern town out of Manila would be to destroy the relics of Spanish "art" and rebuild on scientific lines. The best way to accomplish this would be to have fires started in sections of the city when a tornado is blowing a gale of 60 miles an hour, the firemen devoting their energies to protecting people, but not putting a hand to a hose to combat the ravages of the flames.

A good street-car system courses the city and outlying districts, but the fare, like the steamship charge, is too high. There are first-class and second-class cars, and the fare for first-class is six cents and second-class five cents. The United States and her colonies are the only territories we have traveled in where a receipt is not given a passenger for his street car fare.

Manila has few good buildings, in which respect the Philippine capital differs from cities in British colonies, but after Manila has been under American control from 50 to 100 years there will no doubt be a better showing in this respect.

We had reached another place where potatoes do not grow, where one gets only condensed milk for his coffee, where meat and flour are imported from Australia, and cabbage, onions, celery and cauliflower come from other countries; where vaccination is the first precaution suggested for the preservation of life; where one is apt to become sick if he drinks water that has not been boiled; where one dare not, if life should be dear to him, eat a piece of raw carrot or other vegetable, or even fruit, that grows near the earth; where every one sleeps under netting

at night to keep the mosquito from injecting into his system malaria fever germs, and where one must not forget to keep a weather-eye out for the bubonic flea. Everything unerringly suggests that the tropics have been reached.

Doctors say it is not necessary to drink whisky in the Philippines to ward off disease, but as cooks are liable to forget to boil the water, few of the old "tropicalians," while in sympathy with medical oracles, seem to place faith in the mindfulness of island cooks. Convulsions and consumption are, in order, the causes from which most people die in Manila. The death rate per 1,000 of the total population is 39.61.

New Year's eve was celebrated in the usual American style, with floats on motor-cars and wagons moving about the streets. On one motor-car was a large barrel, which looked like a street sprinkler. A white canvas covered the sides and there was printed on the cloth in large black letters, "Keep off the water wagon!"

The hours of work are too long in that climate. In most hot countries the working time does not exceed eight hours a day, and in other tropical climes seven hours is the rule. But Americans work nine and ten hours a day.

On the Luneta, an inviting stretch of green sward, located along the shore of the bay and between the walls of the old city and a residential section, concerts are given by a good band six evenings during the week. The entertainments continue for an hour, from 6 to 7 o'clock, and, judging by the crowds in attendance, are much appreciated. At these concerts the Filipino appears at his best, so far as clothes go. He is vain as a negro in show of clothes, and if European clothes meant advancement for native races the Filipino would claim first place. He often appears much neater than the European.

As with most colored races, the Filipinos are ingrates. They were neglected under Spanish rule, it is safe to presume, and now, when a stable system of government has been fixed, and schools, sound money, sewerage, better water, better wages, better treatment, and a brighter future have been provided, they still ask, "What is the United States going to do for us?" All

the governors of the provinces are natives, but the treasurers of provinces are mostly Americans. This may be changed in the future, but a return to the former custom—a white man to handle the money—would soon follow, for very good reasons.

The worst railroad trains ever ridden on were those running from Manila. I traveled as far as San Fernando, 38 miles from the capital, and the time required to cover that distance was 3 hours and 48 minutes. Another trip was made from Cavite to Manila, 25 miles separating the two points, and two and a half hours was the time it took to cover that distance. In both instances the track was level. The ten-ton engine drawing a train over a two-foot gauge up the Himalaya mountains made as good time. Third-class fare is too high for poor natives; two cents a mile is too much. Steamship fare for coastwise ships is exorbitant. If the owners of railroad lines and coastwise ship owners do not make money in the Philippines, it will not be because they do not charge enough.

Native women walking about smoking big, black cigars do not look very edifying. They may be seen any time in the streets, puffing rings of smoke from cigars or cigarettes.

Unlike other countries visited, few of the natives in Manila were in their bare feet—even the children wore neat-looking sandals.

A starched, springy cloth is worn about the neck of the women, shaped like a horse-collar. The "collar" is tied in front with a knot, and rests on the shoulders and neck. In size and design it is larger than a horse-collar, and the women are constantly touching it, first on one side and next on the other, to keep it straight or in right position. The "collars" are sometimes of silk and of varied colors.

Windows without panes of glass are seen here, formed by upright panels, an inch wide, nailed to a crosspiece three inches wide, each having four such crosspieces. Intersecting the spaces made by the panels and crosspieces are smaller pieces of lath, which form three-inch squares in the window. In these three-

inch squares flat pieces of light-colored seashell are placed, which admit light, but through which the hot sun cannot penetrate. The windows do not raise or swing, but slide from side to side, when closing or opening. Panes of glass are seen occasionally, but these are often painted a dark color to keep out the sun. Sunshine seldom reaches a room, as windows are closed on the sunny sides during the day.

The natives' homes put one in mind of a squirrel's nest in a tree. Often they are hid with banana bushes and other growths from every side. The huts are built on poles from three to ten feet from the ground. The frame is composed of round and split bamboo, and the covering is generally of what is commonly known as nipa palm. They all have a few chickens and a pig. Their food is mostly fish and rice.

The presence of chickens about natives' homes is accounted for by their weakness for cock fights. Cockpits are no longer allowed within the city limits, but, as Manila does not cover a large area, from 15 minutes to half an hour's ride in a calesa will find one at a pit where the native sport is taking place. Gambling is the incentive for that sport, and so long as a Filipino can gamble he will not work.

Prize fights are not permitted in the Philippines, and it is a criminal offense for a newspaper to publish a challenge for bouts. Americans of sporting ilk find Manila an uncomfortable place to live in. Every once in a while groups of free-and-easy characters are rounded up by the authorities, taken to a ship sailing for the United States, when they unwillingly bid good-by to Manila's shores.

The climate of Manila differs from that of other countries the same distance from the equator. A majority of Europeans wear the same kind of hats as are worn in the States. Neither were white clothes much worn. In other sections close to the equator one would fall from sunstroke did he not wear a helmet or some other heavy head-covering.

The city and country around Manila is flat and swampy. When a season of heavy rain occurs the suburbs are partly under water, many of the streets being in a deplorable condition.

Both the sewerage and water systems are modern, however, but some of the business streets are poorly paved.

Several daily newspapers are printed in the capital, but, aside from a white man being in charge, the printers are mostly natives. The same applies to the island printing office located in Manila. Wages paid the native printers are from \$18 to \$25 a month. Laborers receive from 50 to 75 cents a day. American mechanics receive about the same wages as those paid in the States.

Soldiers, in khaki uniforms, are always to be seen about the streets of Manila, a fort being located just outside the city. A similar uniform is worn by the British troops in some of their colonies, but the uniform worn by the American soldier looks neater, for the reason that the American uniform is starched, while the Britisher's is ironed. Both police and soldiers are gentlemanly fellows.

Evicting the dead sounds strange, but this takes place in Paco Cemetery, in Manila. The dead are placed in niches built in a wall, from six to seven feet thick, which encloses an area of three acres of land. The wall is perhaps eight feet high, and three niches, or burial places, are built one under the other, with a wall partition between. Rent must be paid for these niches, and when friends fail to meet the bills the remains are taken out and placed in a heap with others formerly evicted. One may pay rent for these burial vaults as long as he wishes, but from five to ten years seemed to be the length of time relatives retained regard for the departed. The graveyard is over a hundred years old, but the dates appearing on the slabs of the vaults bear record only of deaths within five to ten years. All the burial places are not like Paco, however, as in a number of cemeteries the dead are placed underground. The total number of vaults in Paco Cemetery will accommodate 1,782 bodies.

Hotel accommodation can be had for \$2 a day. Boarding houses charge from \$40 to \$60 a month. Similar articles cost considerably more in Manila than they do in the States. No duty is levied on American imports when brought to the islands in American ships.

Manila is divided by the Pasig River, and a busy shipping place it is. North of the Pasig is the business center of the city, and, save for some shipping, there is little business on the other side of the dividing water. The old walled city, however, is located south of the Pasig. The wall itself is the oldest on American soil. Compared with that at Canton, it is limited, as the Manila wall contains an area of less than a mile. Its construction was started in 1591, but was not completed until 1872. The Spaniards did not seem to be in much of a hurry to finish the work. However, it served as a protection from assaults by Chinese and by the Moros; but in 1762 the English led a successful attack on this defense. Built in the walls are numerous chambers which had been used as cells for prisoners, and in some of these, after American occupation, were found instruments of torture, and even human bones. The churches and convents still stand behind the strong walls, and bear witness to the suffering, bravery and endurance in the early history of the Philippines. Some of the buildings in Intramuros are used as government offices. Originally seven gates led to the enclosure, but the Americans decided these were not enough, and two more openings were made. The fort and enclosure were built to command a wide view of Manila Bay, allowing a good stretch of land to intervene between the historic wall and the shore.

Manila has a splendid fire department, good schools, numerous churches, museums and libraries, theaters, sports grounds, hospitals, charities organizations, a very good municipal ice manufacturing plant, and club buildings. One will find in that far-off possession most of the advantages to be had in the cities of the United States.

Baseball games are played here the year round, and the Filipino clubs make a good showing.

Good steamship accommodation could formerly be had for \$125 on intermediate ships from Manila to San Francisco, but recently the rate has advanced \$50. On the larger ships, first-class, the fare is \$250. The sailing time between the two points is about a month, the distance being 8,000 miles. Much

cheaper rates can be had on Japanese ships, second-class, but if one can afford the difference in price the \$175 rate is worth the increased sum in accommodation. The increase of \$50 on the intermediate vessels has diverted considerable travel from American to Japanese ships, because many people cannot afford to pay the higher sum.

CHAPTER IV

WE left Manila with passage paid to San Francisco. Out through the splendid bay we sailed, when the ship was headed for Hongkong, where ships were changed. Leaving at night, a flare of light in the business center of Hongkong gradually tapered up the side of the mountain to the fort on the summit, nearly 2,000 feet. We had started for Shanghai, China. Every ship that leaves Hongkong for San Francisco, of whatever nationality, has Americans aboard. After two and a half days' sailing the ship anchored off Wusung, where the sea was yellow with the muddy water of the great Yangtse River delta. A ship tender was boarded and a start made up the Huangpu River, which was crowded with ships, and along and away from the banks smoke-stacks towered for 14 miles, when the boat was made fast to a wharf at Shanghai. From the wharf, looking over a strip of green, there rose a wall of big, solid, clean-looking business buildings, nearly as good as one will find in any city of the world.

One has a varied choice of post offices in Shanghai, as there are seven, representing as many nationalities. These are French, Russian, German, American, British, Japanese and Chinese. Shanghai is another Chinese city known as a "treaty port," which signifies that China had granted land concessions to one or more nations, on which to build cities — forts, if necessary — and collect revenues from imports, and in some instances from exports, passing through the treaty port. Chinese live in some of the concessions, but they make their home in these districts only by sufferance of the country, or countries, to whom these tracts have been granted. The Chinese residents have neither voice nor vote in the smallest matters pertaining to the general government of treaty settlements. Large numbers of Chinese living in both the French and International Settle-

ments found protection under these flags during native wars, when their own country could not offer them a place of safety.

In 1843 British troops occupied Shanghai, and by that means a land concession was gained from China. About the same time the United States was granted a similar concession, and seven years later France had also acquired a land grant there. The American and British concessions were amalgamated in 1863, but France would not join the two English-speaking nations in the formation of one foreign settlement. The title of the American and English land tract is "The Foreign Community of Shanghai North of the Yangkingpang," but the territory is commonly termed "The International Settlement." Since the pooling of interests by England and the United States additional territory has been acquired from China, until the International Settlement now comprises an area of 6,000 acres of land; while France, choosing independence, has only the original concession, 358 acres. Self-governing powers are exercised by the International Settlement, which includes imposing taxation and policing the territory. A council governs the Settlement, and the members are elected by European residents who pay a house rental of \$400 and by landowners whose property valuation would bring that sum annually if rented. Land cannot be bought outright for building or speculative purposes, as the land was conceded on terms of perpetual lease. No matter how much interests a Chinaman may have within the Settlement boundary he cannot vote on municipal matters. Harbor dues, import and export taxes — any revenue from commerce passing in or going out through the section of the harbor owned by the respective countries — is collected by the officials of that country. The United States has the better section of the waterfront, but English and Japanese ships practically control the trade of that important port.

Shanghai is the distributing center for the commerce of the thickly populated sections on the Yangtse River. Large ships can travel on the Yangtse in certain seasons of the year as far inland as Hankow, 600 miles from the delta. Then smaller vessels go on to Ichang, 400 miles still further inland, and river

craft from there carry cargoes to Soufu, 500 miles further, or 1,500 miles inland from Shanghai. The total length of the Yangste, which rises in the mountains of Thibet, with its tributaries, is 3,000 miles. The width of the river at the delta is 30 miles. Shanghai is mentioned in history dating back 2,000 years.

Professional mourners, or weepers, at funerals is an occupation in China that brings in a good fee, if the weeper be a good crier. Preceding a funeral is what one may term a band, the instruments producing noise being brass pans or trays, beaten by men. After the pan-beaters come several Chinese, wearing high, fluffy hats. The coffin, which is generally a log of wood shaped out and of cylindrical form, follows the men wearing the strange headgear. The coffin is borne on two bamboo poles, two Chinamen at each end — four carriers in all. Relatives and friends of the deceased follow, either walking or riding in a ricksha, wheelbarrow, or carriage. Among this group a woman will be heard crying lustily. It is really touching to hear the deep intonations of grief as vented in a loud, mournful sound, until it becomes known that the apparently grief-stricken woman is a professional mourner, never having known the deceased in life.

Women and men do not play parts together on a Chinese theatrical stage. The actresses generally wear long beards and mope around the stage, showing no more life than that of a snake when the frost is being thawed out of his body by an early springtime sun. To a European the plot is long drawn out, lifeless, and even tedious. But the Chinese have a way of overcoming this, as tea drinking seems to be as much a factor of the playhouse as the performance. Small tables resting on bamboo-pole legs are placed about the seating space of the theater. One will no sooner have got settled in the seat than a waiter will appear and place a teapot and cup and saucer before the attendant. Neither milk nor sugar accompanies the tea, and the charge is ten cents. In a short time another waiter, carrying in his hand a stack of steaming towels, will stop at the table and lay a hot cloth over the teapot. He

pauses, for the price of the towel is five cents. Later, still another towel fellow stops, removes the one the first man placed over the teapot, puts a fresh steaming cloth over it, waits until he has received the five cents, and walks on. The hot towel serves a dual purpose — keeps the tea warm, and is used on the face and hands to regale the weary theatergoers while enduring the mopy performance. In the cheaper section of a theater, what looks like a store counter is built, from which the “gallery gods” drink tea.

The Chinese of Shanghai appeared to be in better circumstances than those in Canton. The young women are very distinctive, and were seen to better advantage than in other places. The millinery era has not reached China, so far as applies to Chinese women, and for that reason most of them go about without head covering. When one is seen wearing anything on the head, it is generally a man's cap. Chinese women are very particular about their hair, and, when not all combed back, it rests on the forehead, like bangs. Hundreds of young women may be seen with bare head, wearing a shiny silk jacket and snug-fitting trousers. They are straight as an arrow, and their rosy cheeks, unassuming manners, tidy hair, and generally neat appearance unite to their credit. The Chinese boys are mischievous little fellows, and all the children seemed fat and strong, with rosy cheeks. The “Chink kid” was the most attractive we had met. All the children seemed to have double the amount of clothes necessary, and most of them wore bulky shoes, made of grass and reeds.

Chinese cooks, as a rule, are paid no regular salary. They agree to feed a family for a certain sum a month, and the money not used out of the fixed food allowance is his. He does the marketing, and it is needless to add there is some sharp bargaining between grocer and butcher and the cook. For a European family of six a cook would agree to furnish food for from \$50 to \$60 a month. Beef and mutton sold at 15 cents a pound. Vegetables, however, were proportionately cheaper.

One of the courts of the Settlement is known as “the Mixed Court.” A Chinese judge presides, but there is always an

American or an English official sitting on the bench with the native judge. Punishment is meted out to the native not as the Chinese authority would have it, but as the white officials suggest. Most of the black and yellow races prefer to be adjudged by a white man, for a white judge will have more of the milk of human kindness in his heart than a colored official. Like Indians, the upper class of Chinese seem to be little concerned about the condition of the poor and starving. The well-to-do Chinese give alms to the needy often, to be sure, but that apparently laudable trait is practiced more out of fear of a beggar's curse, when evil days would befall him. The high-caste Indian also gives to mendicants to ward off evil days.

The Native City is located outside the bounds of the Settlements concession, where Chinese were as numerous, and the streets as narrow, as some in Canton, but of much smaller area. Some of the territory within the wall was under water — a pond — over which a bridge had been built. The bridge was purposely built nearly zigzag to foil the Evil One if he should pursue any of them. Beggars were very numerous in that section of Shanghai, and the mothers, like those seen in Canton, begged, at the same time holding up the little hand of a babe, in which one might put any offering. The Long-Hau pagoda, seven stories in height, located outside the city, is a credit to Chinese skill.

Few horses were seen drawing loads in Shanghai. Most of the cartage and trucking is done on bamboo poles by Chinamen and with hand trucks, pulled by ropes and shoved. Five Chinese pull the same load a horse would draw.

The condition of the ricksha pullers of Shanghai is pitiable. Fifteen thousand Chinese are engaged in this occupation, some of them so weak that they frequently fall to the ground from exhaustion, caused by an empty stomach. When a Chinaman quails under hard work it is because he has not a fighting chance to make a showing. Chinese pay them two and three cents for a ride, while Europeans pay five cents and over. The owners of the rickshas pay 75 cents a month to the Settlement as a license fee, and the puller must pay the owner 40 cents a

day. Often, when a puller has not earned the rental sum, 40 cents, he will remain in the streets all day and most of the night in the hope of at least earning the required charge. If he cannot pay the 40 cents he is deprived of his occupation until he has settled for the last ricksha.

The wheelbarrow of this city, used to carry passengers and move goods, is the oddest device in use the world over. It differs from similar vehicles in that the wheel is in the center of the frame instead of in front. Above the wheel is also a frame, on which to carry articles of light weight. A rope is tied to each end of the barrow handles, and the loop rests on the Chinaman's neck, passing under his arms. A Chinaman will wheel a weight of half a ton for miles on this crude device. An article may weigh 500 pounds which cannot be divided — must be carried on one side, the other side free of weight — yet he will short-step along with the one-sided load until he has reached his destination. The barrow will not tip over. On each side of the wheel may often be seen sitting Chinese women with bare heads, wearing white blouses with pink stripes about the sleeves, with baggy velvet trousers, and snow-white stockings showing over neat, boat-shaped, black or colored velvet shoes. Passengers get a long ride on the wheelbarrow for from two to five cents. The owner pays a license fee of 40 cents a month for his crude vehicle.

Windows of Chinese temples, and sometimes other buildings, are the same as those seen in Manila — light colored seashell.

Both the dollar and the tael are in use in Shanghai, the former worth from 40 to 50 cents and the tael about 65 cents.

Chinese mechanics are paid from 20 to 40 cents a day. Printers receive \$10 to \$18 a month. The working time is eight or nine hours a day. Carpenters were on strike for an increase of from two to five cents a day. If a Chinaman hod-carrier, or one working at unskilled labor, should be taken sick, the wife will often take his place until her husband is able to resume work.

An unfriendly feeling seemed to be harbored toward Americans by other Europeans living in the Chinese coast cities. It

was claimed that since American occupation of the Philippines the cost of living had advanced 50 per cent., as the influx of Europeans to the islands had created a greater demand for Chinese meat, vegetables and other necessities. Hotel expenses were very reasonable in Shanghai, however, as \$1.50 a day only was paid.

Bombay, India, was the most attractive city visited in the East, and Shanghai, China, with a population of a million inhabitants, was the second best city. Between the landing place on the river and the splendid front of buildings that give a visitor his first impression of the metropolis of the Yangtse is a stretch of green, grass-covered land, known as the Bund. To the right, opening off the park strip, are the Public Gardens. A good street car system is a feature of the city, and electric lights are numerous. In any direction one may look, enterprise and good management are in evidence. The river is teeming with craft, large and small vessels loading and unloading at each side of the waterway, and high smoke-stacks, rising from cotton and paper mills and shipbuilding yards, add much to the thrifty surroundings; then large oil tanks, busy warehouses, and the gunboats of great nations anchored in the river give the place a metropolitan appearance, while the buildings at every turn are good. The streets are crowded with people, and the stores filled with purchasers, most of the merchants in that section of the city being Europeans. The attractive buildings on the Bund do not comprise all of the good buildings of Shanghai, for some of the homes, built of red and gray-colored brick, two and three stories in height, are good to look at. Then there are sidewalks to the Shanghai streets, which are well paved with asphalt and granite blocks, and these are kept clean. Many churches are to be seen. Schools are frequently met with, and parks have been placed at convenient sections; also a horse racecourse, sports grounds, and good hospitals. In fact, both English and United States officials have done well in the upbuilding of the International Settlement.

Down the Huangpu River, the channel walled by merchant ships and gunboats, we sail to Wusung, where an American

ship was boarded for Japan. Most of the passengers came from Manila, and were returning to the States to regain their health and seek employment in a country where people can drink water and eat raw fruit or vegetables, whether grown in the ground or on trees. The first thing noticed among the passengers was the absence of strong drink during meals. Stimulants are a feature at mealtime with almost every other nationality traveling in the Far East. A day and a half's sail through the base of the Yellow Sea brought us to Nagasaki, Japan.

After the vessel had anchored, flat boats or scows loaded with coal, and also with Japanese men and women, were seen heading toward her. The women were to help load the ship with bunker coal. Each woman and girl had over her head a white cloth, with large, black Japanese characters stamped in the print. Grass baskets, that hold but a shovelful, are used to coal ships at this Japanese port. The scows have been made fast to the ship, the baskets are being filled, the coal passing line is formed from the barge to the vessel, extending up a ladder to a hatch over the bunkers. The tidy looking women are now passing baskets from one to the other as quickly as one would hand a plate to another if needed at once. A stream of these is constantly being tossed from one to the other, and small girls are engaged at returning the empty ones to the scow. Two, and even three, streams of coal run into the bunkers from one scow by means of the handleless baskets, and, as from three to five scows will be unloading at the same time from both sides of the vessel, it will be understood what a large quantity of fuel can be emptied into a ship from ten to fifteen of these coal lines. The time required to furnish a vessel with bunker coal in this manner is from four to five hours. The wages of the coal passers are based on the amount of coal a ship takes on, as an equal sum is paid the coalers. This amounts to from 15 to 25 cents each. As many as 500 Japanese — mostly women — keep life in their bodies by this means of employment.

The harbor was attractively dotted with partly green islands, and in front the country was hilly and mostly terraced. The

terraced hills are the "farms" of the people. Every inch of land that can be built up with rock to a level surface is used to grow vegetables and other products.

Oxen, hitched to carts and wearing grass shoes, was something that had not been seen — the grass shoes — in other countries. A grass string passed between the hoofs, which was connected with another grass string or rope wound about the fetlock. These held on the shoe, or grass mat, protecting the hoofs from wear on the roads.

In India boards are sawed from logs while sticking in the air at an angle of 35 degrees, with one man on the log pulling a crosscut saw, and another under, on a platform, pulling the saw downward after the fellow on top had pulled the saw up. At Nagasaki boards were being cut from logs by hand also, but the sawyer stood on the ground and ripped the log from the side, in the same way that meat is carved. The saw was two feet long and a foot wide, with deep teeth, and with that implement slabs were being ripped off logs 20 feet in length. Like the Indian, the Jap pulls a plane toward him, while a white carpenter shoves a plane from him. Still, one may see any day in New York City men "chopping" wood with granite blocks.

While the rest of Japan was closed to foreigners, Nagasaki, for 200 years before the country was thrown open to the world, was an open port, and even then life was none too safe, as missionaries had been killed in that section. Nagasaki has a population of 150,000, and most of the people are engaged at coaling ships, working in a shipyard, or in pottery works. The streets are narrow, but tidier than those seen in some cities left behind, and the homes small, none higher than two stories, mostly of wood construction. Ricksha pullers in this place were a pest.

CHAPTER V

NAGASAKI was left behind when a start was made through the Inland Sea for Kobe, a day's sail separating the two ports. The sail is an attractive one, as this stretch of water is thickly dotted with islands. Were the vegetation tropical it would favorably compare with the journey through the Fiji group. The Inland Sea is generally calm, and foreign ships, together with those of Japan's large fleet of merchantmen, were winding and twisting about the islands in every section of the noted land-locked waterway. The vessel we boarded at Shanghai was the third one since leaving Manila. Our journey through Japan from Kobe will be by rail.

The ship anchored in the bay, and passengers were brought to the wharves in tenders. Modern buildings were in evidence, and street cars and railroad trains were running through the city. In general, Kobe presents a much better appearance than Nagasaki.

Almost every woman seen in Japan has a child on her back, the mother's custom of carrying her babe, and most of the girls also wear a bulky piece of cloth likewise, which is tied about the waist. On a farm where there are no reckless boys, and the head of the family is satisfied with the easier ways of life, a colt may be seen walking about a pasture or enclosure with a sack of grain tied to its back; this is put on the colt's back to break it in to ride. The bundles on the girls' backs looked as if they had been placed there for the initial lesson in carrying a baby. The knapsack-like cloth is called the obi. Japanese fathers seemed to take more interest in their children than Chinese parents, as we cannot recall seeing a Chinaman carrying a child.

The Japanese home is the flimsiest anywhere. Thin pine boards, with paper windows and doors, generally one-story

and attic, constitute their shell-like dwelling. Low stools and mats are prominent household accessories, but no chairs or tables. A mat on the floor serves as the seat in a Japanese home, which is neat, and the people present a favorable appearance. The roof is its most substantial feature, being covered with black tiles. The doors slide to one side. Cross-pieces and upright panels compose the frames of doors, and the squares in windows, which in Manila are of seashell, are covered with paper in Japan. The paper is frequently broken, when new "window panes" replace the torn ones.

The household stove of Japan is a portable earthen bucket, generally white in color, with a handle. Charcoal is the fuel generally used. This stove cooks the food of the family and also provides heat in cold weather. The family may be seen squatting about the white earthen bucket with twice as many hands over the fire as there are members of the household. A fan serves to coax the charcoal along.

While the Japanese are poor, they seem to be well supplied with clothing. The flimsy character of the homes may account for the thickness of cloth worn, as the weather gets cold in Japan, ice and snow being in evidence. The kimono is worn entirely by women, and generally by men. Occasionally a man will be seen wearing European clothes, but Japanese women are always dressed in the native garb. Some of the small boys wear a helmet after the style worn with a coat of mail, and look really warlike in them.

Both Nagasaki and Kobe are located on hilly ground, which necessitates the building of walls in frequent sections of the cities. These walls are very sound, and a feature of them worth mentioning is that no mortar appears to have been used in their construction.

Most of the modern buildings here were built by firms from other countries, but there are also modern native structures. The business quarters have sidewalks, but away from that section there are none. No street paving was seen either in Kobe or Nagasaki. On the hillsides the soil seemed to be hard, and in the level sections loose gravel was used for paving.

No cabs were seen in Kobe, but street cars and rickshas were plentiful. Street-car fare ranged from one and one-half to four cents. The ricksha pullers of Kobe were an improvement on some of the starved Chinese pullers of Shanghai. A great many of the pullers of Japan have no shoes on their feet, but wear cloth, generally white, for protection. Walking over gravel roads did not seem to bother the Japanese ricksha pullers.

Kobe has a population of nearly half a million, and is second to Yokohama in importance as a seaport, much tea being exported from this port. Behind the city rises a range of high hills, covered with pine trees—a natural park. In front is a splendid bay, from which rises many masts and smoke funnels from vessels at anchor. Some of the streets are of good width and others are very narrow, but all are clean. Attractive homes have been built on the hillsides, but the high gates and fenced and walled enclosures lend to the dwellings the air of a prison.

Cloth grain sacks are never seen in the Orient. Anything of that nature which contains goods is made of grass.

In the railway stations of Japan are kept on file publications of current dates. This unusual custom seems to be appreciated by the traveling public, as many passengers may be seen turning page after page of the periodicals while waiting for a train. The railways are government owned, and the fare, first-class, is two cents, second-class one cent, and third-class one half cent a mile. Some of the first-class coaches contain wicker chairs, with observation platform at the rear. Second- and third-class coaches are provided with cushioned seats at the side of the car. The width of the tracks is from three to four feet, and the fastest schedule is 35 miles an hour. Meals on trains cost 50 cents. By paying a small additional sum, through steamship passengers may travel by rail on their steamship ticket from either Nagasaki or Kobe to Yokohama, or vice versa, with stop-over privileges at any point. Many passengers take advantage of this liberal concession. No stations are announced, but the name is printed in big letters on a wide board. Strangers are informed of their destination by a trainman

shortly after the train has pulled away from the preceding station. The signs at stations prove a better guide to foreigners, as Europeans are termed in Japan, than announcing them, for words sound so much different when spoken in the native tongue.

We have reached Osaka, the second largest city in Japan. This city has a million inhabitants, and is a very important commercial center. Few horses or oxen were seen here, most of the cartage being done on two-wheeled trucks by men, women, and boys. Chinese truckmen pull their loads with a rope passed over the shoulder, but the Japanese pulls his load by his breast. A pad is laid across his chest and a rope is put over, the ends of which are generally fastened to the axle of the truck. It is hard to believe that human beings can do the work of horses, mules, and motor trucks in a manufacturing city of a million inhabitants, but they really do so.

Carriages or taxicabs were not seen in the city. Ricksha is the means by which luggage is carried and places reached when traveling other than by street car. Street cars in Osaka are crowded all day. Unless a car is boarded at its starting point, it is generally a case of holding on to a strap. Four and a half cents is charged for a street-car ticket, but there is a coupon to each, which is good for a return journey — two and one-quarter cents a ride. Cars are numerous, single-decked, and they travel fast. Traffic is so heavy that two conductors are required to collect the fares.

The theater district of Broadway, New York City, is termed the "Great White Way," but some of the streets on which bioscope and other theaters are located in Osaka also cast a great flare of light at night. The attractions are printed on cloth of bright color, secured to poles extending from buildings on each side. These signs, all printed in Japanese characters, meet in the center of the street, and large arc lights, some of them red instead of white, illuminate the surroundings. This, together with music, noise, and the crowds packing the streets from curb to curb, may appropriately be termed "The Great Colored Way." It is a sidelight of life in another

part of the world that has to be seen to be understood. No expense is spared in lighting in front of amusement buildings in Osaka. The price of admission is five and ten cents, and the places are jammed during opening hours.

The unit of money in Japan is the yen, which is 50 cents in American coin. The half-yen is a silver piece; some of the lower coins are also silver, others nickel and copper. Sen is used as the American cent, and 100 sen makes a yen. The plural is never used in yen or sen, always 30 sen and 20 yen. A sen is one-half of a cent.

A few wide streets course the city, and modern business buildings show up here and there, but aside from these the buildings are of wood and the streets narrow. No paving, however, covered the streets, neither were sidewalks in evidence. A river flows through the city, which serves as good drainage to this populous center.

The price of food is much higher in Japan than in India and China. With the exception of Singapore and Canton, hotel expenses did not exceed \$2 a day, but \$2.50 was the cheapest for accommodation in most Japanese cities. Though all wanted \$3 a day, a little haggling brought the price down a yen. In our hotel in Osaka the room was heated by a small charcoal stove, of an upright gas-stove shape, instead of the bucket kind. On first sight it seemed a joke, but it took the chill off the room in a short time nevertheless.

A pleasant change in hotel service was met with here. With the exception of Australia and New Zealand, and one place in Durban, South Africa, at every place we stopped male servants were the rule. After leaving South America these were black men. With two exceptions, Delhi and Benares, there was no such personage as a woman housekeeper seen about the hotels — men, men, men at every place. But in Osaka, a rosy-cheeked Japanese girl, with the "training saddle" tied to her back, placed the charcoal in the stove, and fiery embers were slid on top from a dustpan shovel; in the dining-room, also, the girls, in their counterless slippers, would shuffle, shuffle, shuffle their feet from the dining-room to the kitchen, and soon shuffle back

with the ordered food — the sound of the girls' feet more amusing than annoying. One wonders how hotels in some countries exist, for often not more than half a dozen guests are living in a big hostelry. The trade seems to come from foreigners only, for seldom is a Japanese seen about.

Osaka was my first stop from Kobe, and, inquiring from a young man how I might reach a certain point, he volunteered to show me about the city. His kind offer was accepted. He proved to be a professional man, could speak some English, and seemed to take delight in doing me the slightest kindness. He took me to a splendid park and other places of interest, and insisted on paying his own street car and ricksha fares.

The working hours in Japan are ten a day. Mechanics receive 75 cents and laborers from 30 to 40 cents a day. Rice, fish, and tea seemed to be the principal food, and if the quantities of food were no larger in proportion than some of the teacups in use, people live cheaply. A man seen eating a bowl of fish and rice with chopsticks was asked what he had paid for it, a vendor having just sold it; he said 30 sen — 15 cents. Ten cents would seem a big price for the same portion in America.

Osaka is intersected by canals, and over a thousand bridges within the city lines cross these waterways, resembling Amsterdam, Holland, in this respect. There are nearly 2,000 places of worship, hundreds of schools, colleges, and academies, five daily newspapers, paper mills, machine shops, and an arsenal. Tea, silk, and copper figure largely in the exports from that busy center.

If few modern buildings, narrow streets, latticed front and part paper homes, one story in height, and shops located in these buildings, illustrate Japanese progress, then Kyoto, next visited, is to the fore. The old west capital, as Kyoto is termed, puts one in mind of a pile of wood boxes that have been gathered together to make a bonfire. This city is one huge tinder box. In size Kyoto is the third city of Japan, with a population of half a million people, and it is the bucket stove alone that saves the residents from becoming homeless through

the ravages of fire, for if wood and coal stoves were used there would be frequent conflagrations. The roofs are covered with black tiling, and the houses have no chimneys.

The bazaars or shopping centers of these cities are busy places, and resemble an arcade. These are formed by reed blinds being placed above the street, which, pulled by ropes, roll on wires and stretch across, preventing the sun from shining below — similar to those in Canton. Meat is scarce about these shopping places, but rice, beans, dried fish, and vegetables are much in evidence. Radishes serve the same purpose in Japan as potatoes in America; they grow as large as a big cucumber, and when numerous in vegetable stalls an unpleasant odor arises from them.

When a horse or an ox was seen drawing a truck, the driver was always found at the side, or leading it by a rope; it seemed to be the custom not to ride in a loaded vehicle. Cabs are not seen in the city, ricksha pullers doing the hack work. A great many of the public streets are too narrow for a carriage to pass through. Men do most of the trucking.

Pulling a rope depending from a bell, to warn the spirits that a devotee has come to worship at a shrine, is a national religious custom of Japan. In front of each temple a thick rope dangles from a bell above, and, as the finger-soiled Bible indicates the owner's studious religious tendencies, so does the frayed ropes attest the frequency with which worshippers summon the spirits to bear witness to the supplicant's invocations.

Kyoto is well provided with attractive temples, built during the residence in that city of the governing powers. These buildings, like the homes, are constructed of wood, and as one walks about the churches the floors often squeak. As in India, shoes must be covered with canvas slippers before entering. The Japanese, also like Indian worshipers, leave their clogs or sandals outside. Priests are in attendance, and one of these escorts a stranger through the building. If the temple be a Shinto place of worship the priests are considered descendants of the Sun. In one respect there is no similarity between the priests here and those met in India, as the Japanese officials

were free of the spirit of beggary. A fee is charged on entering — generally from 10 to 25 cents — and that is all that is expected.

No seats, pianos or organs were seen in the temples, but the floors were covered with mats, on which the worshipers kneel. Off the main church are rooms, where tapestry, with holy figures outlined, hang on the walls, and shrines are sometimes found in the cloisters. The temples are generally located in attractive grounds, often used by children at play. About the buildings are stone or cement posts, on top of which is a four-cornered cap, with a roof or covering larger than the pillar; these represent square lanterns. Under the roof the inside is hollow, with four corners as supports. Lights, put in these, radiate from the four openings. It is one of the sacred emblems of Japan, and hundreds of these lanterns stand in temple enclosures, each one the gift of a well-to-do adherent of the faith. The temples are covered by a roof which seems out of proportion to the building. The eaves are very deep, the supports often richly carved, the designs generally typifying some feature of the religion. The entrance to a Shinto temple is always marked by two stone or wood posts, one on each side, from 12 to 18 feet in height. About two feet below the top a long, straight beam of stone, from a foot to eighteen inches wide, rests in mortises of the upright posts. As the cross stone is solid, one end is placed in the mortise of one pillar and placed across to enter the mortise in the opposite one, the ends extending from two to four feet from the pillars. On top of these posts rest a wide stone cap piece of warped appearance. The whole is called a torii, and appears only at the entrance of a Shinto temple. For walks, the enclosures are covered with gravel, like the streets, or the natural soil serves the purpose of tiling or pavement. They bear no resemblance to temples seen in the other countries visited, neither are they as expensively fitted as some of the mosques and temples in India.

Poor people of other countries do not, as a rule, have two pairs of shoes, but every Japanese seemed to possess that coveted number. When we say shoes, we mean something — anything

— to keep the feet from the ground. The Japanese "shoes" are pieces of wood, a trifle longer than the foot, arched at a point between the joint of the toes and instep, with heavy braid. Another strip of braid, coming from the point of the shapened wood on which the foot rests, is secured to the cross braid, which fits in between the big toe and the next. Under the foot-board are fastened two other thin pieces of wood, two to three inches apart, and sometimes three inches high, resembling the bridge of a violin. In wet weather, high-bridged clogs are worn to keep the feet from the ground, and in dry weather low-bridged clogs are used. Sandals are worn by some Japanese, but the bridge clog is the shoe of Japan. High-bridge clogs make more noise than low-bridge ones, and when a dozen persons walk on a sidewalk wearing this footgear one knows the Japanese are coming. The clogs cost from 30 to 50 cents a pair.

Bathing in Japan is a custom that must not be overlooked. In the country districts one tub — of wood — is used by a family. Often the bathing takes place in a yard, and the members go through with the custom, one after the other, while steam is on the water. The same water answers the purpose of all.

Small hens' eggs and two-wheeled vehicles go hand in hand in the Orient, as in both respects, particularly in pigeon-sized eggs, the Japanese products are the same as first met with in Bombay, India.

Kyoto is flat, with a pine-tree covered hill behind, on which a number of temples stand. Looking over the city from this elevation, it reminds one of a huge lumber yard. By reason of fires having occurred frequently, a few wide streets course the flat site, and not more than half a dozen modern buildings rise above the one-story, flimsy homes. Without these fire-swept tracts there would be no street cars in some Japanese cities. In Osaka and other cities the ravages by fire are being taken advantage of to replace the alleys with wide streets. Dwarfed pines, fruit trees, bulbs, and other plants are seen at many homes. The Japanese are poor, and are taxed heavily by the

government; still, the full, rosy cheeks of both women and children would not suggest the hard conditions they are forced to endure to keep body and soul together.

Kyoto, the literary center of Japan, is also noted for its porcelain, lacquer goods, cutlery, hardware, and silk manufactories.

Comfortable chairs in a clean passenger coach, with an observation compartment at the rear, and but four foreigners as passengers, was the agreeable manner in which we started for Yokohama. At nearly every stop the platforms of the coaches were not only swept but washed. Nothing was lacking to insure comfort, and the train traveled at a speed of 30 miles an hour; but, like the flimsy homes of the people, the coach, which was a first-class one, was not the solid car that one is accustomed to in other countries. The railway stations were of good construction, however, being clean and tidy.

Along the route women and girls were seen carrying bundles of coarse grass and reeds from the hills. In China men are seen carrying on their shoulders large numbers of shoes made from such material. In rice fields, and where other grain had been cut, the stubble was level with the ground — nothing allowed to go to waste. A great many of the hills were terraced with stone walls in order to raise food to live on. At one section of the road the train passed through a valley, hills rising from each side. The soil was naturally rich and of considerable depth. Women and men were engaged here in shoveling dirt into grass baskets, which was carried up steep hills and deposited near the top on small patches of land that had been made level by building stone walls to prevent storms from washing the soil back again into the valley. Often a Shinto shrine appeared, and peasants as they passed bowed, bent their knees, and moved their lips. All seemed to be warmly clad, had rosy cheeks, and none looked untidy; nor was there any begging at the railway stations. On we went, winding about hills, then through valleys, until, after rounding a sharp turn, a white mountain loomed up in front and to the left — Mount Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, which rises to a

height of 12,365 feet, located 86 miles from Yokohama. By early evening we had reached the cradle of modern Japan.

To Commodore M. C. Perry, of the United States Navy, credit is given for starting a new era in the history of Japan, at Yokohama, in 1854. Yokohama is to Japan what Shanghai and other cities are to China—a world treaty port. Commodore Perry practically forced Japan to open her gates to other nations of the world, after they had been locked for 2,000 years against all, except the Dutch at Nagasaki. As in the treaty ports of China, the hand of the white man is in evidence at every turn in the good docks, warehouses, customs houses, splendid postoffice building, good bank building, racecourse, public gardens; wide streets, with pavement, some having walks; gas, electricity, street cars, and other signs of progress. A short distance from the concession strip of land the native city is located, with the usual small frame dwellings and narrow, unpaved streets. In 1859 a foreign settlement was established, where only a fishing village had stood previously, but to-day Yokohama is the leading seaport city of Japan and the terminus of ships sailing from European and American ports.

Beyond the business center of the city, on an elevation known as the Bluff, foreigners live. These residents have their churches, libraries, clubs and societies, and are free from any interference. Horses and oxen, instead of human beings, were found pulling loads of merchandise, and cranes at the docks were used to load and unload the thousands of vessels that come and go. A good railway station adds to the appearance of this foreign city, but there is little native interest to be observed compared to other typical Japanese centers.

At Kamakura, an hour's ride from Yokohama, is located the great Daibutsu, the Japanese Buddha, 49½ feet high, with a circumference of nearly a hundred feet. The Daibutsu is composed of bronze plates, brazed together, and has eyes, four feet in length, of gold. In the center of the forehead is a silver ball, denoting wisdom. The ear lobes are very long and the hair curly. This great image rests on a stone foundation, and the position of the Buddha is that of sitting down, hands folded,

in reverential meditation, the feet being partly under. It is hollow inside, and a shrine has been erected within for worshipers. A ladder leads to the top of the Daibutsu. Kamakura has been sacked by warfare, racked by volcanoes, and ravaged by fires on various occasions, but for 600 years the great image has remained in the same position. It is a striking work of art. From the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries Kamakura was the capital of the Shogunate, and at one time had a population of a million people, but to-day it is but a seaside village.

CHAPTER VI

AN hour's ride from Yokohama, Tokyo, the capital of Japan, is reached. The water here is shallow, Yokohama being practically the port for the official city of Japan. Tokyo has more open space than other native cities, and street cars, rickshas and crowds of people about the railway station gave ample evidence of having reached a large center. One of the main streets of the capital city is wide, with sidewalks, and good business buildings rise at frequent sections along the thoroughfare. Goods were displayed in the windows, and clerks were on their feet; whereas in other cities Japanese merchants, like the Indians, were seen sitting down on an elevation or low counter, with feet partly under and the sandals or clogs on the floor. Away from the business street, however, are the one-story frame dwellings, with latticed-like doors, having white paper in the window squares to admit light. Outside the home are several pairs of clogs, as, again like the East Indian, Japanese enter in stockinged feet. The same sliding doors were here, too, and the streets were as narrow and as free of pavement as those of Kyoto and other cities. The charcoal buckets were surrounded by members of the family, each one seeming to take turn in fanning the embers to a stronger heat.

A visitor would find difficulty in getting about Tokyo, as the street signs, where they appear, are printed in Japanese, and the same applies to those on street cars. Large, modern street cars were in use, and the travel was so heavy that two conductors, as in Osaka, were kept busy collecting fares. The fare was the same as that in other cities — $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents with a return coupon, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents a single ride. Traffic keeps up from morning until late at night. A stranger would do well to have written down in the Japanese language on a piece of paper where he

wishes to leave the car, as no English is spoken by conductors, and the pronunciation of the names of places is not at all as the spelling of the word would suggest in English. As many people held on to the straps as were seated.

Japanese believe in the merit of water, as was evidenced in the sprinkling of streets, these being partly muddy all the time, which suggests that high-bridge clogs are generally worn. Very few of the streets were paved with asphalt or blocks, the paving peculiar to Japan — loose gravel — being in evidence on most of them. Many canals and a few rivers run through the city, and bridges are frequently met with; some of these are of iron.

One misses restaurants, bakeries, and similar stores when traveling through the Far East. Not enough foreigners live in these parts of the world to create a demand for such eating places. Rice is the principal food, and one never sees a loaf of bread or a cake displayed in store windows. Eating is confined to the home or hotel.

Tokyo covers an area of 100 square miles, and good parks are included within its boundaries. The grounds about the Mikado's palace and the government buildings, the latter of European design, are in keeping with a national capital. A high wall surrounds the grounds in which the palace is situated, and a moat, containing clear water, separates the wall from streets on each side. The effect that should accompany an imperial residence is marred, however, as the entrance to the passageway leading to the grounds was enclosed with an unshapely frame structure, guarded by soldiers. The streets through that section of the city were paved with loose gravel. Green stretches of grass and park spaces, together with splendid vistas, characterize the scene about the location of the imperial palace. Visitors are not allowed to enter.

The police and military systems of Japan are so perfect that a foreigner's whereabouts while in the country will be accounted for by the authorities to the minute. The officers have shelters to stand in throughout the city, in which a telephone is placed. None seemed officious, but they can put their hands on a visitor any time they have occasion to do so.

At one end of the city is located what is familiarly known as Asakusa Temple, the church of the poor, the grounds and buildings of which are nearly always crowded with people. On and near the grounds are seen fortune tellers, fakirs, toy vendors, flaring advertisements, observation towers, side shows, idols and altars, and the clatter of clogs is loudly heard. In front of this temple are shrines, one of them erected to Binguru, the helper of the sick. Binguru is made of stone, and wears a pink bib. The people believe that by rubbing an affected part of the body on the stone image they will be cured. As a result, Binguru is growing less in weight from year to year by reason of so many hands coming in contact with the stone god. Priests sell pictures of the goddess Kwannon, which, the people believe, will bring them good fortune — a baby boy to a home, for instance — and, in a general sense, keep away evil days. Then the church treasury is replenished by priests telling fortunes. The contribution box is different to those seen in any other temple, being 6 feet long and 18 inches deep, with strips of wood nailed across the top, one side higher than the other. Between the strips over the top were openings of two inches. A railing separates the money trough from worshipers. Though the people are not burdened with money, the coins rattling in that cattle-guard-like money-box sounded like rain dropping on a tin roof.

The amusement center of Tokyo is located a few squares from Asakusa Temple. Hundreds of theaters stand within a short radius, and the life of the Chinese and Japanese peoples reaches its zenith in these districts. The streets are literally emblazoned from both sides with vari-colored canvas, containing, in Japanese, an account of what is going on inside the buildings. Pictures of the show are painted on sheets of cloth in red, yellow, orange, black, blue — in fact, all colors — and large lights hang thickly above these — truly a striking combination of light and hues. The charge for these performances is from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 cents.

At one theater, where admission was five cents, foreigners' shoes had to be covered with cloth. It seemed as if religious

custom was being carried too far to be halted by an attendant with a pair of canvas slippers to conceal leather from the floor of a five-cent show house. After leaving and walking a square's distance from the building, a man stepped in front and offered 10 sen, the sum paid for admission, but, having forfeited all claim to it, I continued on my way. But that would not do, the usher refusing to leave until I had accepted the 10 sen. Thereupon I returned to the theater, bought another ticket, and submitted to slippers custom.

A trench was being dug on one of the main streets away from the business center, and a pile driver was used to drive heavy scantlings for shoring. The iron weight was raised by ropes, pulled by women. Pulleys were fastened to the top of the derrick, and ropes ran over these. A dozen women were engaged at the work, each one with a rope in her hand, and if the ropes had been colored the scene would have resembled that of a Maypole gathering. They all pulled together when the weight was to be raised, and some of the pullers, stepping back as the weight came nearer the top, danced, hummed a keep-step song, and joined in laughter at the same time. When the weight reached the top of the derrick, all let go the ropes, and gave a shout as it hit the top of the shoring post.

Celebrating the advent of cherry blossoms is a religious custom of Japan. One would naturally think cherries were a common luxury in that country, but it happens that the trees only flower, and do not bear fruit. In a general sense, flowers and trees figure largely in the life of the Japanese nation, which suggests the deep-rooted growth Shintoism has taken. In January, when it is cold, even plum and other trees blossom, which proves a source of joy to the people. The pine tree typifies long life, and the bamboo uprightness. The lotus is another sacred plant of the Land of the Rising Sun, and the lesson taught from that flower is that purity comes out of impurity. The lotus will grow in dirty pools, but the open flower will be as pure as if grown in a clear mountain stream. But the greatest nature festivals take place during the cherry blossom season, and later, when the chrysanthemum is in bloom. The wistaria is

another sacred flower. Girls and women dress themselves in their best kimonos and fasten on their back their richest obi, all taking keen delight in parading under the bowers of flowering trees and vines.

In Japan a stranger will always find some one to speak to him, to bow, to give him a smile, as in India. A card may be handed the visitor, with an invitation to call at a certain address — a store, for instance. The Japanese have acquired the highest science in lacquer and in damascene work. Lacquer work is done by a varnish made of dissolved shellac and other chemicals, and woodwork of various designs are finished in a highly polished manner. Gold, silver, ivory, bronze, and mother-of-pearl are often inlaid on the designs offered for sale. The damascene work is ornamented metal, done by inlaying or incorporating patterns, usually of another metal, and smoothing and polishing the whole surface; or in engraving designs, with deep-cut lines, inlaying gold wires, and rubbing these down level. Another form of damascening is the making of small holes in a base metal, filling these with gold, and then burnishing the article. There are also other forms, and the Japanese and Chinese seem to have mastered that art to a higher degree than other races. Runners for these merchants seldom fail in meeting visitors.

“Look,” said a Japanese acquaintance, pointing to a small girl of the same race. As Japanese bear a resemblance from one end of the islands to the other, no difference could be seen in that particular girl from others passing by. He then explained. The girl wore a long apron, the sort American girls wear at school and about the home. Children wearing aprons was an innovation in clothes, and American women teachers in that country introduced the “style.”

Men with pads across their chests work like truck horses in Tokyo. Women also were seen engaged at the same hard work. Aside from street cars, rickshas were the conveyances mostly used to get about the city. A great many of the pullers wear neither clogs nor sandals, their feet being covered with a cloth slipper. Still, they seemed to be in better circumstances

than those seen in Shanghai. Fare, however, is higher than in other countries passed through. Few automobiles were seen in Japan.

Tokyo is supplied with good temples, and the skill of the Japanese in the lacquer art is shown in these buildings. The supports in some of the churches have been treated to dozens of coats of lacquer, and the ceilings richly inlaid with gold leaf, often worked in flower designs. The carving on the enclosures and doors is good, but the more noted is the handicraft of Chinese. Mats are used on the floors of the temples, and valuable Japanese tapestry is shown to visitors. Some of the church enclosures contain hundreds of stone lanterns. As in other Japanese cities, there were no beggars.

In one of several creditable city parks is a good museum, the building being very imposing. The same ground, containing temples, has an interesting zoo. In this park the principal cherry blossom celebrations take place. Industrial museums are also found in other sections of the city. A visit to the capital of the Mikado proves interesting.

The geisha is composed of women whose occupation is dancing and entertaining. Through the artfulness of this class, the hand of the geisha often reaches to the legislative halls of Parliament.

Hari-kiri — one form of suicide in Japan — is putting one's self to death at the suggestion of the government, to save disgrace, brought about by his own acts, and the scorn of his countrymen. Disemboweling is generally the method of hari-kiri. Self-destruction in this manner mitigates, to a large extent, the disgrace that his family would otherwise bear.

Diamios are the landed class of Japan, and during the feudal system of government they wielded much power with the Mikado and the Shogun. Most of the stone lanterns seen about the temple grounds are gifts from diamios. Samurai is the term used for the army.

Women with blackened teeth are met with frequently in Japan. As an even row of white molars often proves the means of gaining the affections of a man, the green-eyed monster,

jealousy, in the Japanese husband prevents attention being paid to his wife by another man by his making the teeth black. Yet it is better for a woman to have her teeth blackened than to have her eyes dug out, as is the custom in India. A husband goes and comes when he so desires, as his liberty is not questioned by his wife. Everything is in favor of the man in Japan; the woman must breast an opposing current of inferiority almost from the time of birth until death.

A saucy child is seldom met with in Japan, and it is a rare thing to see a parent chastising one. Obedience of children — and women also — is a national characteristic. Both Japanese and Chinese children are the picture of health. The Japanese woman is the model wife and mother.

After being invited to a home, and not seeing the hostess about, would naturally seem very strange in most countries, but this is a custom in Japan, lived up to in a great many instances. Only in the homes of Japanese families where European customs have supplanted native tradition does the hostess and daughters take part in entertaining guests. Geisha girls are engaged to entertain visitors, the host and hostess taking a very small part in the entertaining. Guests, whether wearing shoes, clogs, or sandals, leave these outside, as it is a universal custom to enter a home or temple in bare or cloth-covered feet.

In some Latin-American countries the customary salute, even by men, is a hug, but in Japan it is a deliberate bow, then another, still another, and the bowing does not cease until from eight to ten of these salutes have been gone through. Judging by the requirements in acknowledging pleasure at meeting a friend, time would not seem to be at a premium in the land of the Mikado.

The Japanese — whether high or low, rich or poor — are very polite. Should any criticism be in order on this admirable trait, it would be that the Japanese have a surfeit of politeness, perhaps enough for themselves and their clever neighbors, the Chinese. But it is better to have too much than not enough of so good a thing. Meeting some countrymen away from home,

and at home also, the fact bluntly occurs that many Americans are behind people of other nations in this attainment. As the fronds of a wrecked cocconut palm inspires hope in a greater degree than any other factor we know of, so in like measure politeness will smooth harsh feelings and contribute more largely to real happiness in life than any other of our social requirements.

The island of Nippon is the largest of which the kingdom is formed. The area of Japan is 150,000 square miles, and the population about 50,000,000. The Mikado (Son of Heaven) exercises monarchical powers, although the two legislative bodies suggest the laws. Tokyo, with a population of 3,000,000, has been the capital of the Empire since the resignation of the late Shogun, in 1868. While Japan has made great strides in maritime, naval and military affairs, and her schools, still the home of the Japanese is not as good as the hut of the Samoan.

Ninety miles above Tokyo is located Nikko, held in the same degree of reverence by Japanese as the Hindus do Benares and Mohammedans Mecca. Temples, mausoleums, mountains, lakes, streams, and trees tend to make this an attractive place. On leaving Tokyo for Nikko I had settled in a government official's seat unknowingly. A trainman stood at the side, his manners suggesting something had gone wrong. I asked him if a mistake had been made, and just then the official stepped between the seats and answered, in good English, "No mistake whatever." He proved good company during the journey, and when I had quit the first train to make connections for Nikko he accompanied me to the other one and saw that I received the best accommodation the train afforded. Not until I had reached my destination had it occurred to me that I had occupied his seat.

The lacquer merchants, damascene workers, and brass dealers were all on hand, each extending invitations to give them a call before leaving the city.

Aside from the natural attractiveness of Nikko, the first object of interest that meets the eye is a bridge, 40 feet long,

spanning a river. This is arched in design, painted a bright red color, but is not generally used for crossing the stream. It is known as the Sacred Bridge, and was originally built in 638 B. C. Only Shoguns were privileged to use it, with the exception of twice a year, when pilgrims to the shrines were allowed to pass over. The original bridge was destroyed by a flood in 1902, but the same reverence is maintained for the new one. Only the imperial family is now allowed to tread the sacred boards.

The gods of Japan range from dove-like images to demons of the most savage type. A great many, much in evidence, have been carved out of wood and are painted in flaring colors. The god of thunder is a fierce-looking image, and monkeys and other images are brought plainly to view with lavishness of bright-colored varnish. The tomb of Iyeyasu, the great Shogun of Japan, is located in Nikko. It rests on a stone base, with a bronze base above, is cylindrical in form, and capped with a bronze cover representing the design of a roof over some of the shrines. Another tomb, nearly as famous, is that of the great Shogun's grandson, Iemitsu. It is over 300 years since these notables were laid to rest in that attractive section.

From some of the temples radiate a dazzling light when the sun is shining, by reason of the rich gold-lacquering and the wood carving being painted in flaring colors. Standing at the base of a pine tree-covered hill, these temples are not imposing, yet, by reason of no expense being spared in their embellishment, they are conspicuous, and even famous. The greater wealth, contained in the holy of holies section of the buildings, a stranger does not see. The colors are so glaring and some of the gods so fierce looking, that, while appreciating the great expense in creating the structures and images, one would be safe in regarding the scene as depicting a savage art.

While costly temples prove a magnet to both native and foreigner, nature has been very liberal in dealing with Nikko. The stately cryptomeria, or cedar, trees growing at the approach of and in the temple grounds are admirable. An attractive avenue of these trees embowers a highway passing

through Nikko for 20 miles, some of which rise to heights of over a hundred feet, and are from two to nine feet in diameter. Three hundred years ago these trees were laid out and planted so close that, save for openings above the lower trunk, where the trees begin to narrow, the space on each side of the roadway is solidly walled by cedar bases. We have seen nothing to compare, in uniformity and distance, with the two rows of cryptomeria at and below Nikko. Pine and other trees grow all about, and rivers, cascades, and inviting glens all go to make the surroundings very attractive.

Soap must be furnished by guests in some hotels, and matches as well. While in India travelers generally furnish their own bedding and shoe polish, in our Nikko hotel all these accessories were furnished, together with a bath kimono and mat sandals.

"Ahayo" is the word one will be greeted with when passing a group of rosy-cheeked, slant-eyed, clothes-quilted, clog-shod Japanese children. If the salute be returned a bow will be made by the happy cherubs, when they will clatter on their noisy way. "Ahayo" is "good day" in the English language.

All accounts must be settled before New Year's Day, when a national settlement takes place, or the debtor will be dishonored. If a creditor feels disposed to extend debts, the debtor is saved from disgrace. The most precious thing in a home must be sold to meet obligations at the close of the year. This custom necessitates a great fair being held just before New Year's Day, which occupies miles of space in the larger cities. Both high and low visit these annual fairs, and purchases are liberal, as every one knows the reason for which the articles are put on sale. These fair districts are illuminated with electric lights and native lanterns, and many indigent Japanese become shopkeepers for the time being.

In some districts of Japan a funeral, when the deceased is an aged or respected person, assumes the form of a festival. Friends bring money, cakes, saké (native drink), plums, sugar, edibles of all kinds, and flowers. All bow before the home altar and assume a praying attitude with the hands. Then the offerings are placed before the shrine. When all the sym-

pathizers have gathered, bowed, and deposited their offerings, a feast is prepared, which often continues for two days. The Japanese have no fear of the hereafter, and this custom is maintained to honor the respectable dead.

Nikko homes are similar to those seen in other sections of Japan — small, one-story frame buildings, with paper-square doors.

CHAPTER VII

RETURNING to Tokyo, from that city we left for Yokohama, where the fourth ship we had traveled on since leaving Manila was making ready to start for Honolulu, 3,400 miles separating the Japanese seaport from the Hawaiian capital.

Sailing from Japan on a Japanese ship, second-class was the best accommodation we could afford, which did not mean anything in the nature of luxurious living. The butter — well, it was not the kind one gets on a farm, and seemed to be made of at least three constituents — olive oil, peanut flour, and colored lard. Twenty foreigners were on the ship, the other passengers being Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos. A request was made of the captain, who was a Britisher, to oil up the table, as it were, when luxuries like catsup and pickles improved things somewhat; but the Oriental butter remained true to its original taste and color.

For the first two days out the ship sailed through the tail of a typhoon, after which summery weather prevailed. A number of Chinese sailors, with collapsible tables, appeared on the deck below, where, in a half-circular space, on each side of a dividing line, were printed the words, "High — Low." On the tables were small teacups, a pair of dice alongside, and small piles of money — silver, gold, bills, and nickel coins of several countries. A half-dozen of these gaming tables did business part of the day, and some all day. This form of gambling is common on most ships sailing in that part of the world.

Nine days out from Yokohama a green island hove in sight — one of the Hawaiian group. The next morning the ship lay to in a blue-water bay; shortly afterwards she was being towed through a channel and was soon alongside a wharf at Honolulu.

One would be led to think from the questioning, ticket ex-

amination, passport identification, and other immigration regulations, that the streets of Honolulu were glistening with diamonds or other precious material. Immigration officials take passengers' steamship tickets on their leaving a vessel, and travelers regain them only when about to enter the gangplank on leaving the islands. Thirty days is the longest period allowed for a stop-over. Orientals, however, leave a ship by hundreds.

The most striking feature of the Hawaiian Islands is its climate — perpetual summer. Most of the white people seen were Americans, but whites are much in the minority. The street-car system is good, the cars modern, and some large and roomy. No color line is drawn, and Asiatics are seen at every turn. While Chinese and Japanese merchants control the business in less prominent streets, American business houses dominate the business center. Some of the stores are good, although prices are higher than on the mainland, as the United States is termed.

Ice and bananas were the cheapest things quoted, the former selling at half a cent a pound and bananas at 5 cents a dozen. Milk, on the other hand, costs from 10 to 12 cents a quart, and butter was quoted at 40 cents a pound. Beef, mutton, pork and veal sold at 22 to 26 cents a pound. Turkey and chicken, live weight, sold at 35 to 40 cents a pound. Fresh eggs brought from 50 to 75 cents a dozen. Potatoes are sold by the pound, and cost 4 cents. At 60 pounds to the bushel, potatoes cost \$2.40. A 50-pound sack of good flour sells at \$1.65 to \$1.75. Coal sells at \$12 a ton, but little is used, as summer prevails the year round. A cord of wood costs \$14. Gas is \$1.50 a thousand feet, and electric light 17 cents a thousand watts. A furnished room can be rented for \$2 a week, however, and popular priced restaurant food can be had for a dollar a day. Street-car fare is 5 cents. House rent ranges in price from \$20 a month upward. A house renting for \$30 a month includes ground containing cocoanut palms and other attractive tropical growths. Wages paid are about the same as those on the mainland. Street laborers, mainly Portuguese and Russians, are very well paid, receiving from \$1.60 to \$2 a day.

The percentage of motor-cars to population is very high. There are about 1,200 in Honolulu, and, as the population is 50,000, it works out an average of one motor-car to every 400 inhabitants.

"Don't Spit" signs, printed in big type, are posted in rooms and at public places, suggesting that lung trouble is prevalent. Honolulu is similar to Los Angeles, Cal., in this respect, as many wealthy people with that malady make their home in this pleasant climate, which may account in a measure for the many motor-cars seen.

With the exception of some business buildings, the later-built of these being attractive structures, Honolulu is built of wood. The lumber comes from the Pacific Coast, and, as the price for 1,000 feet ranges from \$37 upward, it is needless to add that it costs a good sum to erect substantial buildings in the Hawaiian Islands. A great many of the homes, however, like others in warm climates, offer a very inviting appearance, as verandas are built all around, and, if two or more stories in height, each floor has a porch attached. Flowering vines grow over these, and in the home space is often found the *ponciana regia*, a crimson-flowering tree, as gorgeous in color as the flambeau growing in Durban, South Africa. Coconut palms and bamboo also grow within the grounds, while the streets may be studded with the trunks and arched with the long fronds of a different specie of attractive palm tree. Together with flowers, pineapples, banyan and mango trees, one has a setting nearly as good as that offered in the metropolis of Natal, between which and Honolulu there is a marked similarity.

The temperature varies only about 30 degrees the year round. During the summer the thermometer seldom rises higher than 90 degrees in the shade, and rarely drops below 50 degrees during the winter. Wherever the coconut palms are seen growing, one knows there will be no cold weather. While the sun is hot during the day, one can sleep under bed clothing at night. Nairobi, British-East Africa, and Entebbe, Uganda, were other places visited where the nights were cool, though a hot sun shone during the day.

As in New Zealand, there are said to be no snakes nor poisonous plants. Bees and yellow jackets, however, buzz about all day. Mosquitos were unknown in the group before 1826, when a Mexican whaling ship, it is said, started a "colony."

Sugar-cane growing is the most prosperous industry here, notwithstanding that it requires more care, cultivation and expense than in other countries. Irrigation and fertilization are necessary to insure crops in some parts of the group. All the soil is of volcanic origin.

The wages paid sugar plantation workers are from \$18 to \$26 a month, with free house rent, cooking fuel, and medical attendance. In addition to wages, a bonus is given to workers who remain to the end of the season. The homes are built of lumber, rest on posts from two to four feet above ground, and are whitewashed. We believe many white persons in the United States would quickly accept an offer of work at the wages paid, comforts included.

Pineapple growing, which holds second place to the sugar industry, is a new venture; and those familiar with the nature of the soil, and the droughts, blights and pests that have to be combatted have not full faith in the permanency of the pineapple industry here. Corn would do well if a bug did not eat the heart out of the stalk when young; cotton also, but for a pest; fruit would be abundant if trees were not attacked by the Mediterranean or some other fly, and cattle thrive as long as feed and water are available; but, owing to frequent droughts, animals die on some of the islands nearly every year; Irish potatoes would yield a good crop if a bug did not eat the vines — in short, pests are so numerous that the government has sent scientists to many parts of the world to seek parasitic insects that will destroy those which now devastate the crops. On some islands where wells had been bored for watering the cattle, it turned out so salty that the animals would not drink it.

The streets were full of "Thank you, ma'am." In some instances one side of a street contained a walk and the other side the Oriental form of sidewalk, native soil. One might walk about Honolulu for a day without seeing more than three or

four policemen. In such a mixed population, with bumpy-bump streets the rule, and hop-step-and-jump sidewalks numerous, it is safe to presume the city management might be improved on. But a splendid municipal feature is the patrol wagon. This "Black Maria" is an artistically painted, swift-gearred, smooth-running, attractively screened automobile. The smart appearance of the "Maria" is enough to tempt poor people to commit an offense against the law in order to get a ride in the handsome machine.

No beggars were seen, which indicates there is little distress, neither are there government almshouses. Refuges for old people to end their days have been provided, however, maintained by public-spirited citizens. In very few parts of the world will one find as comfortable homes as those occupied by the laboring class of Honolulu.

Save for music from the picking of strings of a guitar or banjo and sounds of song coming from groups of Kanakas as they pass along the streets in the evening, there is little native life left. With few exceptions they wear European clothes, including shoes. Like all natives living on the islands in the Pacific Ocean, the Kanaka is not much given to work. When an ambitious feeling does come over him he then wants to work, but when these moods are absent he cannot be depended on. Like the negro, there is little push in him, and it is said that there is not one successful business Kanaka in the group. Japanese and Chinese have taken advantage of openings that Kanakas should have accepted. When there is an easy job in sight, however, Kanakas want to secure it, a majority of territorial positions being filled by natives. There is little initiative in them, and one is safe in asserting that it requires two to do one man's work. Withal, the Kanaka, like other tribes of the Polynesian race, is a very agreeable, peaceable, good-hearted, care-free person.

A few of the native customs are still maintained, notably wearing garlands, and, by way of show, a grass skirt may be seen worn by women. A garland of white flowers encircles the head,



PANORAMA OF HONOLULU, HAWAII.

and one of red, lavender, yellow, or other color is worn about the neck. In front, under the neck garland, a clump of orange leaves or some other growth is worn. Their hair is straight, features regular, complexion swarthy, and they are of good build. The mausoleums of the Kanaka kings rest in a cemetery a short distance from Honolulu.

High, pretty hills rise behind the metropolis to the shore on the other side, and the view of the city obtained from some of these, stretching out at the base and beyond to the turquoise blue sea, with light green fields of sugar-cane to the right extending to Pearl Harbor, and Diamond Head to the left; beautiful verdure and attractive homes in between, together with the seductiveness of the balmy air and tropical growth, holds one in Hawaii when better success might be achieved in a more rugged clime.

Among the attractions of Honolulu is its aquarium. Some of the beautifully colored fish swimming about the glass tanks look more like pretty birds than fish. There is also a good museum; a beach, where natives, standing on boards, disport themselves while the breakers are rolling in; parks scattered about the city, in one of which a native band plays every evening; forts, which may be visited, located close to the city, and a trip around Oahu Island is a very pleasant one.

I was offered work at good wages, but as the time at my disposal could be better utilized in familiarizing myself with the country, and having no desire to remain, energy was reserved until the mainland was reached. Two English dailies, four Japanese, one Chinese, and a semi-weekly Portuguese newspaper are published in Honolulu.

The Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain James Cook, the noted navigator, in 1778, who had planted the English flag in Botany Bay, near Sydney, Australia, seven years earlier, and who claimed Tasmania and New Zealand for England; he also discovered the Tongan group. The Kanaka, true to Polynesian custom, welcomed the captain and his crew on their first visit. A year later, however, upon the return of the

skipper, he got in trouble with the natives, who killed him. A monument is erected to the memory of the great navigator on the Island of Hawaii.

David Kalakaua was the last of the native kings; he died in San Francisco, Cal., in 1891, his sister, Liliuokalani, being proclaimed Queen. Two years later, in 1893, the Queen was deposed, when the islands virtually became an American possession. In 1898 it became a territory of the United States, with Sanford B. Dole as its first governor. What was once the royal palace of the rulers of Hawaii is now the capital building. Liliuokalani lived for years in Honolulu in a white-painted house, built in beautiful grounds.

Eight islands compose the group, namely, Kauai, Niihau, Oahu, Molokai, Maui, Lanai, Kahoolawe, and Hawaii, the latter, from which the territory takes its name, having an area of 4,015 square miles; the other seven combined have not the area of Hawaii, the eight totalling 6,449 square miles. Captain James Cook first gave the name Sandwich Islands — now obsolete — to the group.

Leaving Honolulu for Kilauea crater, soon we rounded Diamond Head, and some time later Molokai, on which the territorial leprosy colony is located, appeared on our left. A portion of this island is utilized for stock grazing purposes, but the grass was white from drought, and cattle were dying for want of water. Maui was next reached, where what should have proved a nice land view also was blighted by the drought. Later we sailed alongside Hawaii, its vegetation offering a more inviting scene than those left behind. A number of stops were made during the journey, passengers leaving and others boarding the vessel. Most of the white travelers were Americans. After several landings in Hawaii, Hilo was reached, where all passengers left the ship. Hilo, next in size to Honolulu, has a population of 7,000, mostly off color. A large tonnage of sugar is shipped from this port, where the harbor, the best in the group, has been improved by a good breakwater.

From Hilo a start was made for Kilauea crater, which may be reached by train or motor-car. The train was taken, and it

proved even slower than the ones traveled on during the short trips from Manila. Some excuse might be offered for the Hilo train, as the route is up-grade, while the railways in Luzon are as flat as a table. Finally the train "stuck" at a steep grade, and the conductor, who was a Kanaka, did not know what to do to get it started. He was "waiting for orders from Hilo," he said. The train was later detached, however, and, when the parts had been taken over the humpback and linked together again, it crawled slowly through large sugar plantations, past tree ferns, and other attractive landscape scenes, until we reached Glenwood, the end of the railway line, where a mail motor car was ready to take passengers to the hotel, nine miles beyond. An elevation of 4,000 feet had been traveled from Hilo to the object of our mission. Many passengers had wended their way to this place, and it seemed odd, after having been in black countries for three years, to find every one at the hotel locking the door to his room at midday. In some countries passed through the room doors were not closed even at night.

Looking down upon and over a depression in the earth, basioned by deep walls of rocks on each side, $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles in circumference and containing an area of $4\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, there spreads out for three miles a fissured, hillocked, corrugated, gnarled, steam-emitting surface of slate-colored and black lava. This is the first view one obtains of Kilauea crater. The scene is very unusual, and interest is sharpened to a keen edge. Later a journey is taken over that strange lava wake, when the leaven from the fire-boiling underworld suggested the tremendous force contained below the sphere on which man treads. We had looked at the teeming volumes of water being ejected from geysers in Yellowstone Park; but water washes away and will eventually become purified as the stream it joins leaves the geyser zone. But here the lake-like, deep, black earth deposit remains, although, like the water from the geysers, for a time it had been a moving stream also. An acre of land area with similar deposit would attract scientists from great distances, but here there are over four square miles of that subterranean deposit. One obtains a side view, as it were, of a portion of the

world turned inside out by nature's force at Kilauea crater. There was no soil, no rock, no trees — the substance under, before, all about us was weirdly foreign to what is natural to the upper crust of the earth and to the sky above. Further on the fissures became wider, the hillocks higher, and the substance warm. Still yet ahead steam — or white smoke — is issuing from the cracks in the alien deposit, and when these are reached canny, hissing, and gurgling sounds from underneath are heard. From every side appears varied formations, molded while the lava was changing from liquid to solid matter. Some of these resemble mummies, great coils of rope, petrified trees, columns of iron, and other shapes. Beyond appears a large volume of smoke, reminding one of a great geyser basin on a calm, early morning. Approaching, the air becomes sulphur-laden, a hand is put to the nostrils, and natural breathing for the time is withheld, to prevent one from choking from the netherworld fumes. The wind now whirls the noxious odors away, and a still further advance finds one on the rim of a deep, yawning maw. Unearthly fumes again envelop the onlooker, but a friendly breeze again wafts the poisonous vapor to other parts, when the awful vent in Kilauea's deep, leaden crust reappears. Boom! comes from below, and smoke envelops the gaping chasm. A draught of wind sweeps the smoke from the pit of the fiery abyss, and — A black and red stream of fire is seen swirling across the strange floor below! It is Halemaumau, the greatest active volcano in the world, termed "the safety valve of the Pacific." The volcano is about a thousand feet in circumference, and the fire swirls several hundred feet below the lava-crust ed rim. How many persons have had the rare privilege of looking into an active volcano? There it was — Halemaumau, in Kilauea crater.

Locating to the windward of the volcano, the demon-like river of fire was, for the time being, holding revelry in quiet volcano fashion — but volcanic fashion. Boom! came from below, as if from ordnance in action nearby, and fiery rocks were hurled against the lava-scaled sides. Ah! A clear stream of liquid fire now runs across the base as a river. Then sulphurous smoke

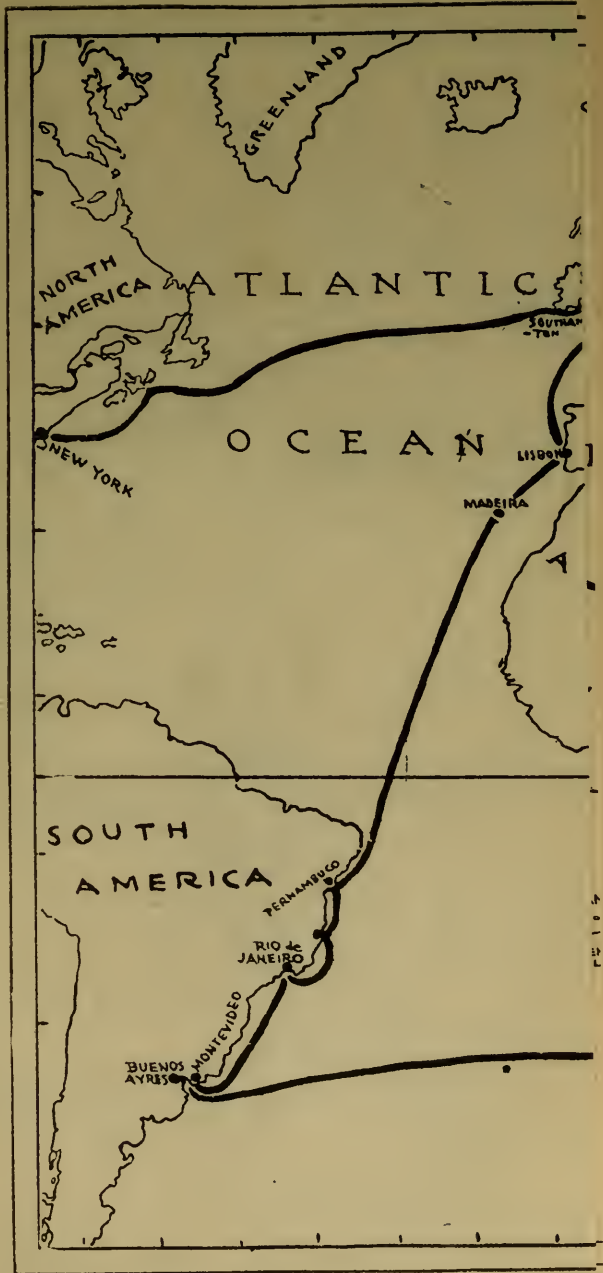
envelops all. There (after the smoke has lifted) now runs what seems like a river of thick, black dirt; but small explosions are taking place. A red seam next shows through the volcanic dross. A clear red river of fire — Boom! The sides of the crater, like icicles — flushed by the rays of a scarlet sun — on a rock-faced coast, formed from a surging sea, are gorgeous with dripping lava. Were a black panel implanted across a morning aurora — that is how Halemaumau's strange river looks now. The current runs but one way and comes from the same side of the fomenting maw. Where does the lava stream come from? Into what outlet does it empty? Boom! Boom! The burning depths seem to rise on a platform of fire. Listen to the splash as the red, upheaved rocks fall back into the furious maelstrom! What a pretty, clear stream of carmine liquid! It has passed away, and the black, dross-like course has again taken the red flow's place.

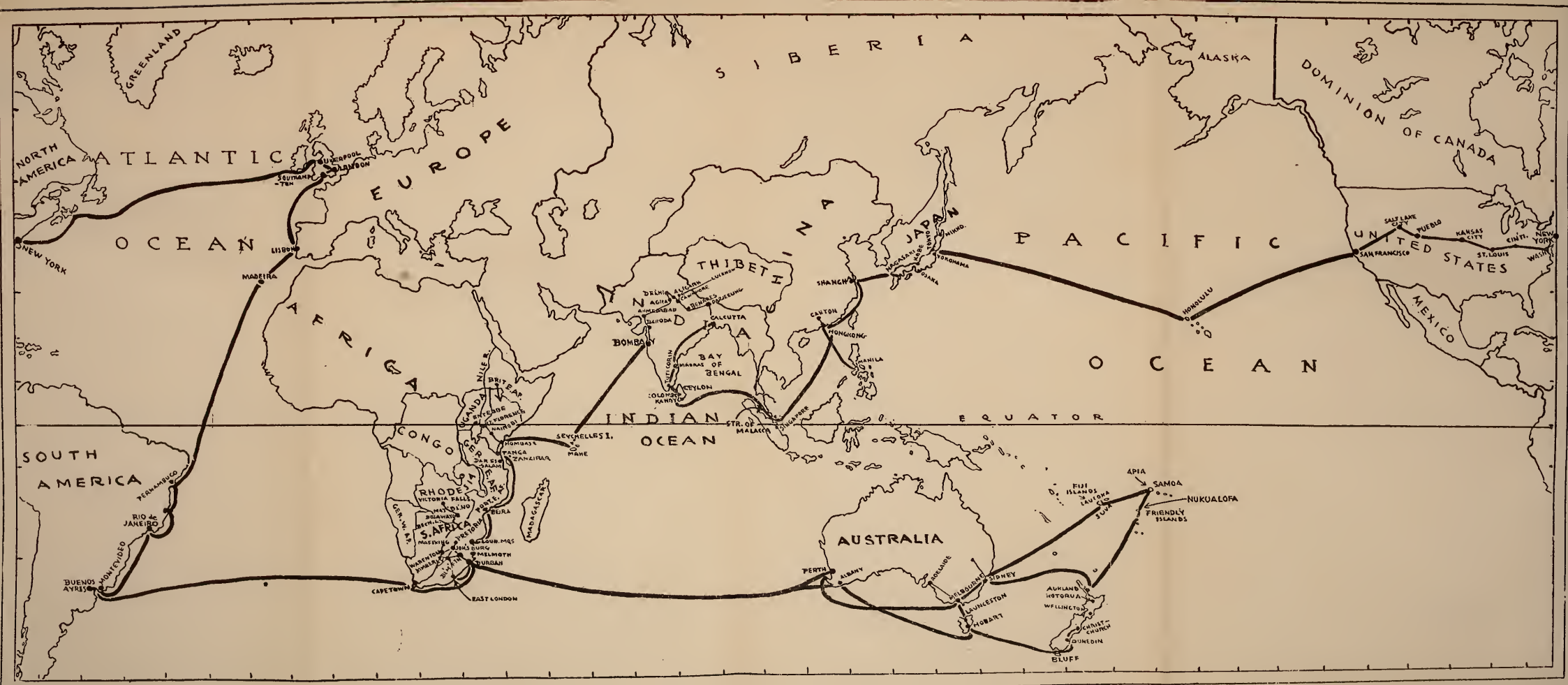
There was no afterglow in the west, and the shades of evening were soon enveloped in the scroll of night. See Halemaumau now! How grand in the darkness! All about is flaming red. There is the same unspecked fiery river, flowing in the same direction as before. Half black now, and half red, but coming from the same invisible source and becoming lost in the invisible outlet. A clear, red stream again, but appearing further away. The liquid fire seems to have been sucked far below! An abnormal expansion of the axis on which the world revolves takes place. Boom! Boom! Boom! The tremendous force from contraction ejects flaming substance from the nether-world high up against the sides, and from Halemaumau's flare the sky above is aglow — an esplanade of fire spanning the space between the infernal abyss and the vault of heaven!

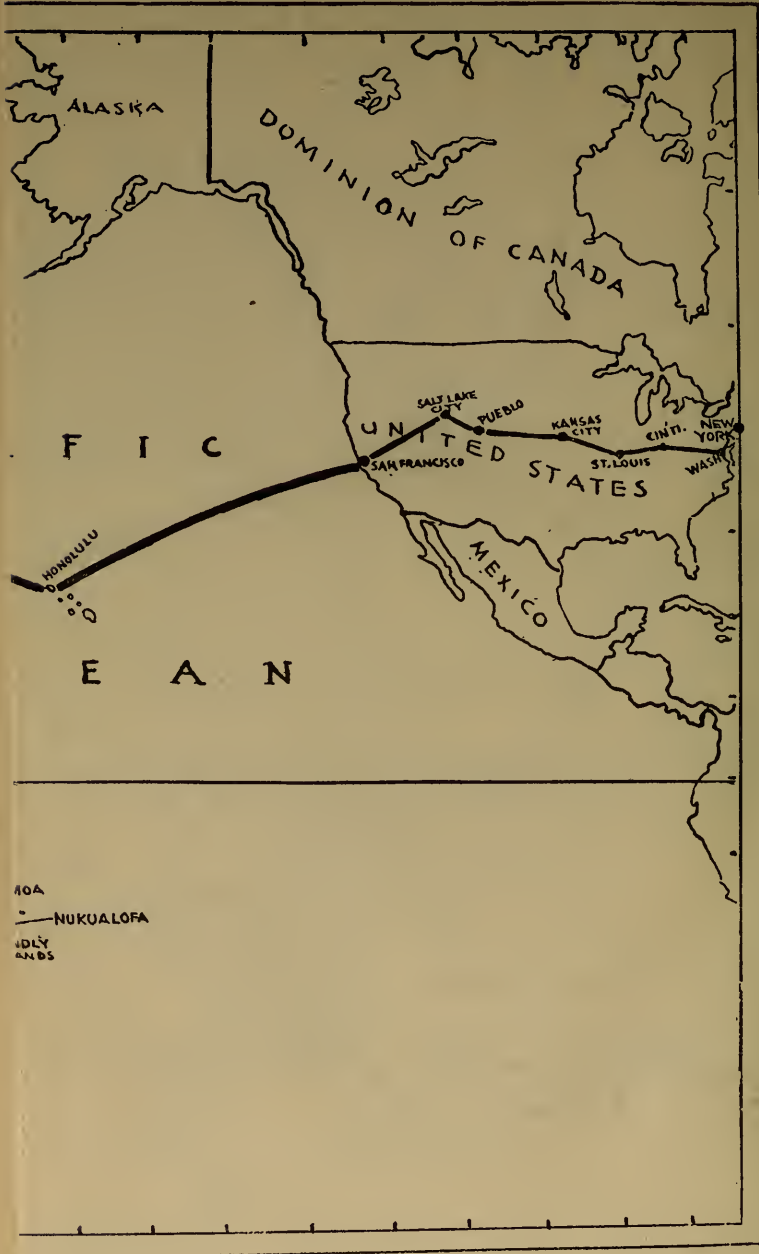
The last stop has been reached on the long journey. From Honolulu, after visiting Kilauea crater, I continued to San Francisco on an American ship, the fifth vessel traveled on since leaving Manila. After a stay of several weeks in San Francisco, in order to earn a portion of the money necessary to secure railway passage to New York, and borrowing \$50, a start was made for

the Atlantic seaboard, stopping off a week at Washington, D. C. New York was reached May 1, 1913, having left Gotham nearly three years and three months earlier.

In order to point out how cheaply one may travel, if economy be practiced, this statement is offered: From the time of leaving New York, February 9, 1910, until my return to New York, May 1, 1913, I had been away 1,176 days. I had for the journey \$1,350. My earnings in South Africa amounted to \$2,400, in San Francisco \$60, in Washington, D. C., \$15, which, with the \$50 borrowed, makes a total of \$3,875 for the entire time consumed by the tour. By dividing \$3,875 by the number of days — 1,176 — an average expense for everything of about \$3.30 a day is the result. The distance traveled was 73,689 miles, and the itinerary and accompanying map indicate the course from place to place. No wrecks or accidents were encountered — no such experience having taken place in all my journeyings. I have often thought I traveled under a lucky star.







ALASKA

DOMINION OF CANADA

PACIFIC

UNITED STATES

MEXICO

HONOLULU

SALT LAKE CITY
PUEBLO
KANSAS CITY
CINTI.
NEW YORK
ST. LOUIS
WASH.

SAN FRANCISCO

OCEAN

ROADS
NUKUALOFA

ITINERARY

Places at which stops were made and visited, and miles separating each:

	1910.	Miles.
New York to Liverpool		3,100
Liverpool to London		200
London to Southampton		81
Southampton to Lisbon		936
Lisbon to Madeira		542
Madeira to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil		3,775
Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo, Uruguay		1,094
Montevideo to Buenos Aires, Argentine		124
Buenos Aires to Durban, South Africa		4,500
Durban to Johannesburg		482
Johannesburg to Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, and return ..		2,416
Warrenton to Kimberley and return		90
Johannesburg to Pretoria and return		90
Johannesburg to Bloemfontein		263
Bloemfontein to Capetown		749
Capetown to Durban (by rail)		1,253
1911.		
Durban to Fremantle, Australia		4,300
Fremantle to Melbourne		1,700
Melbourne to Launceston, Tasmania		280
Launceston to Hobart		133
Hobart to Dunedin, N. Z.		1,080
Dunedin to Christchurch		230
Christchurch to Wellington		175
Wellington to Rotorua		393
Rotorua to Auckland		171

Auckland to Sydney, Australia	1,280
Sydney to Jenolan Caves and return	224
Sydney to Lautoka, Fiji	1,694
Lautoka to Suva	118
Suva to Levuka	60
Levuka to Apia, Samoa	616
Apia to Vavau, Tonga (Friendly Islands)	350
Vavau to Haapai	80
Haapai to Nukualofa	120
Nukualofa to Auckland, N. Z.	1,093
Auckland to Sydney	1,280
Sydney to Melbourne	582
Melbourne to Adelaide	483
Adelaide to Ballarat	408
Ballarat to Melbourne	75
Melbourne to Hobart	464
Hobart to Albany, West Australia	1,487
Albany to Durban, South Africa	4,565
Durban to Johannesburg and Pretoria	527
Pretoria and Johannesburg to Durban	527
Durban to Ginginhlovu, Zululand	93
Ginginhlovu to Eshowe (stage)	17
Eshowe to Melmoth (stage)	35
Melmoth to Ginginhlovu (stage)	52
Ginginhlovu to Durban	93

1912.

Durban to East London	262
East London to Cradock	228
Cradock to Bloemfontein	269
Bloemfontein to Kimberley	101
Kimberley to Johannesburg	309
Johannesburg to Pretoria and return	90
Johannesburg to Pietermaritzburg	409
Pietermaritzburg to Durban	73
Durban to Lourenzo Marques, Portuguese-East Africa	320
Lourenzo Marques to Beira	455

Beira to Tanga, German-East Africa	1,210
Tanga to Zanzibar	75
Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam, German-East Africa	40
Dar-es-Salaam to Tanga	115
Tanga to Mombasa, British-East Africa	82
Mombasa to Nairobi	327
Nairobi to Port Florence	260
Port Florence to Entebbe, Uganda	175
Entebbe to Kampala	21
Kampala to Jinja	63
Jinja to Port Florence	132
Port Florence to Nairobi	260
Nairobi to Mombasa	327
Mombasa to Mahé, Seychelles Islands	1,000
Mahé to Bombay	2,000
Bombay to Khandala (Thal Gauts) and return	156
Bombay to Baroda	248
Baroda to Ahmedabad	62
Ahmedabad to Agra	539
Agra to Delhi	120
Delhi to Aligarh	79
Aligarh to Cawnpore	192
Cawnpore to Lucknow	46
Lucknow to Benares	187
Benares to Darjeeling	570
Darjeeling to Calcutta	379
Calcutta to Madras	1,032
Madras to Tuticorin	447
Tuticorin to Colombo, Ceylon	147
Colombo to Kandy and return	150
Colombo to Singapore, Straits Settlements	1,570
Singapore to Hongkong, China	1,440
Hongkong to Manila, P. I.	630

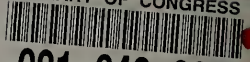
1913.

Manila to Hongkong	630
Hongkong to Canton and return	175

Hongkong to Shanghai	820
Shanghai to Nagasaki, Japan	444
Nagasaki to Kobe	385
Kobe to Osaka	20
Osaka to Kyoto	26
Kyoto to Yokohama	350
Yokohama to Tokyo	25
Tokyo to Nikko	90
Nikko to Yokohama	115
Yokohama to Honolulu, T. H.	3,400
Honolulu to Hilo	200
Hilo to Volcano Hotel and return	62
Hilo to Honolulu	200
Honolulu to San Francisco	2,100
San Francisco to New York	3,570
	<hr/>
Total	73,689

THE END

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